# Esquire

APRIL
1938

**• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

## ARTICLES

LUDWIG RENN
EDWARD HUNTER
CHARLES WILLIAMS, M.D.
CALVIN STUART WHITE
CYRIL JOHN CLARKE
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

## FICTION

ANDRÉ MAUROIS
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
LOUIS PAUL
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
ERIC KNIGHT
HARRY SYLVESTER
LINK HANNAH
LAWRENCE E. WATKIN
HAROLD J. MATTHEWS

## SATIRE

FERENC MOLNAR
PARKE CUMMINGS
JEREMIAH DIGGES
LOUIS MICHAELSON

## POETRY

ROBIN LAMPSON

## SPORTS

HAROLD TITUS
LEO FISCHER
JACK B. CREAMER
WINSTON HIBLER

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BURTON RASCOE
GILBERT SELDES
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
CARLETON SMITH
A. DE SAKHNOFFSKY

## CARTOONS

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GILBERT BUNDY
GEORGE PETTY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
HOWARD BAER
JARO FABRY
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
RODNEY DE SARRO
GARDNER REA
HENRY BOLTINOFF
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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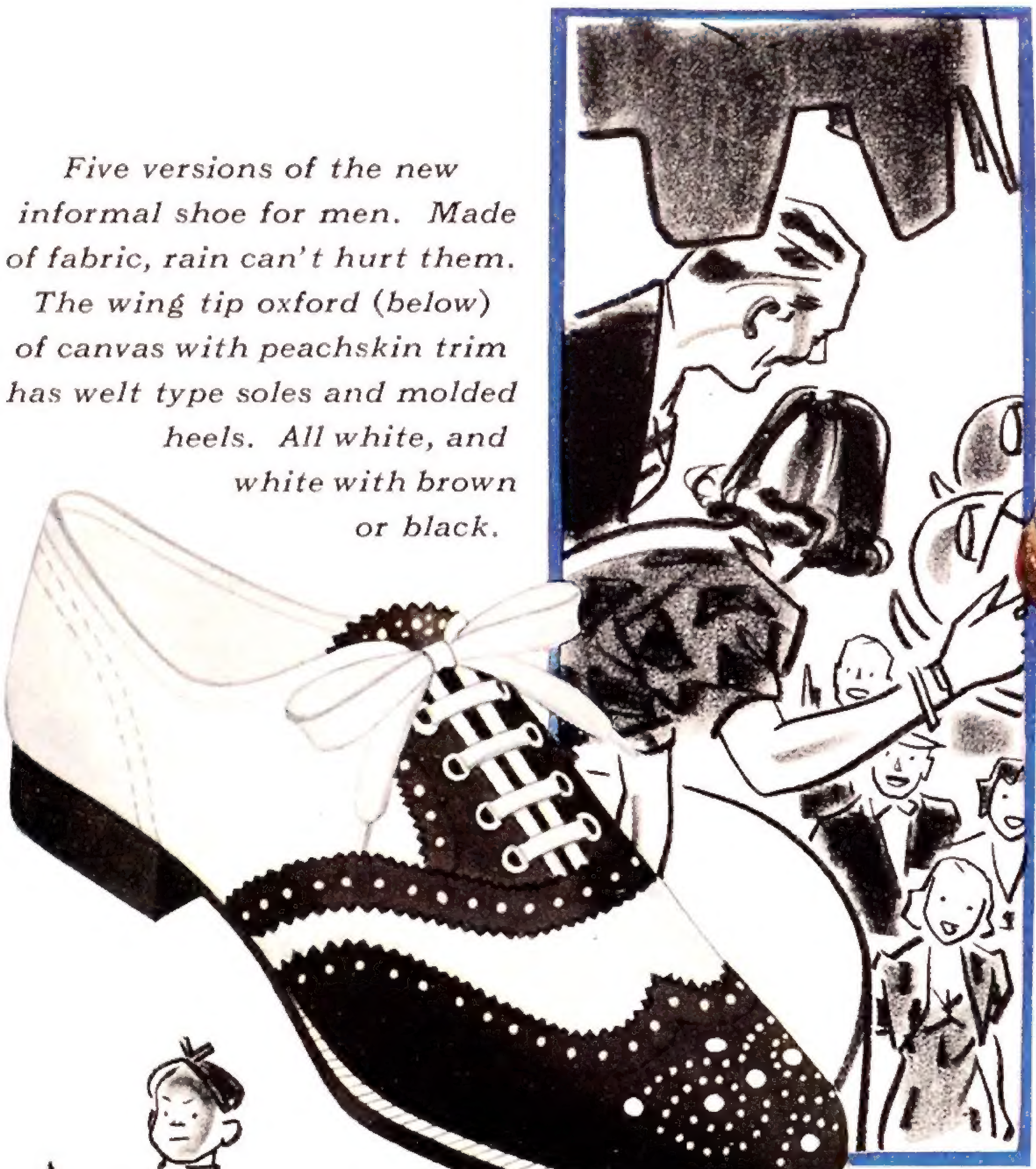
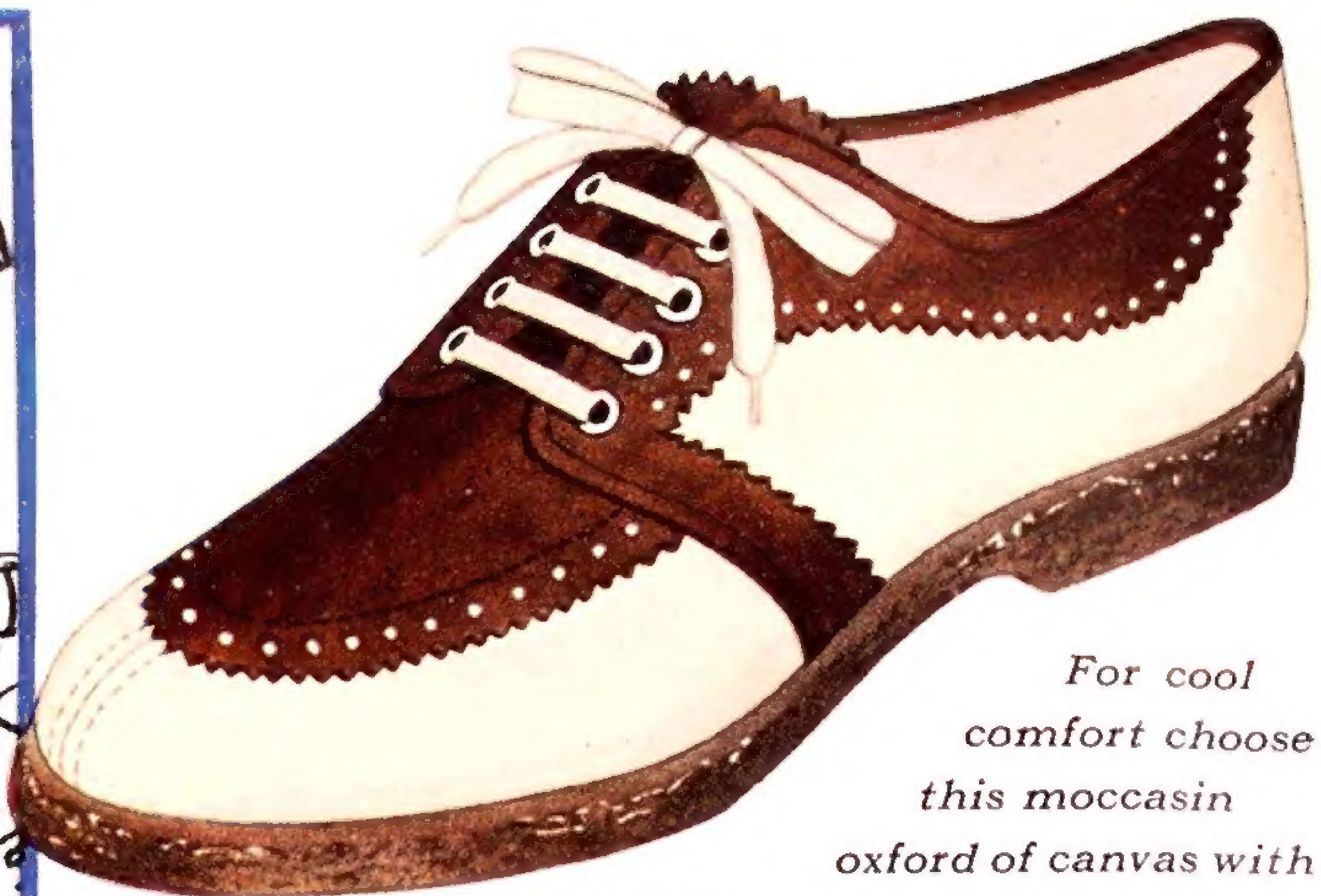
REVIEW OF
MOTORING FOR 1938

**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR**
**CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

**PRICE FIFTY CENTS**
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

*Five versions of the new informal shoe for men. Made of fabric, rain can't hurt them. The wing tip oxford (below) of canvas with peachskin trim has welt type soles and molded heels. All white, and white with brown or black.*





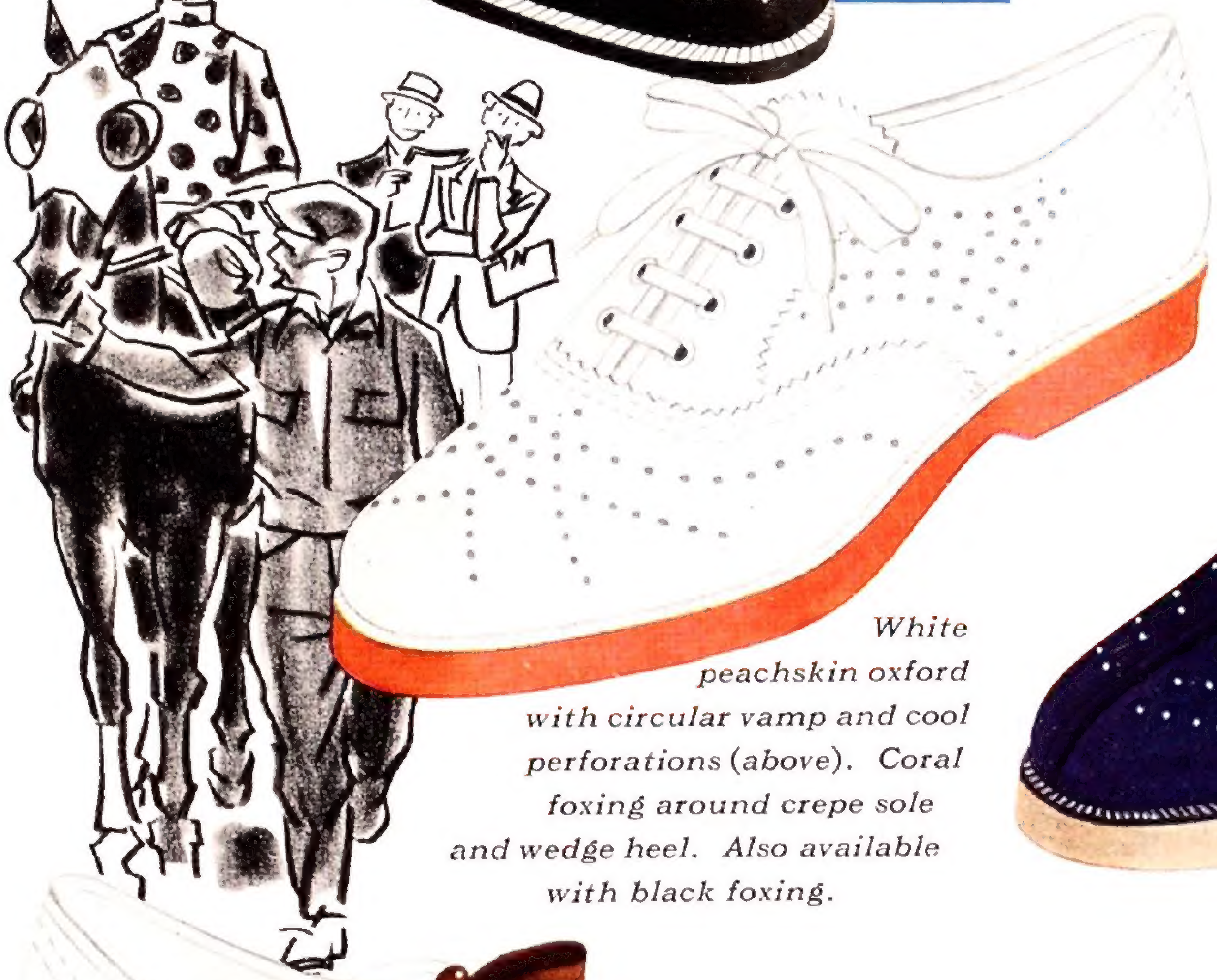
*For cool comfort choose this moccasin oxford of canvas with peachskin trim. White with brown or black; blue or brown with white. Crepe sole and built-up wedge heel.*

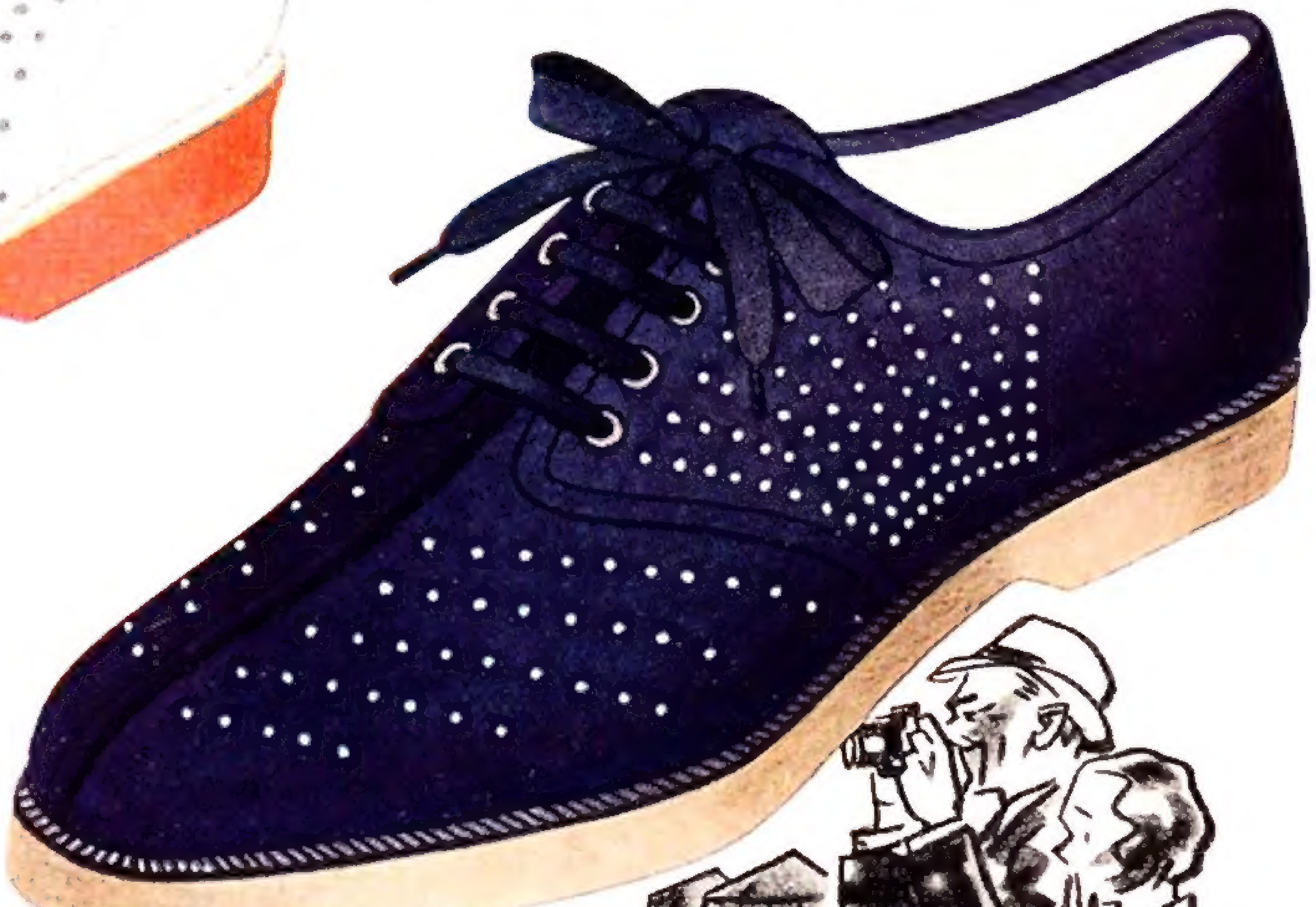
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Kedsman

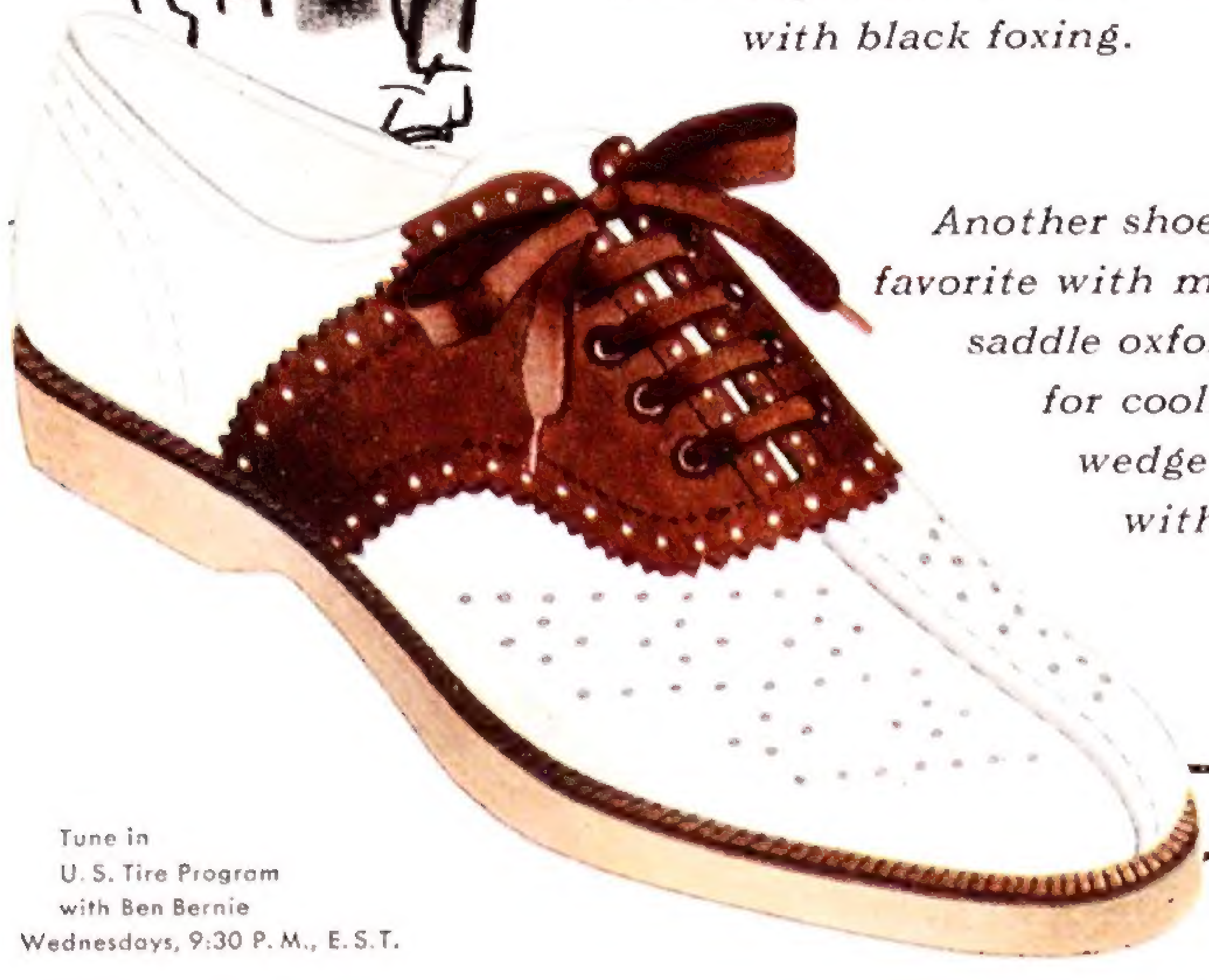
## a new shoe

*The blucher version of the new fabric shoe for men is the perforated peachskin oxford below. Built-up wedge heels and crepe soles with edges squared off. Blue, brown, and white.*





*White peachskin oxford with circular vamp and cool perforations (above). Coral foxing around crepe sole and wedge heel. Also available with black foxing.*



*Another shoe destined to be a great favorite with men is the peachskin saddle oxford (left) perforated for coolness. Crepe sole and wedge heel. All white; white with brown or black saddle.*

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$2.50 *to* $3.00

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★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE

84 PROOF

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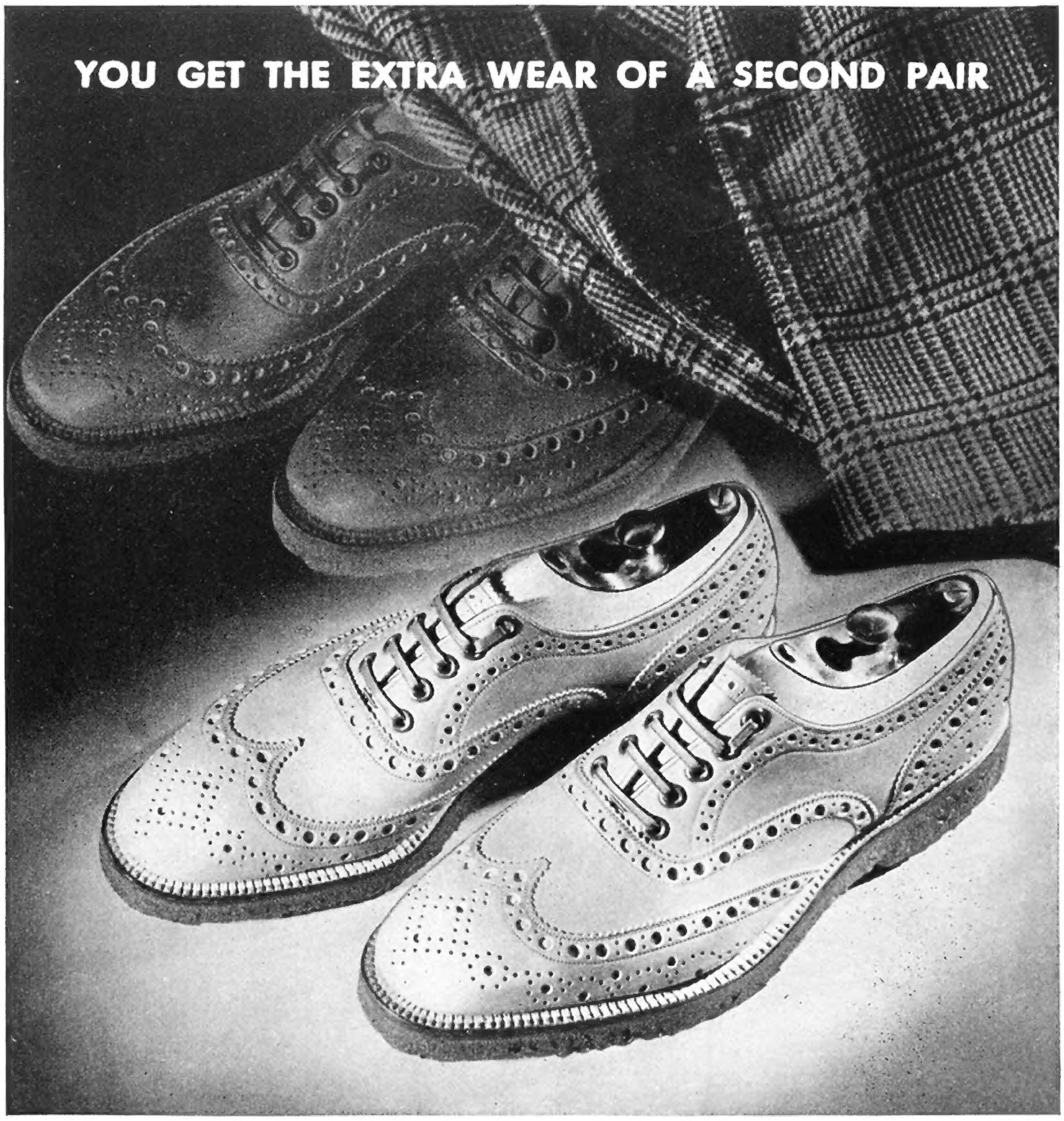

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*THE FLORSHEIM SHOE*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, CHICAGO

*Edited*
*by*
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Publishers:*
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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## TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ..........
*by* Fellows, Stewart-Heidgerd, Fox, and Goodman, beginning on page 108

*Art Directors:* Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

### *The Aftermath of The Southern Drunk*

Some Southern readers have taken us to task for printing Theodore Pratt's satire, *The Southern Drunk*, in the January issue. Most of the protests were of a pretty amiable type, but about a baker's dozen of them were couched in terms of "when you say that, smile." Compliance with these implied requests for an apology or explanation is not difficult, since Esquire is edited with a permanent broad grin. Except for dictators, we mean harm to nobody in anything we ever print. But we long ago refused to put the magazine into hobble skirts out of nice-Nelly deference to the tender touchiness of prejudiced minorities (however vociferous they may be and, boy, they are). Away back when the magazine was new, we promised never to give grounds for offense, knowingly, on either religion or race. At the same time, we foresaw that the pursuit of editorial happiness, in a magazine devoted to sophisticated adult amusement and entertainment, would inevitably involve giving offense, cheerfully and consciously, to many people's prejudices. As a consequence of this uninhibited editorial policy, authors and artists have enjoyed in our pages a freedom of expression equal to that afforded by any American magazine and unequaled in the magazines of any other country with the possible exception of France. As a further safeguard to the magazine's freedom of expression, we installed a safety-valve, after the first issue, in the form of *The Sound and The Fury*, where offended, shocked, outraged and variously infuriated readers have been allowed to howl to high heaven in protest against the opinions and attitudes of the authors and artists who displeased them. By this turnabout arrangement, fair play has been preserved. Right now, any Southerner whose sectional sensibilities may still be smarting from reading *The Southern Drunk* can turn for relief to the *Sound & Fury* pages of this issue and may find vicarious satisfaction in the fine frenzy with which some of his countrymen are slambanging away at everything that's Northern in the hope of hitting Mr. Pratt in the process. In the March issue, too, there were some of those letters taking cracks at Northern kidnapers, night clubs and other phenomena, in enthusiastic if slightly irrelevant refutation of Mr. Pratt's published opinion of a certain type of Southern drunk and of his personal statement that his encounters with certain specified specimens of the generic type had been unpleasant.

That's the sort of sport that's been going on in Esquire's pages for the better part of five years and very rarely have we been called upon to interfere with it. The only foul lines are the laws of libel, the bounds of decency and the more rudimentary rules of taste. We furnish the playing field, put the ball in play where it's batted back and forth between the individual writer and his readers, and we blow the whistle no oftener than necessary. It's a fair contest, it seems to be enjoyable to all concerned (to judge by the eagerness with which both writers and readers rush to take part in it) and since the readers always have the last word, they have never yet come out second best. If they'd all remember that, we'd never have to blow the whistle and take time out to refer to the rulebook. But occasionally, as in the rough and tumble of the current free-for-all over *The Southern Drunk*, a few of them get over-excited to the point where they begin taking pot shots at the referee and start threatening to tear down the grandstands. Then we have to take steps to restore order.

A few Southerners have gone on record to the effect that, in this instance, "Esquire has maligned the men of the South," and in retaliation have endeavored to initiate "economic sanctions" against the magazine. More calmly restated, in the interests of accuracy, their contention would have to be rephrased to the effect that "Theodore Pratt has been permitted, by publication in Esquire, to malign the men of the South," and even then their contention would be neither true nor just. In defining the Southern drunk, as such, Mr. Pratt did not either directly or by implication classify all Southern males in that category. He was careful to isolate the phenomenon, and to qualify it by specification, from its background of Southern society as a whole.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that instead of choosing to write about a certain type of disorderly drunkenness which he believed peculiar to the South, Mr. Pratt had elected to write about a certain type of crime which he believed peculiar to the North. Suppose that he had written instead of *The Southern Drunk*, a piece called *The Northern Kidnaper*, in which he described crimes of a particularly revolting character which, as far as he knew, had been committed only in, say, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Would it conceivably occur to anyone to accuse either Esquire or Theodore Pratt of maligning the men of the North by an inference that all Northerners are kidnapers of a particularly revolting type? Yet it would be just as logical to leap to that deduction as it is to read into an author's characterization of a certain peculiarly belligerent drunk and disorderly nuisance, whom he had encountered only in the South, the utterly unwarranted conclusion that all Southern men are peculiarly belligerent drunk and disorderly nuisances.

Esquire regrets that anyone might have reached such a conclusion from a reading of the article in question, marvels that anyone could have, and offers its sincerest apologies to anyone who actually did.

### *In the Hope That History Repeats Itself*

It is not surprising that, after the appearance of the December issue, Esquire was banned until further notice from Hitler's Germany. The last time Esquire was banned by a dictator, the dictator himself was kicked out not long afterward.

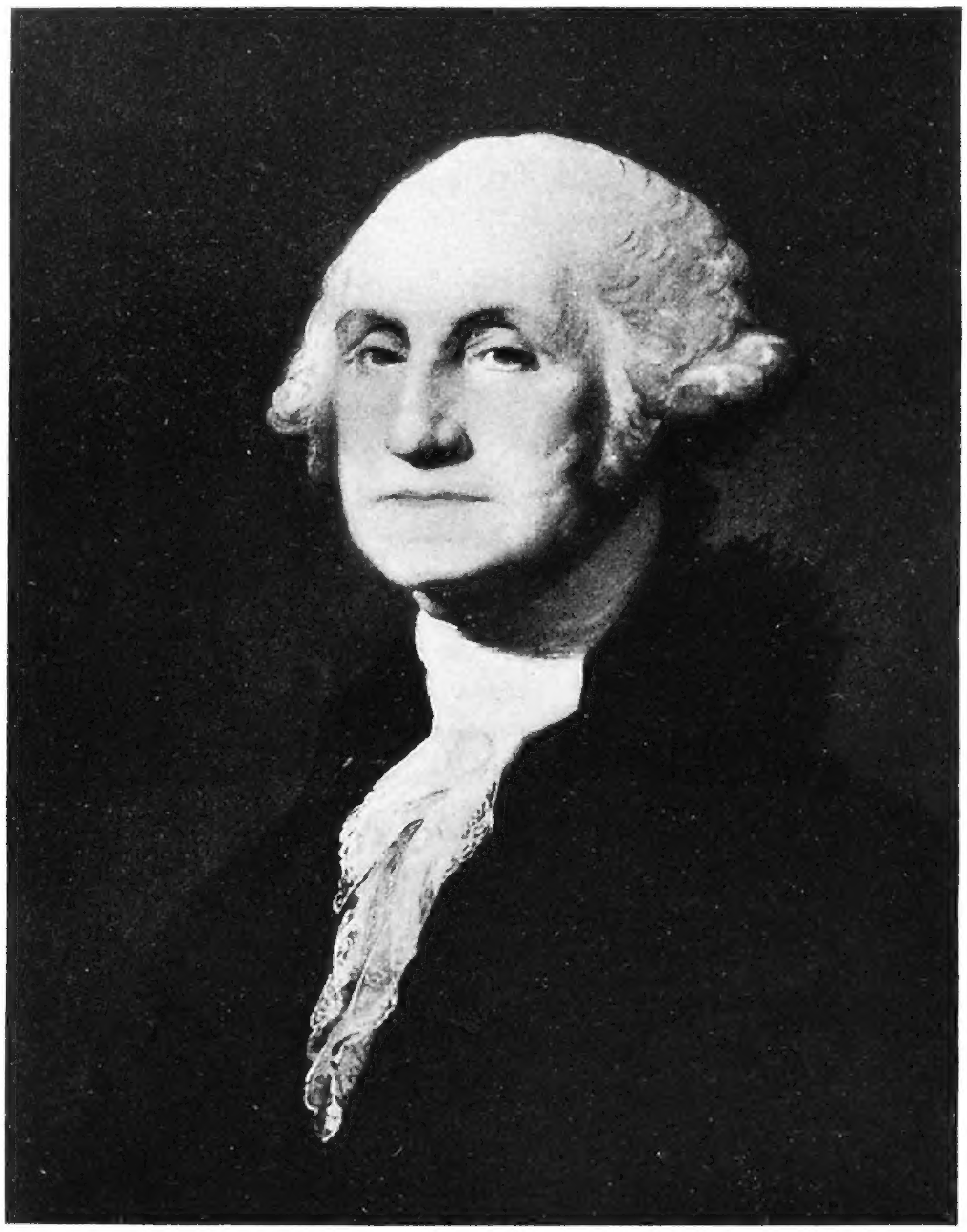
ESQUIRE
April, 1938
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of addresc must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IX, No. 4
Whole No. 53
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

# [Character]



*George Washington*

A PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART

*WASHINGTON* was of the very few who, in truth, could be called magnanimous. He had resourcefulness and endurance and mettle all men must admire. His unflagging energy enjoyed union with complete and invaluable poise. The ability to manage men, coolness under fire, determination, courage, fortitude in adversity—this man possessed them all. And with them won the richest of tributes: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

* * *

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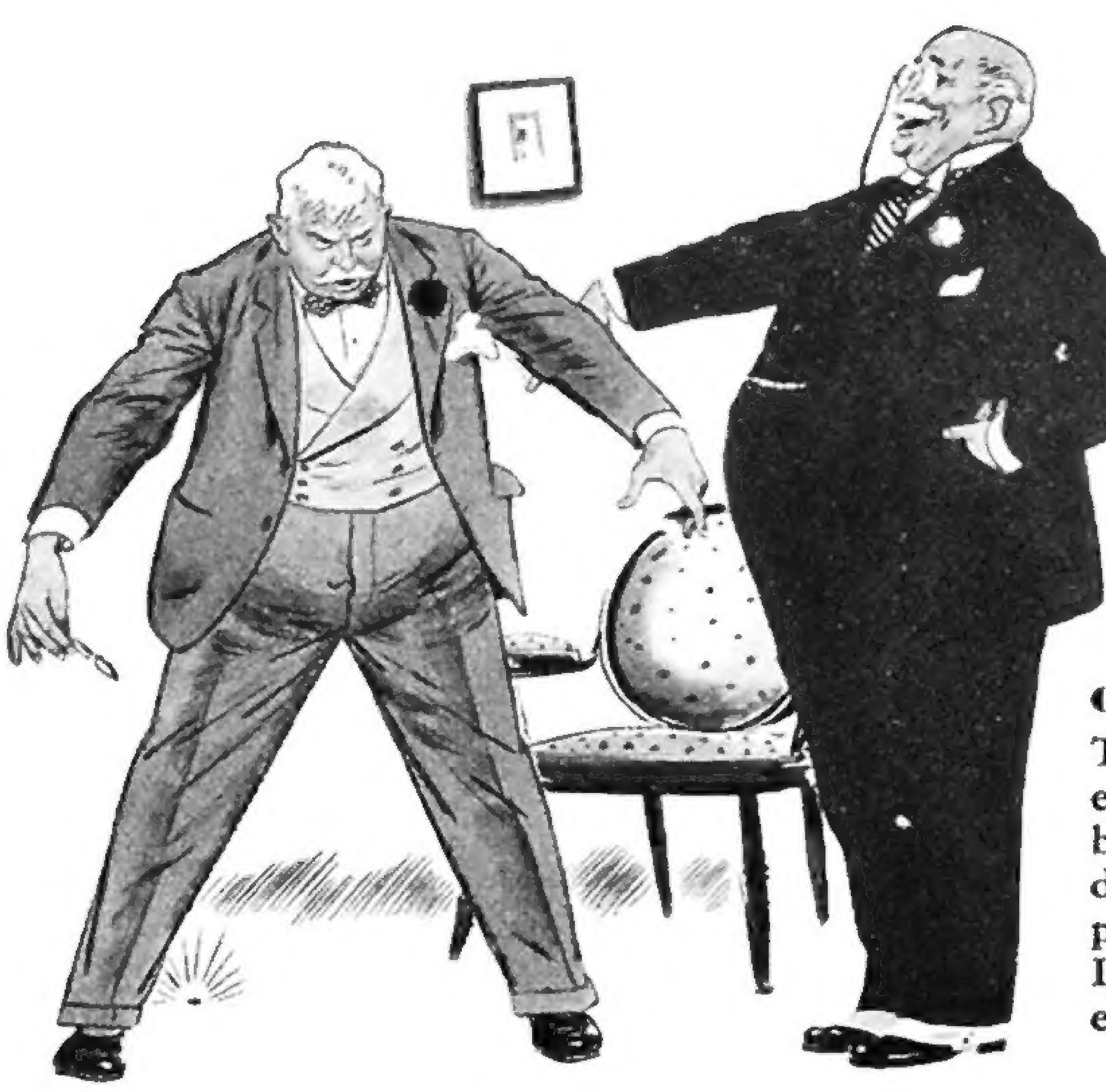

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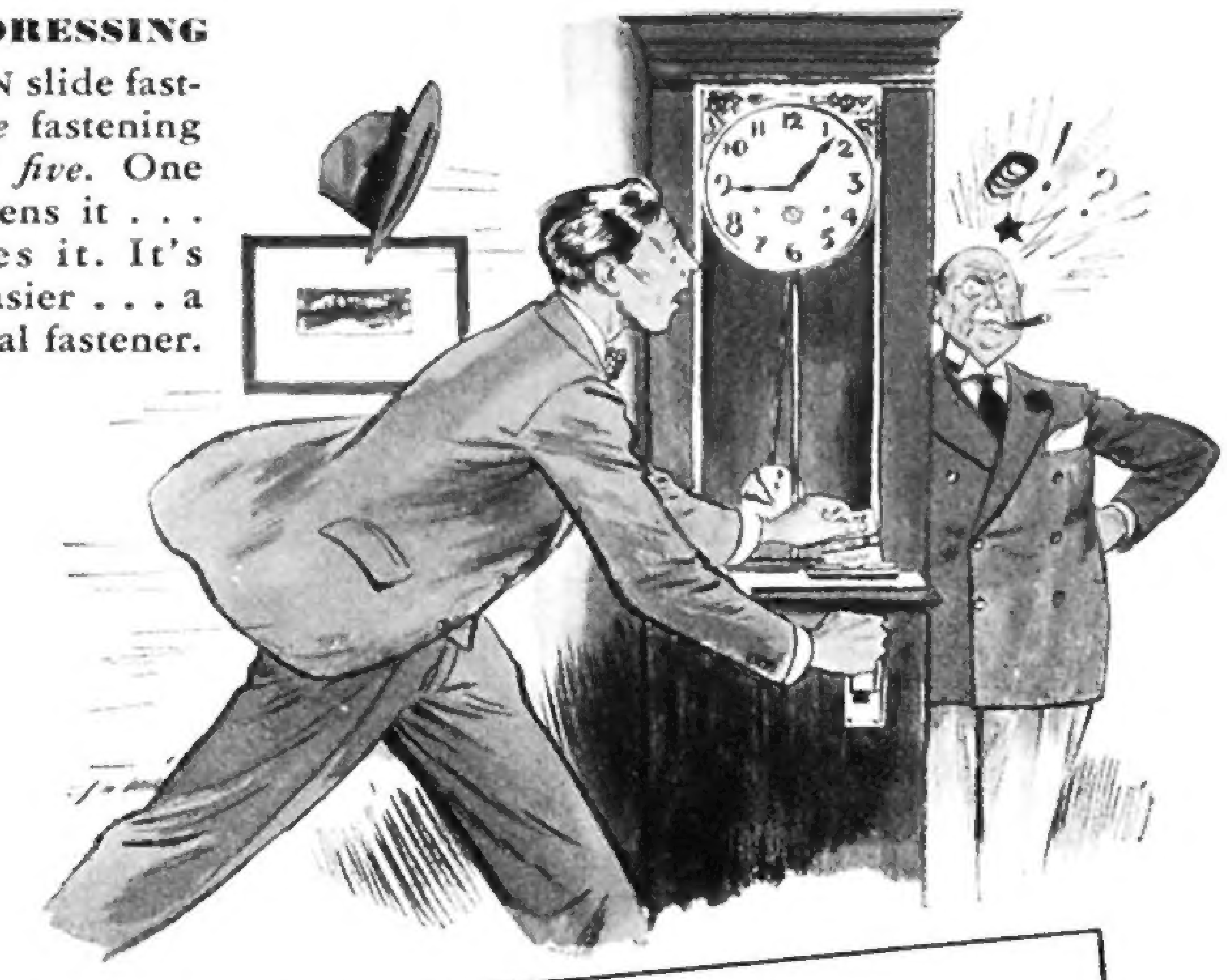

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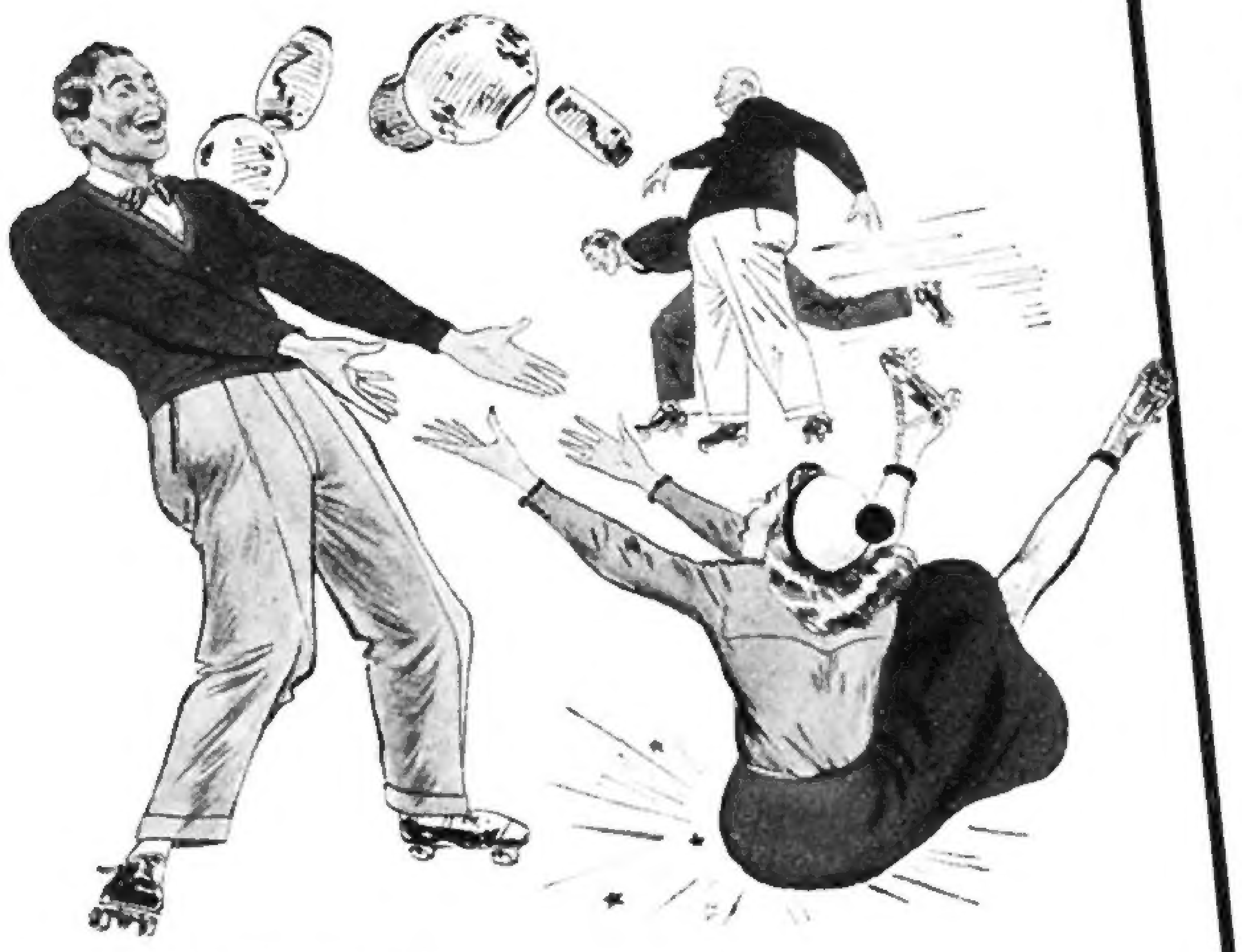
*Millions of men now demand the ease, security, and neatness of the* **TALON** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *slide fastener on all their suits*



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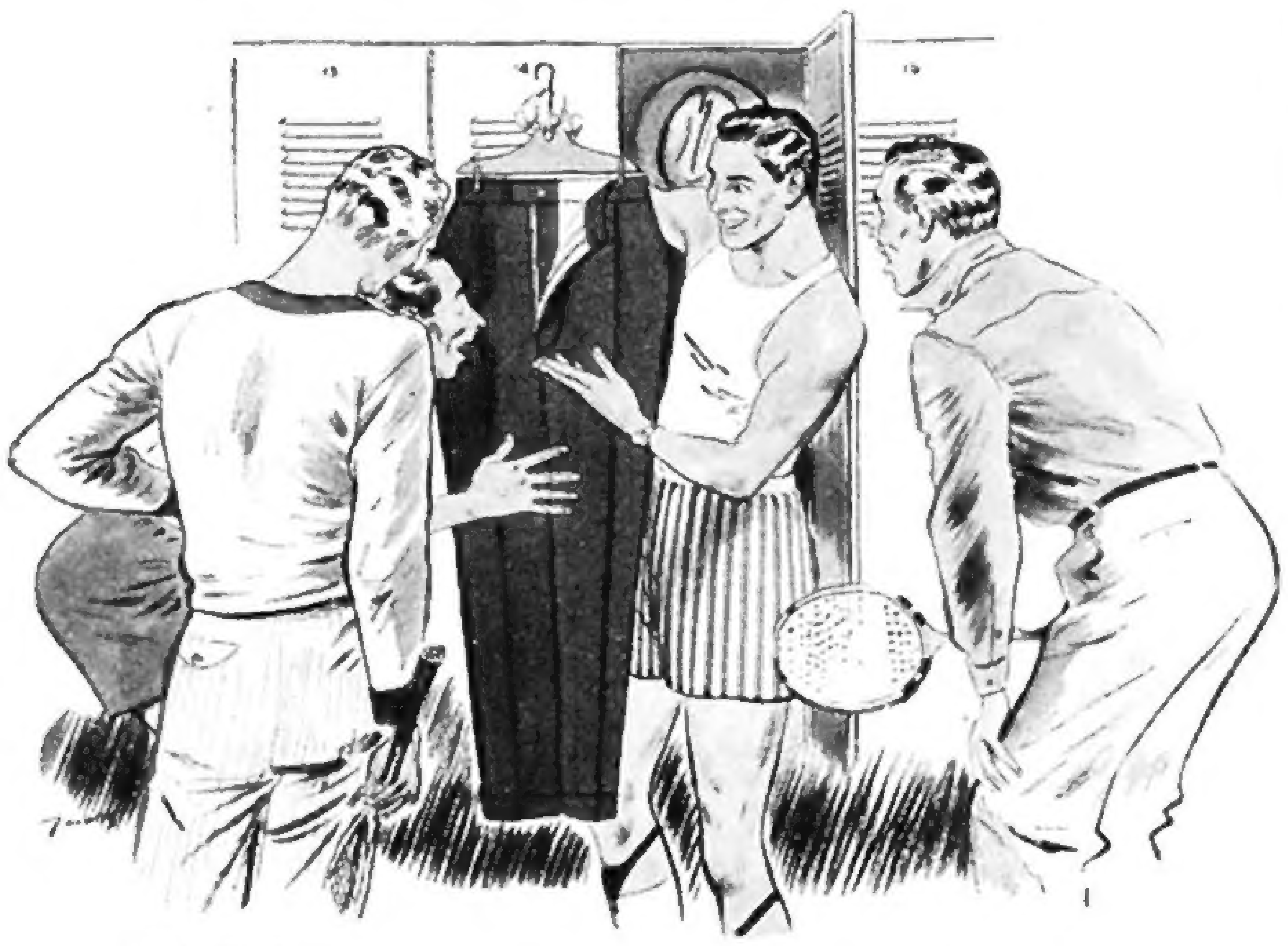

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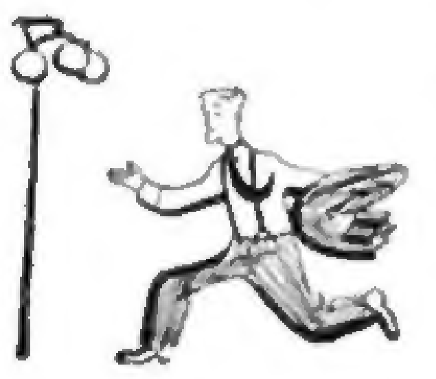
Q-9

Actual Size

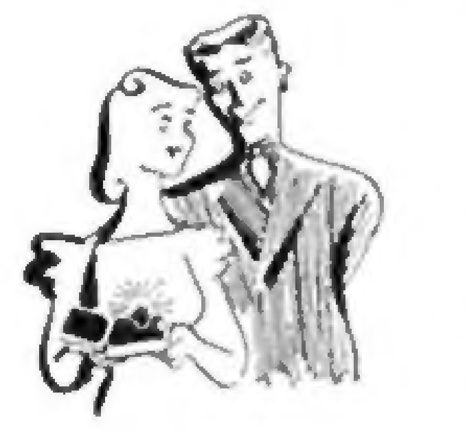
**SHE'LL SETTLE FOR A DIAMOND!** Ah, Spring, the time for love, romance, impetuous promises . . . and often, alas, diamonds. To the ancients, the diamond was the symbol of success and happiness for those entering wedlock . . . hence, it has become the accepted gem for engagement rings.



**HOW TO CHOOSE A DIAMOND.** There are diamonds and diamonds. *Size* is the first and most obvious distinction. Diamonds are measured by weight, with the carat as the unit measure (the carat name is derived from the carat seed used in Indian scales centuries ago). Next comes *color*. A fine gem diamond is white with a faint undertone of blue. Impurities in the crystallized carbon affect the color. While the clear white with a tinge of blue is most desirable, clear white stones with no tinge of color are good. Rare diamonds are sometimes found in orange, deep blue, red, pink or green. Deep canary diamonds, black or brown diamonds are highly prized. Imperfections due to faulty crystallization have a definite effect on value. You, as a layman, cannot locate all these flaws, so you must have faith in the judgment and integrity of your jeweler. Scrupulously careful jewelers do not apply the term "perfect" to any diamond. They do not consider a diamond as a "flawless" stone unless it be free from imperfections of every kind when viewed with a jeweler's magnifying glass of seven magnifications.

**DIAMOND CUTS.** Next to size and color, comes *cut*. The extraordinary brilliance or sparkle of a cut and faceted diamond is caused by its capacity to reflect light. The most common cutting for the diamond is the "round" or "brilliant" cut of 58 facets. Of the light which strikes its many facets, part is reflected, and part enters the stone. If the stone is properly proportioned and polished, most of these rays are reflected to the eye from the back facets. Rays so reflected, are also bent and scattered, resulting in a beautiful play of color called "fire." Most fashionable cut now is the "emerald" cut in ring stones over a carat in weight, although the "round" diamond is still widely popular. Stones of a more unusual cut are the 'square' cut, the marquise or pear shaped diamonds.

**ENGAGEMENT RINGS, 1938 STYLE.** Not so long ago, a round cut solitaire in a plain claw setting on a narrow gold band served as an unmistakable announcement to the world that the lady was out of circulation. Today's engagement rings, because of their individuality of design, are far less obvious badges. Though, in many cases, the diamond still remains the center stone, it is often surrounded by baguettes, half moons, or triangular diamonds. Solitaires are often accompanied by rubies, sapphires or emerald baguettes, three on either side.



If you don't want to mortgage the family homestead for a gem of substantial size, there are a number of ways to achieve an affluent effect for a modicum. Good jewelers go to great pains to design smart engagement rings for modest budgets. For a hundred and up, you might get a wide gold band (½ inch in width) studded with a couple of small diamonds, and have her initials inlaid in the band. Or a ¾ inch flexible ring made entirely of minute diamonds and rubies. Sentimental touch is the "turban" ring . . . an engagement ring in platinum studded with small diamonds. Comes the wedding and you have a plain gold band wedding ring welded onto the engagement ring . . . an interesting and original idea.

Ranger

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### WHY ESQ. WAS BANNED

I want to express my gratitude and acknowledgement of the article "A sober salute to festive season" in your December issue. I agree with everything that is said there. Only by articles like these people will learn the truth about Germany. We live terrorized and nobody can dare to rise against this terror. And down go culture and civilization and the whole world stands by and considers it a laughing matter.

If not people open their eyes, dictatorship will be spread all over the world, war will be the succession. Look at Germany, Italy, Japan, look at Spain and judge yourselves. The Latin proverb, *tua res agitur,* is only too true.

There is always that rumor about the third Reich being a bulwark against Communism. To hell with it. We have in Germany nothing else but Communism only on a so-called national basis.

If there ever will be a remedy it will come from real Democracy. Who knows when this time will come for Germany?

I can't sign with my name, in case this letter will be opened and that would mean concentration-camp for me.

So I sign as

Leipzig, Germany A SAD GERMAN

### CHARACTER WITNESS FOR CARLETON SMITH

Francs Antori's crack in the current issue about Carleton Smith is about as weak and puling an attack on a really witty and intelligent guy as I've ever heard. Of course we don't take that sort of thing seriously!

Every person I know who has even the slightest pretension to interest in serious music reads Carleton Smith. They read him because he dares to say what a lot of metropolitan critics would like to say but are afraid to. I've thanked the Gods and now the editors of ESQUIRE that they had guts enough to hire writers who are not afraid to say what they think: Smith, Nathan, Seldes, Rascoe.

Is ESQUIRE going to continue to be a magazine for men—or is it going to be run for a few lily-livered, thin-skinned mice? Sincerely,

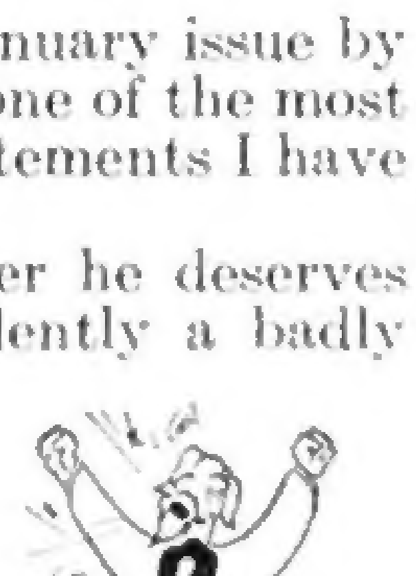
ROSANNE MAGET

New York, N. Y.

### SOLIDIFYING THE SOUTH

An article in your January issue by Mr. Theodore Pratt is one of the most outrageous group of statements I have ever seen printed.

Mr. (I doubt whether he deserves the title) Pratt is evidently a badly misinformed man or else a man who should be in China as a propagandist.



We of the South are just like other people. We have our "drunks" and we have our drinkers but we do not, even in the last stages of a big drunk, write articles which would lead people to believe that a certain class of people should be judged by a minority. The average Southerner is on a par, or above, in all phases of living with his northern brother.

The Southerner's tongue (even in his cups) is more than courteous as a rule. I think that our lynchings, as T. P. describes them, are more than offset by the far famed "Black Legion" and other such incidents which have happened in the North. The only difference I can see is that lynching is more of a retail business in the South, while in the North murder is carried on on a wholesale basis.

I have been in a good number of representative Southern towns, both large and small, and have found that a *very* few of the people carry weapons.

I might also say that a representative group of Southerners can hold their whiskey (and it will be a better grade than the average Northerner will buy), as well, be as courteous, carry as few weapons, and be as careful in driving as any group of men Mr. Pratt could pick in the world.

In closing I give you Mr. Theodore Pratt, a very badly misinformed man, or else a man who condemns that which he knows nothing whatsoever about.

This type of condemners is the lowest form of life since the universe began. Hoping that this will be printed or else passed on to Mr. Pratt in person. JAMES DENNING

Chattanooga, Tenn.

### GOOD HUMOR QUEIPO DE LLANO

ESKY, who was the naïve person in your staff responsible for inserting in your January number Frank Hanighen's "The Radio General"? A few of us, Americans and British, living on and off in the Basque Coast have always turned on the radio every night at 10 o'clock to listen to the radio-orating General Queipo and as most of us know Spanish well we cannot help but chuckle at his tenacious good humor. His coarse jocular remarks are always aimed at the opposing leaders but no one has ever heard the unpardonable low and foul ones Mr. Hanighen pretends to quote. Dear ESKY, someone has used you for the purposes of propaganda. If you paid for said article you have been gipped and should try to get your money back. We of the foreign colony here are nonpartisan and are saddened and disconsolate with the whole row. In a spirit of fair play we admire the immense heroism of either side in the Spanish conflict, detest the unnecessary cruelties that are frequently reported and appreciate a good wise-crack whenever it is made by the opposing leaders. Propagandists we despise as snakes in the grass and consider them with the agitators as responsible for the appalling fracas. It is significant that they are invariably far from the theatre where the tragedy is occurring. For such reasons I have felt that you should be told about our impression of Mr. Hanighen.

PROPAGANDA

In case you have not heard it, here is a good one that I came across and which is authentic. Professor Borgese, former editor of the Corriere de la Sera, now Professor of Italian literature at the University of Chicago, tactfully replied to an inquirer as follows, "You ask me whether I would rather be a Communist or a Fascist. What a silly question! I am a fish swimming in the sea and you ask me whether I would rather be boiled or fried. I am not in the kitchen yet; then, if ever, will be the time to ask me."

Keep your magazine free from propaganda, ESKY. There's too much of it in the air over here. Yours is one of the rare publications to be found in which this nuisance does not intrude.

MURIEL MCCALLISTER

Saint-Jean-de-Luz, France
Basses Pyrenees

### ENGLISH AMONG THE ITALIANS

Sirs: In re *Lactatio Serotina,* by Comdr. Attilio Gatti.

1. Column one: "the *phenomena has* even been given." Tsk.

2. Column one: "some *virgin* who had had a *lover*" I reckon "lover" ain't exactly the *mot juste*, mah fran! In fact, such a lover would be, in the Commendatore-Commander's own phrase, some phenomena.

Cleveland, Ohio NICOLA CERRI, JR.

### POME FOR NOTHING

I would like to submit a poem for publication before the art of poetry writing sinks to too great depths.

I had planned to entitle this poem "Seven Days," but find that someone has used the title in the January, 1938 issue of ESQUIRE. This being true, I'll entitle my little contribution "The Vices of Virtue—or Button, Button, Who's Got the Button." There's not much connection between title and content, but it seems that anything goes nowadays.

The Vices of Virtue—or, Button, Button, Who's Got the Button
The smell of spring is in the breeze
Dutchmen eat a lot of cheeze.
Like the wandering breeze, I'm free—
You don't look too much like me!
Prom night I was full of cheer—
Don't Germans drink a lot of beer!
Four and one, less two, make three—
But only God can make a tree.
Triplets run around in three's—
The moon is made of yellow cheeze.
Women bring us lots of joy—
I was once a barefoot boy.
'Bootleg' is my favorite brand—
Hail, Columbia, happy land!!
Motherhood is here to stay—
Take, Oh take those lips away!
In the jungles wild beasts roam—
A woman's place is in the home.
Onions have an awful smell—
So does this, but what th' hell!!
I've seen worse in ESQUIRE!

Sincerely,

Springfield, Mo. LES W. DAVIS

### CAVALIER VS. ROUNDHEAD

Having often wondered just what manner of crank or freak wrote letters to the editor I never expected to be among that category but some of the *Sound and Fury* in the current issue of ESQUIRE has 'roused my ire to such an extent that I feel the urge to say a few words.

Several of your puritanical readers seem to object violently to your worthy articles on the Facts of Life and other such features. While I agree that far too much emphasis and attention has been paid to sex, most people agree that it is a fairly interesting and important subject and deserves an article once in a while. I'll take your statistics with a grain of salt but I think they reveal a definite trend. There is nothing new about it and the Greeks had a word for it but while there are still definite dangers involved, with skillful care it now offers no more danger than crossing a crowded intersection. Also there seems to be a trend towards the single standard of morality and most intelligent men no longer regard the girl who has made a few missteps before marriage as being a harlot.

As for the father who worries about his two daughters being led astray by ESQUIRE, he ought to read "What Shall I Tell My Father" on page 39. You don't have to read ESQUIRE to become acquainted with the facts of life. Practically every magazine, novel, play or even movie deals with them in some shape or form. Also the good old-fashioned bull-session that is a part of every lad and lassie's education is the best teacher of all.

I imagine that the two innocent daughters could probably tell their father plenty. If the moral standards of America are to be raised, it will be by education and the frank discussion of some of the "facts of life" and not by their censorship.

As for the founding fathers, referred to by Mr. Fiala, whose name does not sound as if he were descended from one. Any good American history (not the ones dished out to us in the fifth grade) will tell you that the vast majority of people left Europe for this country not with the idea of founding a blue-nosed utopia, but on account of economic and political reasons. The pilgrim fathers of Mayflower fame were known in England as a rabid, intolerant, and ignorant lot who caused so much trouble in the country that they were practically driven out and came to America. Today they would find themselves in the tabloids and laughed out of the country. Being very prolific and finding others with a "holier-than-thou" complex, they have plagued us with blue laws, the Anti-Saloon League, strict censorship, and their intolerant attitude. The prudish influence in America represents an aggressive and organized minority. Thank God that some of the Cavaliers also came over.

Finally, I resent the idea that the youths of America are a bunch of no-good heathen and pagans because they sometimes play around a little before they find their true soulmate. If anything, I think that their ideals and standards are considerably higher than those of the generation that gave us the War, the 18th Amendment with all its attendant evils, the crime wave, and a staggering national debt.

Best of luck, ESQUIRE. Let the cranks and prudes howl to their hearts content but most of us would like to see an occasional anonymous contribution.

Sincerely,

BACHELOR OF TWENTY-THREE

White Haven, Fla.

### POINT OF VIEW

With all due regard for your so learned authors' retrospective abilities I should like to be another of the below-the-Mason and Dixoners in whose heart a very unresponsive chord was struck in the perusing of his Southern drunk stinko.

Doubtlessly he couldn't possibly have written so virulently and made such a roué of the Southern drinker without having perceived from the gutter up. Perhaps his fellow inebriates couldn't bear his obnoxious presence, thus his charming self in our midst.

Since the advent of the Yankee and the Carpetbagger into the South the gentlemanly art of mint-juleping has awayed with the wind. Ubiquitous sons of the North have killed all that in their haste to see that they don't miss a pouring.

And the only Yankee imbibers I've ever known who weren't dejected when the Southern corn ran out were those already passed out.

Disrespectfully yours,

Concord, N. C. RALPH B. WARD

### AND STILL THEY COME

Mr. Richard P. Eckels should not be permitted to get away with the challenge in the last paragraph of his letter printed on page 172 in your February issue. Let him try his algebra on this one:

A cow is tethered by a 75 foot chain to one corner of a barn. The barn is exactly 25 feet square. All around it is lush, green grass. How many square feet of pasture does the cow have in which to graze?

I'll be looking for the answer in the February issue, 1939. Meantime I can enjoy the cartoons and Petty's paintings.

Sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. PAUL GRANT

P. S.—If Mr. Eckels gets that before February, I'll give him a hard one. Meantime you might tell him that it took me just 21 minutes to do the cocoanut problem, though I was handicapped by the use of monkeys instead of men.

*Continued on page 12*

# YOU'RE LOOKING AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PUPPIES

**A LOT OF MONEY** for just a basketful of puppies? Not for *these* pups!

For they were born to win blue ribbons. Their ancestors, for many generations, have been *champions*—champions whose blue-ribbon qualities have been deliberately blended together in these brown-eyed youngsters.

*Blue-ribbon qualities, deliberately blended together—there you have the secret of greatness in a dog. And there, too, you have the secret of greatness in a whiskey.*

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## FOUR ROSES

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## REGIMENTATION FOR TAILCOATS

A few questions please. Where in the hell does your fashion staff get the idea of changing styles in formal clothing with every new issue?

One month you go nuts over the length of the tailcoat and specify that the tails should not break below the knee. The next month you state that the tailcoat must break precisely ½ inch below the knee.

Successively—your fashion pages show a breast pocket . . . and then state that the foremost fashion experts and custom tailors say no soap on breast pockets. In one issue you come out strong for the false cuff and then forget all about such an important matter in the succeeding opus. Short waists . . . long waists . . . single braids . . . double braids . . . high-rise trousers . . . trousers without a peg . . . what the hell is the matter with you fellows? Can't you make up your minds?

I am looking forward to a portable commode somewhere in the tailcoat in your next issue.

Another question. I've had a specific interest in men's clothing and fashion trends but never have I come across a pair of trousers cut with the watch pocket on the left hand side. On page 98 of your January issue you show a black silk ribbon and the Georgian seal suspended from the left hand side of the trouser. Faux pas—Saalburg—*faux pas.*

I suggest that Esquire could render a real service in making America "formal-conscious" by standardizing your advice on formal clothing. It is much too difficult, both from the standpoints of time and money, for men to purchase new tailcoats every month (as you seem to advocate).

Sincerely,
Pittsburgh, Pa. Ben W. Baskin

## SOUTH LOOKING NORTH

In the January issue of the Esquire, we find Mr. Pratt, a much traveled man of culture, seeking places of his own choosing, and viewing all the vice and corruption the world has to offer, fairly picturing the South as a bedraggled din of crime, sin and lunacy.

The South is a large place and there are bound to be drunks there the same as any other place. Mr. Pratt has made it clear, that there are very few men left to the "OLD SOUTH" that can drink and yet contain it. He says, quote: "It is no longer the gentlemen of the South who drink, for there are not enough of them left to constitute a drinking class" unquote. This then means that there has been a degeneracy of the people into a common class, who are all that he describes,—"The lowest form of life since the universe began."

Being a native of southwestern Arkansas, I would be a very poor specimen to let his statements go unchallenged.

In Mr. Pratt's travels in the South, he has evidently had only a half slant on the forms of life there. In the South, and to my certain knowledge, there exist churches as well as cat houses. I do not believe he would have found the deplorable conditions, in the churches, had he dared to look in. I haven't traveled as much as our able writer, but I have as yet to find in the South some of the conditions which I have found in the East and on the West Coast.

It is not an uncommon thing to see in some of our better night clubs on the west coast, open love making of girls together. This is considered nothing out of place by the native sons and daughters, and is an orderly pursuit of happiness. And in addition to drinking, the better informed communities are not prone to use a bit of "WEED" to help induce the all important feeling. Well, Mr. Pratt may think the middle man of the South is the worse, maybe I have a perverted sense of right and wrong.

The Southerner is a hell raiser, a shiftless lying lawless, nigger shooting "SKONK." And the "limbs of the law" are close friends with these gentlemen. That is a dark picture I'll admit, but we have yet to have the horrors of some of the more enlightened sectors of the country. The strangulation of three infants and then rape, the trunk murders, the kidnappings and killings, the gang warfares, the industrial strikes and outrages, and the appalling traffic casualty list. But all this happens in lands of well regulated activities—Thank God for being only a Southern Drunk.

There may be no chivalry in the South, but at least there is some pretense of it. I have seen in one of our chivalric smoky Eastern cities a man, apparently sound of mind and body, fairly push aside a mother and infant to beat her to a seat on a trolley car. A Southern drunk would never be so far gone in his cups (and for all his cowardice) as not to "DESEAT" this display of Eastern gallantry, should it happen in the "Wilds of the Degenerate." But of course it is the proper thing to do in a more enlightened land.

The Squalor of the Southern gentlemen is so appalling. But in addition to having a battered car, hat and jug, he has food to eat. There are certain communities in the South which have refused Federal Relief Aid. So this leads us to believe, even if shiftless, there are signs of resourcefulness. The community canning sessions are another place for our Southern Gentlemen to drink and boast, but some foodstuffs are laid away also, and there are more monies for the northern bread lines and the "HIGHER FORMS OF LIFE" which always have their hand out. No one need be a statistician to see where the hunger and its resultant problems are prevalent. In the South? Not by a jug-full.

Now if Mr. Pratt hasn't broken his arm or some Southern Drunk hasn't broken his neck, he would do well to re-write his Article and after a fair and impartial moment of meditation, add: "FOR ALL OF THAT, WE NEED MORE SOUTHERNERS."

San Bruno, Calif. D. B. Kuhn

## THE ARMY'S LOUIS PAUL

Nuts to you; and to your Louis Paul, a wilted orchid. In regard to *Private Smoot* . . . Mr. Paul must almost have experienced the delights of an army pay day to write so feelingly of the average buck private's difficulties (which are also those of privates first class, corporals, sergeants, and so on up the line to generals). I got a tremendous bang out of the typical crap game arrangements. In fact, it was a swell "satire."

But—why oh why must Louis Paul paint the average soldier as an utter nit-wit? The conversation carried on by Smoot, Ortwingle and company is far from typical of squad room English. There is of course an "East Thoity-Thoid Street" element, but by far the majority of men I have met in the army have a fair command of the English language, with a generous sprinkling of armyisms to top it off.

Petty's marvelous; Grosz, not so hot; I like Campbell and Bundy; phooey on Eric Lundgren; and let's have more Hurrell. That's what I think. Or don't you give a damn?

Yours for more and better Esquires,
Morris Kammann, Jr.
Fort Crook, Neb.

## A FAREWELL TO ESQ.

I take up my little blue pencil
To tell you to kill off my faithful old stencil
For, though as you say, it has served us both well
I'm mad as a hornet and giving it hell.
So kill off the stencil, the job's up to you,
I've made up my mind what I'm going to do,
I'll call on my friends and beside their warm fire
I'll drink up their gin as I read their Esquire.
I'll laugh and I'll holler at all the swell jokes,
I'll interpret the pictures for all of the folks,
I'll stay half the night—I've a right don't you see,
For that's what these lizards have been doing to me.
The telephone rings, it's a friend down the street,
He says in a voice so expectant and sweet—
Has your Esquire come? Well, that's fine we'll drop in,
And my copy is his with some more of my gin.
The mail man stops ere he leaves us the book,
And he lingers a while while he takes just a look,
Then the grocer, the butcher, the milk man, the maid—
They all get the copy for which I have paid.
So you can't blame me brother when I say to you
To kill off that stencil, for you'd say it too
If the copies you'd paid for had proved but a lure
To draw the lounge lizards around to your door.

Los Angeles, Calif. Roy L. Donley

## LET THE BINDER BEWARE

I am irked. I am also disgusted. You gentlemen, are the direct cause of it all. Furthermore, unless you immediately Take Steps you are going to lose one of your oldest and most reliable newsstand customers. This is not to be taken as an intimidating threat, but as a plain statement of fact.

When I purchased your December issue I immediately noticed the new-style binding, and my first impression was that it definitely improved the appearance of the magazine. However, after the thing had been around the house less than a week, over half the pages had gently removed themselves from the parent plant and had wafted themselves all over the house. George Jean Nathan was scattered all over the kitchen, Burton Rascoe was under the bathtub, Gilbert Seldes had fallen down behind the davenport, Petty was lying under the bed—altogether, gentlemen, it was one hell of a mess, and I was sorely irked. I intended writing you, but I put it off, thinking that if you continued to use your new square-back binding, by the time the next issue was built, you would learn how to put the pages in in a non-detachable manner.

Well, gentlemen, I paid out a hard-earned fifty cents for your January issue and four days later it resembled a well-read Sunday newspaper on Monday morning. I was even more sorely irked than I had been the previous month, but the general Rush and Scurry of the holiday season made it impossible for me to find time to do anything about it.

Two days ago I purchased your February issue. Already eight of the pages have completely detached themselves from the magazine. What the hell, gentlemen. When I put out four bits for a magazine I do not think I am asking too much in demanding that the thing stays together, at least until I get it all read.

Now, gentlemen, I do not handle your magazine roughly. I have no children in the house. I am the only one who reads my copy. The dog does not get near it. I do not chew the binding. I do not throw it carelessly aside. I do not kick it, even though I have, at times, a strong urge to do so. I take pains to keep it in a cool, dry place and never use any hooks. Still, with all this precaution, the last three issues have come all apart.

I shall risk fifty cents on the March issue and if I find you have not Taken Steps, Esquire and I shall part company. Yours in a blue funk,

D. Franklin Bascom
Oakland, Calif.

## POME IN RESTRAINT OF PETTY LARCENY

Now Esqy you're a d—— fine mag
And I read you to the end,
But I've got one complaint to make
So lend your ears, my friend.
When I was once a single gal
I loved your every page.
But now I've taken on a spouse
There's one that makes me rage.
Thereon, my little wood-pulp friend,
Is the cause of my complaint.
It's the Petty gal that drives me wild,
And what if she is just paint?
My Lord and Master used to say
My chassis was Fisher plus,
But he took one look at the Petty gal
And now I'm less than the dust.
And the chariot wheel of that Petty wench
Runs me deeper into the dirt
With every month that you come out,
And what does she care, the flirt?
My better fourth gives a leer at her
And then he says to me,
"See here, my dear, your legs don't seem
To be what they used to be."
"And aren't you a little thicker here,
And a little too thin there?
And you haven't got a curve like this—"
(Oh Hell—you know just where!)
Enough of that, but more of this.
Why not give wives a break,
And have the gal with a wen on her nose
That no man would want to make?
But, of course you won't, so I'll close with a sigh
And do the best I can.
I'll tear that page out every month
Before it get to the man.

Hortense F. Merriam
University City, Mo.

P. S.—I don't blame him!

## MIRACLE MAN

Mr. Cannon's article, *Gabby, the Work Horse,* in the January issue, is excellent, although I found a mistake in it sacrilegious to real ball fans. In his first big league game, Gabby Hartnett is said to have hit "four for 0," a remarkable accomplishment. Translated into everyday English, "four for 0" means four hits out of no times at bat, a trick Gabby can't do today after sixteen years of big league experience. I'm quite sure the author meant to say "0 for four," as he goes on to say that in the next series Hartnett struck his first hit of the season.

As Esquire enters its fifth year, Nathan is still consistently terrible, with no apparent relief in store for us. Kind sirs, won't you please have pity on your humble readers?

Culver, Ind. Bill Gasner

*Continued on page 210*

# IF YOU'RE TIRED OF THE COMMONPLACE...DRIVE THE CADILLAC *Sixty* SPECIAL

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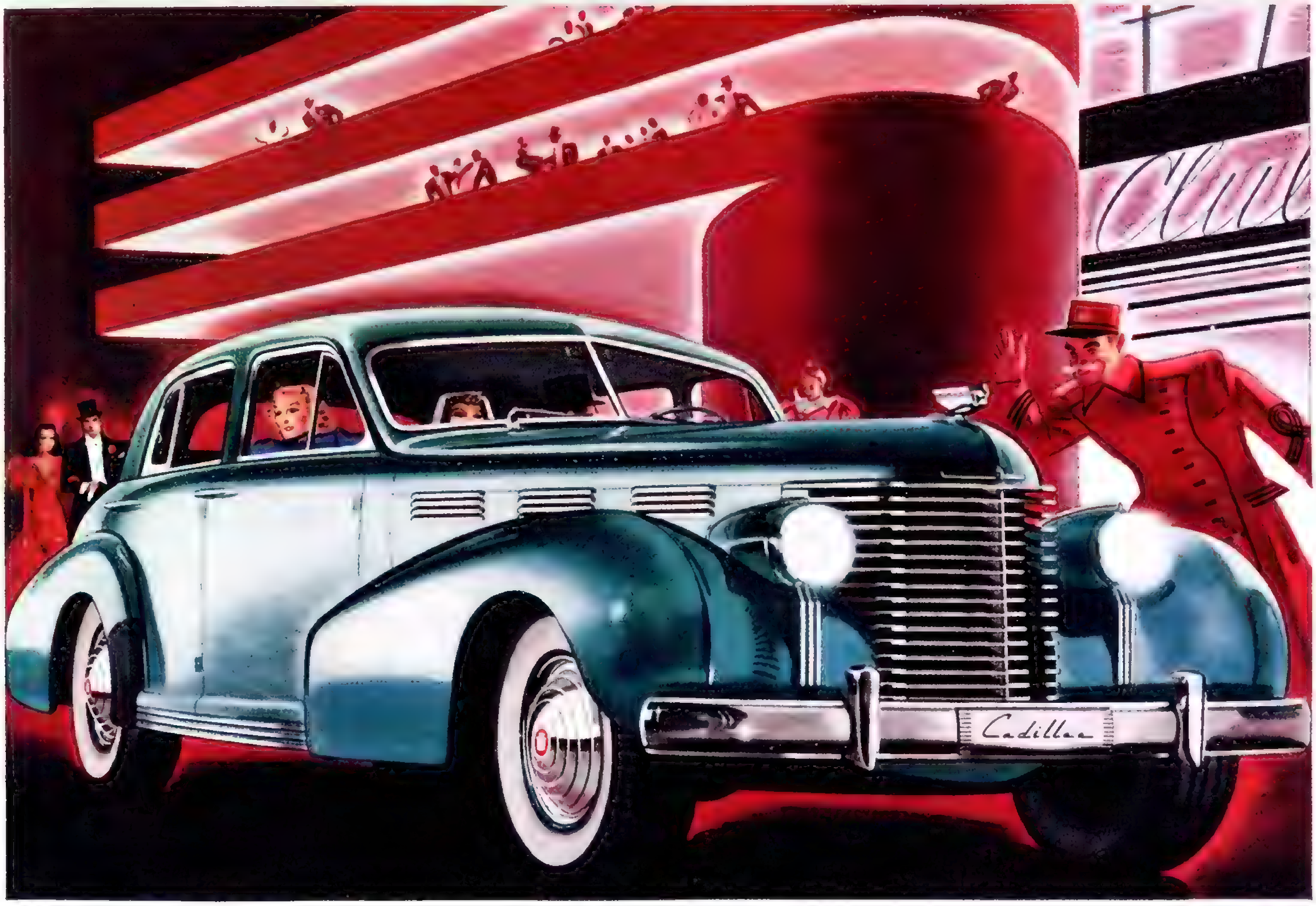

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YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED a car that would *act* like this. A car with literally inexhaustible vitality . . . quiet, smooth, eager-flowing power . . . instant, flashing acceleration . . . power and performance of a wholly new order, but power and performance obedient and responsive always to finger-touch control!

YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED a "ride" like this . . . a sensation of floating, of swift, silent travel that only flying has given you before!

YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED the freedom . . . the luxurious, restful comfort . . . the amazingly wide and unobstructed vision, far more vision than closed cars have ever given you before! And you've wanted the hundred and one other evidences of tomorrow's motor cars that only one car can give you today!

WELL . . . YOU WHO ARE TIRED OF THE COMMONPLACE have not waited in vain. The car you have always wanted can be yours . . . *today!* Just ask your Cadillac dealer to show you the *newest car in the world* . . . the sensational new Cadillac "Sixty Special"!

*Cadillac* SIXTY SPECIAL

*There is also a new Cadillac "Sixty" in slightly more conventional mold, and selling at a price we believe represents the greatest value in the motor car market. It differs from the "Sixty Special" in appearance and appointment — it is one with the "Sixty Special" in quality and in performance. And as to performance . . . the Cadillac "Sixty" is unquestionably America's finest-performing eight cylinder car! See it!*

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

MEN-
and what to do
with them...

THE Hussy's Handbook

BY HELEN BROWN NORDEN
Including the now famous *Esquire* piece *Latins are Lousy Lovers,* and *Sex in a Nutshell, Baedeker to the Boys, Why I Hate Parties, Why Women Love a Heel, etc.* A must book for every gal and guy who wants to know what to do, how to do it, and when!
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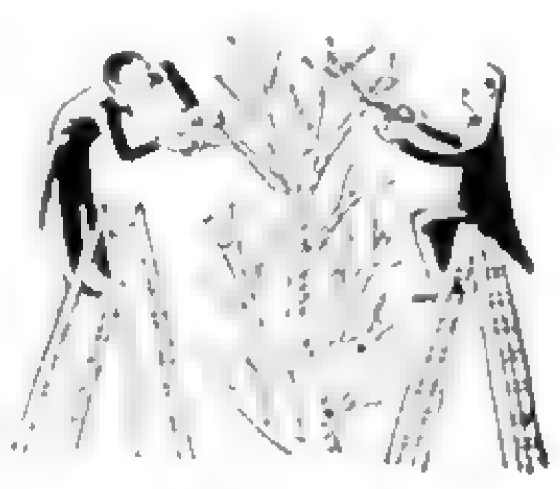
ORCHESTRAS
at DINNER and SUPPER
GRAZIELLA PARRAGA...SUPPER NIGHTLY
LARUE
45 EAST 58th VO. 5-6374

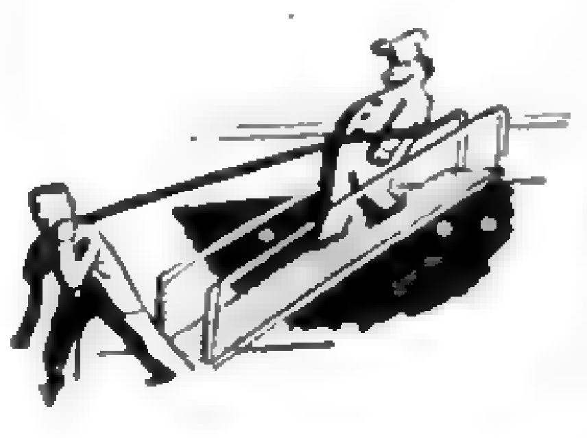
Led by Cleon (Puck) Throckmorton, John Lamanna has moved up from the Village to a handsome new booth at Six East Forty-Eighth Street. Throckmorton has done a stunning and intelligent job, decorating the place after the fashion of the better dining places in Rome. Lamanna has followed the current vogue and swiped a cook off one of the big liners. Added to the chef's equipment, of course, is Lamanna's own storehouse of the art which includes pressed duck and a strange concoction we have never had elsewhere—macaroni cooked in horseradish sauce. This recipe comes from John's grandmother and is an heirloom. It is worth the trying if you incline toward the gourmet. The new place seems to have carried with it the city Warwicks of the bar and bench, the sports writers and theatrical folk who used the old haunt as a hangout.



First sign of Spring. The St. Moritz is dusting off the terrace chairs and clipping the hedge for the Restaurant de la Paix, facing the park. Not that they haven't had a swell time in the enlarged quarters inside, the season past, but man seems to feel better about things when the buds swell in the park. Gregory Taylor, the host, is also polishing up the brass on his yacht and preparing to shoo the ducks off his island. "Waiter, bring me a Vermouth-Cassis and a couple of chestnut trees."

Larrés, at Fifty West Fifty-Sixth Street, is one of those French restaurants patronized almost exclusively by the French. It was Deems Taylor, the maestro, who first told us of it and we found it all he had claimed. You can always tell if they are French when the paté is right and pickled navy beans are considered worthy of the hors d'oeuvres tray. Prices are moderate and the wine list atrocious, which is strange for the French.

Those who have their palms read at the Piccadilly Circus bar can have the satisfaction that they are being scanned by a scientist. Marko, the reader, is now engaged in experiments with the Duke University trying to learn of its telepathy extra-sensory communications. Meanwhile the bar is doing a thriving trade of those who don't care just so they know which horse will come in first.



If your purse is well lined there are few better places in the city to dine leisurely than at Chambord, 803 Third Avenue, above Forty-Eighth Street. Alex, Maurice, and Roget, the genial proprietors, had a long schooling on the Pacific Coast before coming to the metropolis and snaring a chef from the Normandie. One of the many features is a paté from the real goose country, imported in small quantities, only by the Chambord. Then there are frogs legs, from Minnesota, à la Provencale, as we have never had them before. A Canadian partridge, roasted, eased our appetite, with it going a superb Richebourg, '23. A trifle of the various cheeses and a Prunelle permitted us to loll back and agree with Sydney Smith: "Serenely full, Fate cannot harm me for I have dined."

The Jabberwock, on Prospect Avenue, between Montclair and West Orange, N. J., has taken on a new lease of life. Dave Johnstone, who ran the Beverwyck last summer, is now host to the Jerseyites who never seem to stay at home. Johnstone is one of the popular hosts in a community where hosting is on a high plane.

As if to hasten the Spring we like to drop in on the places where the French atmosphere is as near the chestnut blooms as this country attains. The Lafayette never changes. There under the benevolent aegis of Monsieur Orteig, the white-moustached gentleman and the younger swains of the town, sip their Vermouth-Cassis or coffee and play chess. The dining room still is of the highest grade, one of the last landmarks of a fading era. The wine list, of course, is superb.

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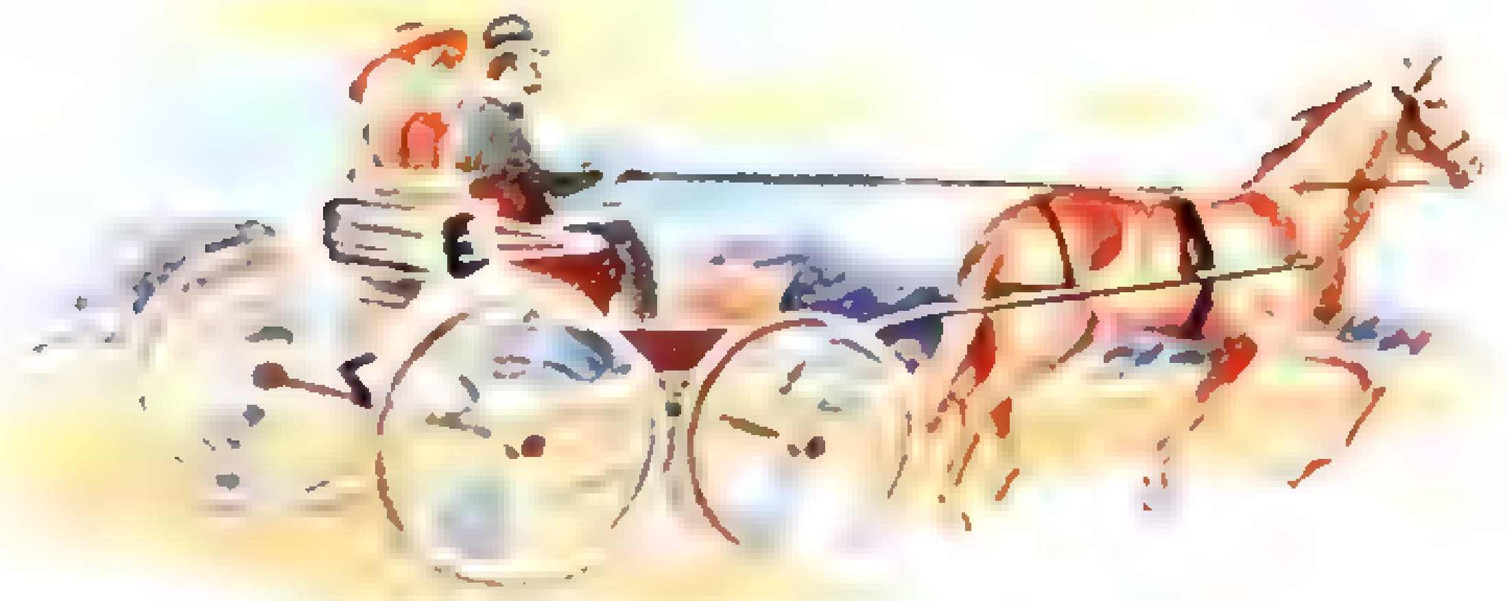

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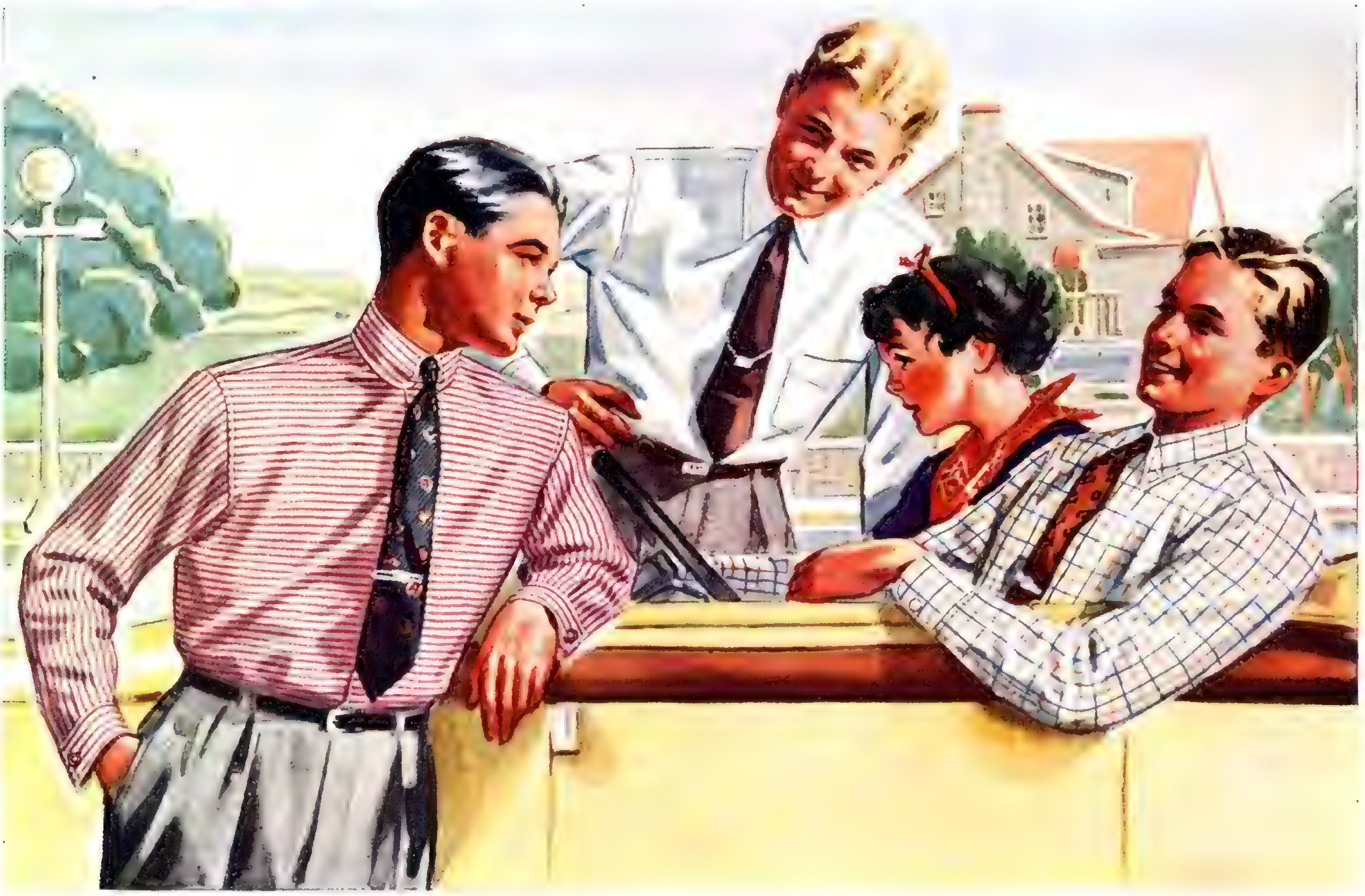

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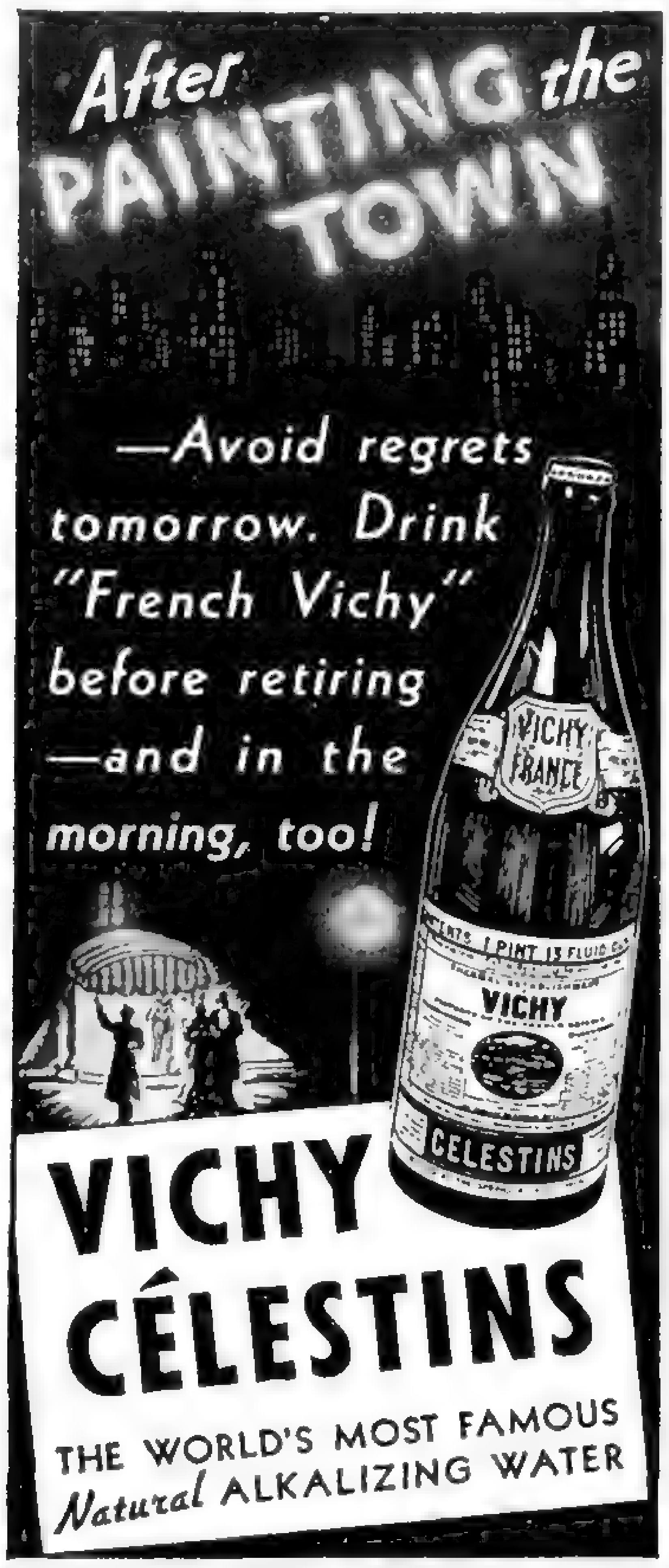
# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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MERRY-GO-ROUND GRILL

Bob Crosby fills the shoes late kept hot by Benny Goodman in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania Hotel. Mr. Crosby is one of the handsomer baton wielders of the cult and seems to have a substantial following of fanatics. One thing about this swing business, it is primitive in rhythm and slips into gear with your subconscious without any effort. So whether you are an addict or not, you can enjoy the other things offered by the Madhattan Room. Personally, we find it wears well, the Bel Geddes' decorations lasting longer than many in this fast-changing age. The service is excellent and the food good.

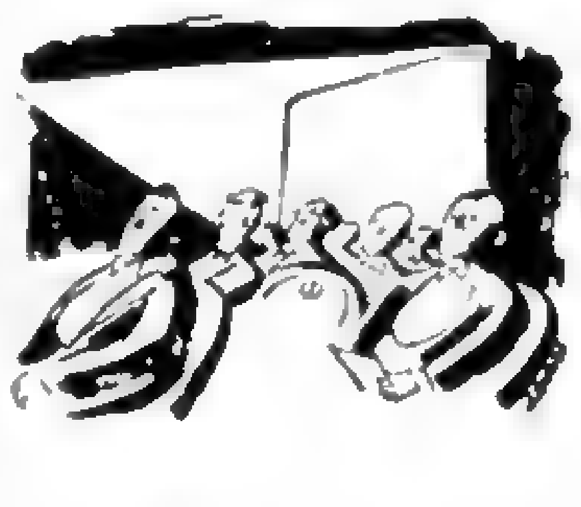
The Original Maxl's, 243 East Eighty-Sixth Street, has not heard about the act of Repeal. Their prices are about as in the Prohibition era and their manners are worse. Before the rise of the Totalitarian state, the restaurant was a pleasant place for nostalgic dining on pig's knuckles and beer. Now it seems misplaced, geographically.

Now that the Stork Club has Nilo Menendez, perhaps the best leader of Cuban music in the world, and Bobby Parks to alternate with the rhumba band, it has forgotten prizes, awards and stunts for the time being. Which is just as well for those of us who like to drink and talk with our friends. Sherman Billingsley and his staff have always proven sufficient for this prowler and there seems to be many of the same taste.

For midtown shoppers or matinee-goers there is another French restaurant, Henri's, Forty West Forty-Sixth Street, which is the same now as before the war. Only two of the older waiters remain, but the menu seems to have been handed down from the founders, prices and all. We drop in now and then just to see if time has made any changes. The briochés and crescent with hot chocolate are as of yore, as are the eggs à la Benedict—being merely a few of our favorites. Henri's still holds its place in the top ten.

There is no truth in the rumor that Bleeck is putting up ring-side seats at his Artists and Writers Club for the nights when Broadway shows open. The truce seems to be lasting and playwrights as well as critics mingle to eat Bleeck's good food without so much as a left hook or thrown gauntlet.

The Chinese are so modest that one seldom learns about their wares without ferreting it out. Most of the many restaurants serve the two abominable dishes that Americans have come to consider Chinese, but if you persist, you can get by their defense and enjoy cooking such as only the kings enjoy. The Pearl River, at Forty-One Mott Street, is another of those excellent Oriental places where you can dine regally if you make known your desires. For example, ask for bean cake soup with Chinese mushrooms, Wor Tep Hor (friend shrimps with bacon), Subgum Fried Wonton and Chinese roast duck.



Theodore Titze was as surprised as a new papa when he found a new night club in his lap, Mons. Jacoby having persuaded him that the lovely room above his restaurant at No. 4 East Fifty Sixth Street should ring with ermine and night life. Mons. Jacoby, the proprietor of Boeuf sur Le Toit in Paris, had one doubt about the room—it was too large. So he had screens made to close half of it off. Next he explained to Theodore that eight rich Americans were all a Frenchman needed and then he asked in about three hundred for the opening. Since you can't insult an American in a night club, no doubt the formula works. The place is called "Le Ruban Bleu" and if those turned away the opening night are still coming back, the club should be doing splendidly.

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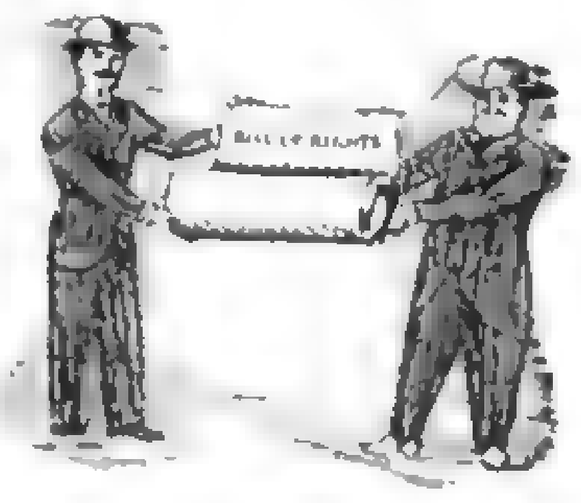

The buffet theatre bar of the Crillon has proven one of the town's pleasanter innovations. The buffet dinner, served almost as soon as it is ordered, makes the perfect meal if you are hurrying to a show. The menu is varied and appetizing. Upstairs the suave Mr. Baumgarten serves to the more leisurely diners, such food as epicures enjoy. We tried recently smoked brook trout, followed by a thick turtle soup and then a guinea hen that was not dried to the bone, as is too often the case. Of course, we couldn't conclude a meal in the Crillon without a tear or two for the pastry wagon—at that stage of the game we usually have room for only one. Sherry before the meal, a nice Hochheimer with the fish and a Chambertin of 1919, followed by a cognac with the coffee, contributed greatly to the evening. The Crillon, by the way, has one of the best wine lists in town, having purchased most of the Monte Carlo Hotel cellars to add the vintage touch.

Every so often one feels stalwart enough to tackle the hors d'oeuvres the Swedish Restaurants feature. We feel the best in town is at the Gripsholm, 324 East Fifty-Seventh Street. It is a mistake to try a dinner after that—we have found, a run or two around the thirty-six varieties being enough of a snack for anyone. A Grand Chablis or a Rhine wine goes best with the smorgasbord. And don't forget to try the special marinated herring which is treated in wine and something very special for gourmets only.

The Essex House got hold of the tail of the rotten apple, or whatever it was called, and couldn't let go. A more unattractive, senseless dance we've never seen, and we were raised on barn dances. But now that the skies are bluer and the windows are open, peace comes in and settles down. Rudolph Friml, Jr., still attracts his loyal subjects and they are many.

Paul Daube's is one of the famous and rough places of the city. For years the genial host has been official feeder for the baseball teams of the country, a five pound steak being about right for a home-run. But if you are not a ball player, be careful about ordering, a five pound steak is Daube's idea of "medium." If you are a gourmet, wise to the city, Daube's is on your list. The sawdust floor and stove in the middle of the room are forgotten when you see the steaks and the trimmings that come along. Daube serves five tons of steak a week, so that should give you an idea. When not going over from one of the baseball parks nearby, you go up Madison Avenue, across the bridge and follow the Concourse till you come to the Concourse Plaza Hotel. Turn right three blocks, then right again one and a half. Number 833 Cortland Avenue.

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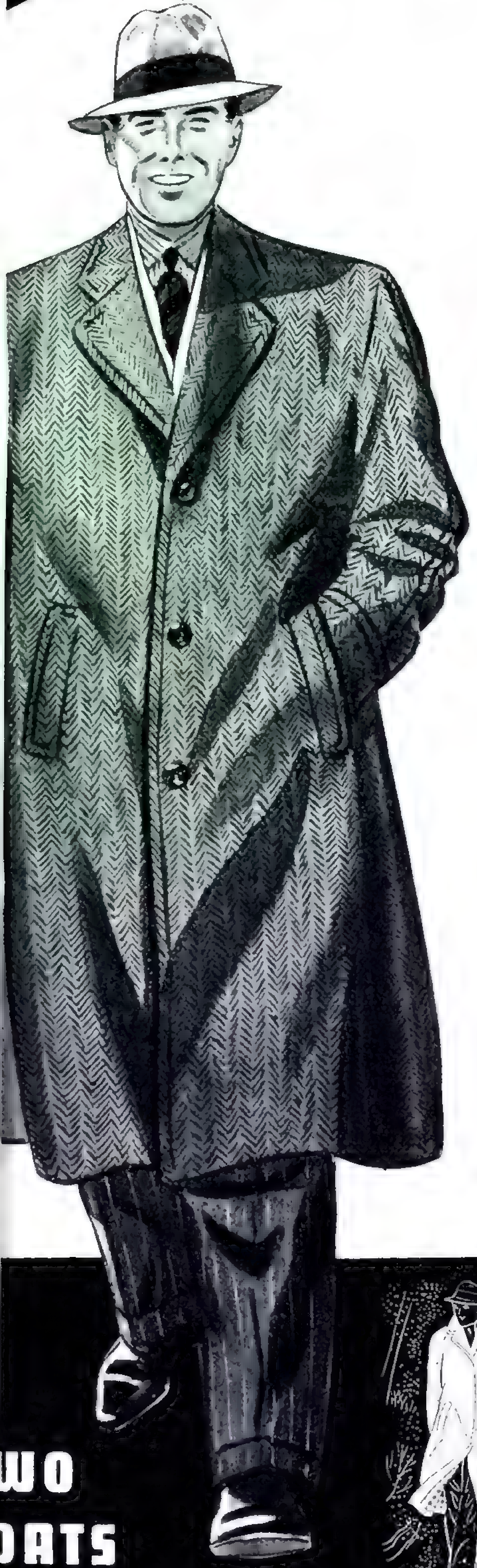

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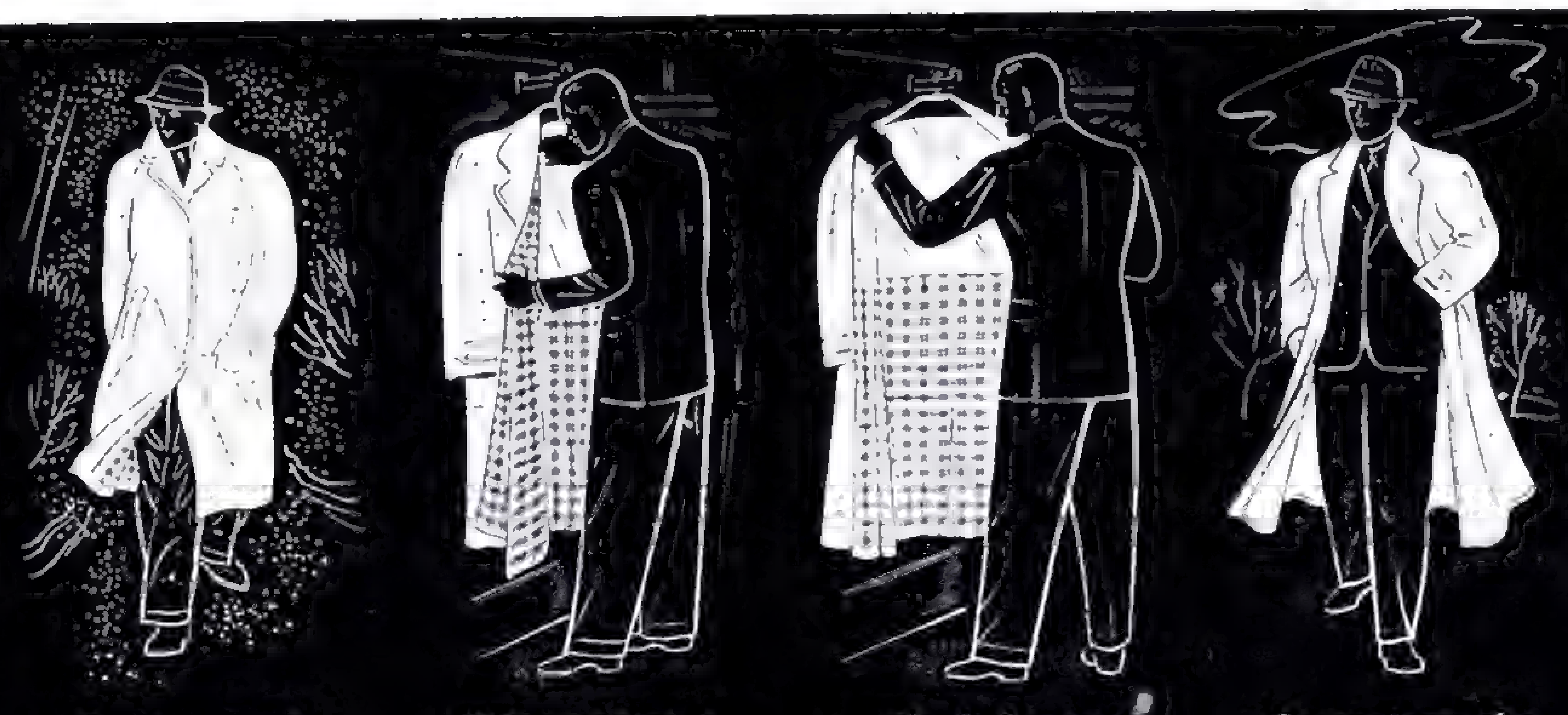

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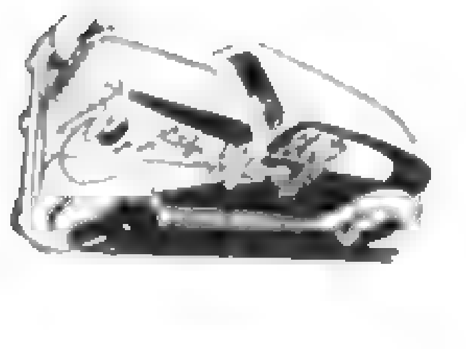

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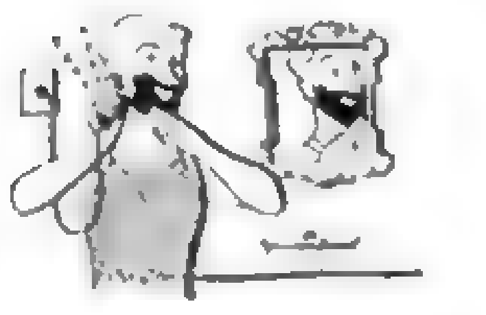

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Cutlery, razors, knives, etc. Binoculars, microscopes, telescopes. *Catalogue Mailed 5¢*

**BETTER LIGHT . . . BETTER SIGHT.** Last month we went into a song and dance about the importance of preserving eyesight. Seven out of ten people *should* be wearing glasses . . . reading or working by poor artificial light is probably one of the causes of this condition. Remember how at times you've squinted under spotty lighting . . . how you've shifted your book around to get the shadows off the page . . . how the darn light never seems to be the right height? A professional organization of the foremost lighting engineers, scientists and eyesight specialists, has banded together and produced what they call "light conditioning." By modifying raw light, they control the quantity by filtering it through a translucent bowl which removes glare and diffuses the light by giving it good distribution both upward and downward. The light is shielded so that there are no spots too bright or too dull, you get an even, almost shadowless distribution of light. Give your eyes a break, you can buy all manner of light-conditioned lamps . . . floor lamps, bridge lamps, table lamps, clamp-ons, etc. Every lamp carries a tag certifying that the lamp complies with the 54 specifications of the society. It has passed some 29 tests to insure good construction, 14 tests for electrical safety and 11 tests for sight-saving lighting.

**TENNIS IN THE MORNING, SKI IN THE AFTERNOON!** If you are going through a mental struggle trying to decide whether to spend your vacation perfecting your winter or summer sports, maybe you'd like to know about Colorado Springs where, at certain times, you can have Summer and Winter at the same time. Mornings you play tennis or golf, swim or take a ride over numerous bridle trails. Then, after lunch, you drive about an hour away from your luxurious hostelry and find yourself on a ski course, a third of the way up Pike's Peak. Here there's a down-mountain course 2½ miles long, with a 300 foot tow for novices and a 1500 foot tow for experts. Sportsman's Utopia.

**WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A CHEESE KIT?** We've often marveled at the speed and dispatch with which some hosts produce delicious hors d'oeuvres when the thirsty hordes descend upon them of a sudden. One answer is the cheese kit . . . a series of five 2-oz. tubes of cheese. All you do is squeeze the cheese into hollow pastry sticks, and the canapes are made, smoothly and professionally. Pedigreed cheeses in the kit, too, such as English Stilton soaked in Port wine, French roquefort in Brandy, imported Cheddar in Port, Holland Edam in Sauterne and Gorgonzola in Brandy. Always serve these cheeses at room temperature as you do many wines. From Holland comes another cocktail tidbit . . . a mixture of cheeses flavored with Kummel fills tiny, 2-inch crackers shaped like miniature bottles. New and amusing.

**ACCORDION TIE RACK.** What have you done with those Christmas ties? Chucked them away in your top drawer, or are they still in boxes because you haven't a place to hang them? There's a folding tie rack, an entirely new principle in design. When screwed on the wall or closet door, it looks like a slim, horizontal strip of polished chrome. When you want to select your ties, just pull out the bar which unfolds like an accordion, each tie in its place in an individual section between short vertical bars. Easy, orderly and inexpensive.

**PROJECTOR CASES.** You'll find your movie films will last longer if you keep your reels in a good case. Good cases are equipped with humidifying devices to preserve films; they also have card index sections for identifying reels.

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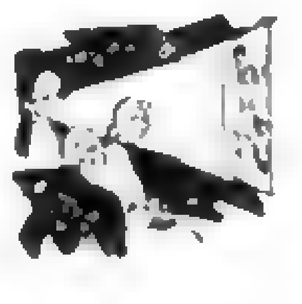
## HEADACHES AND HANGOVERS

When a Broadway playboy demanded that his physician relieve his headaches and hangovers, he started something! For that remedy—now called "Cue" spread far and wide ! . . . "Cue" is different—a new formula—based on long studies in alcohol pathology—and contains Vitamin B-1, a marvelous aid in the reduction of alcohol. In capsule form, easy to swallow. Helps you get rid of headaches and hangovers in quick time . . . 25 & 75 cent sizes. Write Landith Laboratories, 730 Fifth Avenue.



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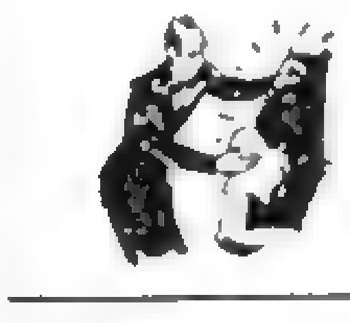

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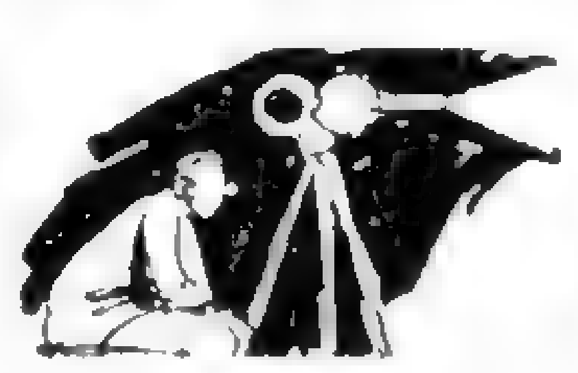

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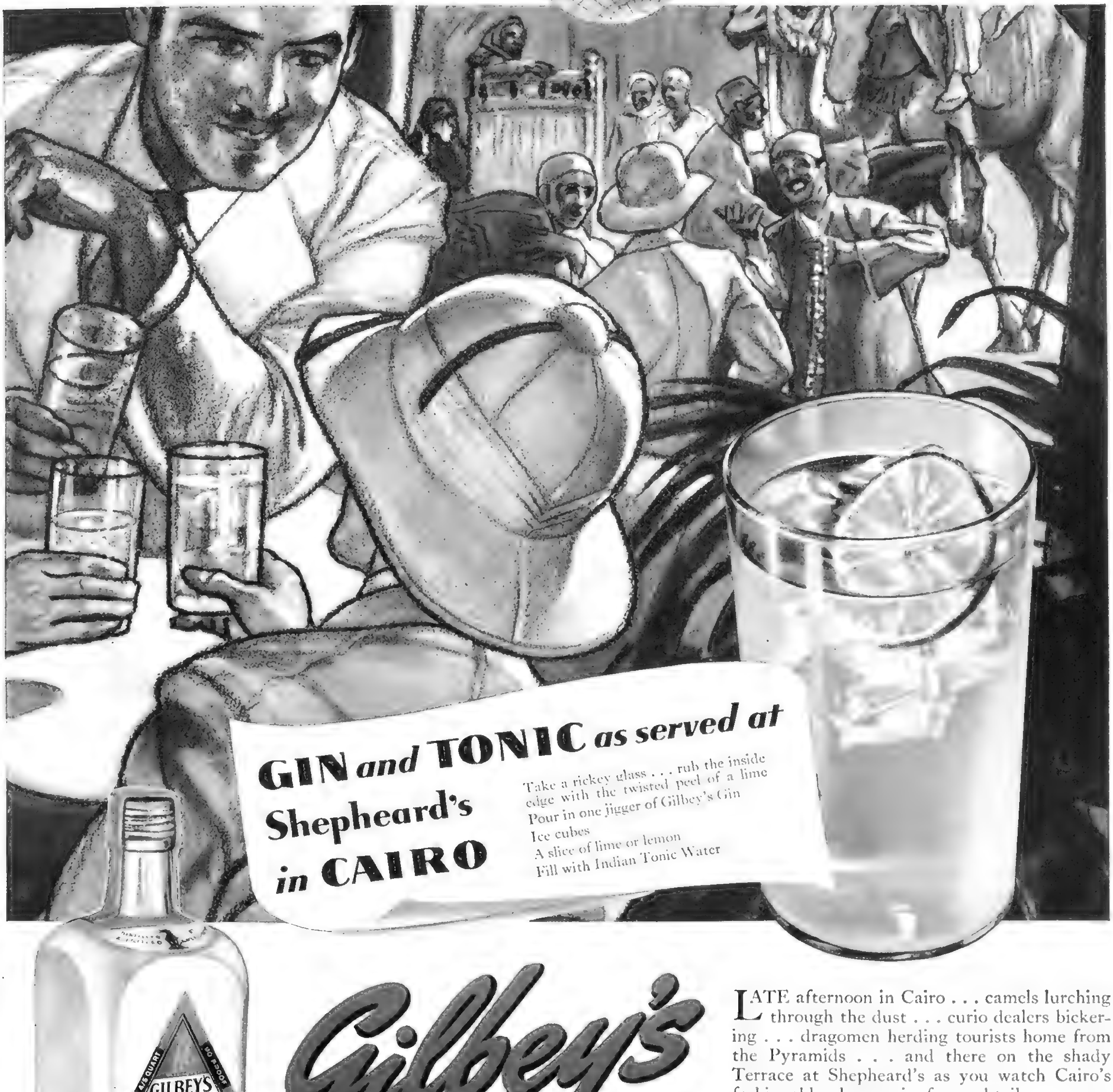
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## GIN and TONIC as served at Shepheard's in CAIRO

Take a rickey glass . . . rub the inside edge with the twisted peel of a lime
Pour in one jigger of Gilbey's Gin
Ice cubes
A slice of lime or lemon
Fill with Indian Tonic Water

LATE afternoon in Cairo . . . camels lurching through the dust . . . curio dealers bickering . . . dragomen herding tourists home from the Pyramids . . . and there on the shady Terrace at Shepheard's as you watch Cairo's fashionables lounge in for cocktails . . . you order your first gin and tonic in Cairo . . . and do you need to be told why so many of the world's *great* drinks begin with Gilbey's? No, sir! Not after your first sip!

Of course, if you can't go to Cairo, let Cairo come to you. Mix yourself a "gin and tonic" *a la Shepheard's* . . . with Gilbey's! And remember that same fullness of flavor and that same smo-o-o-oth perfection have been making great drinks *greater* for more than 80 years!

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

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Gilbey's Gin Plants in England, Australia, Canada, and Cincinnati, Ohio

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"Island of Bali," by Miguel Covarrubias, is one of the most talked about travel books of the year. Rose Rolando, the author's wife, took the 114 Leica pictures which capture wholly the exotic charm of Bali's scenery and its people.

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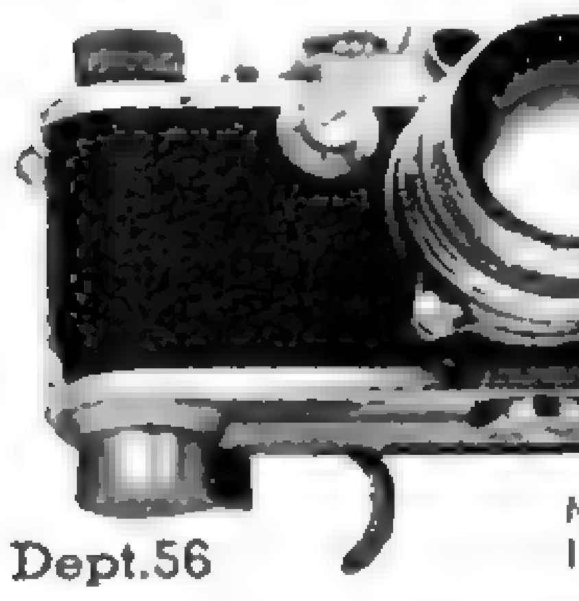

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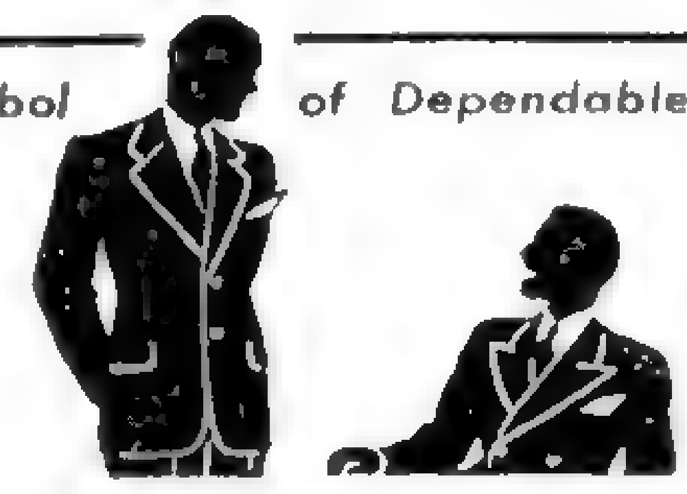

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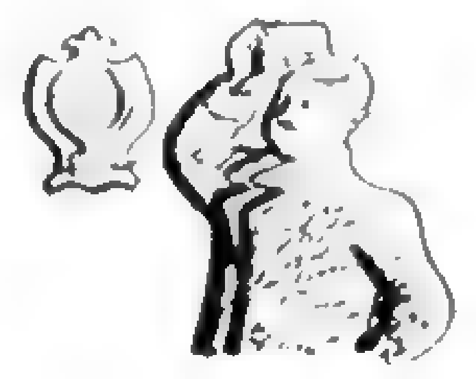
**EXCELLENT REPRODUCTION!** At Christmas time we tentatively offered up in this column a juvenile section on toys. The response was most edifying. Our statistics show that about 61% of Esquire's readers own their own homes, but we hadn't realized that so many were amply endowed with offspring. Here's food for thought.

**GRAPE NUTS CANDY.** Let the kids make it themselves: 1 cup sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup water, salt, butter, 1 cup grapenuts. Combine sugar, molasses, water and salt in saucepan, cook over slow flame stirring constantly till syrup becomes brittle in cold water. Add butter and grapenuts and pour onto greased platter.

**CANNON CRACKERS.** We look back with nostalgia to the days when a children's party meant cambric tea and animal crackers. Nowadays, crackers seem to have forsaken their zoological form, and have taken on an industrial aspect. Kids now crunch on such utilitarian designs as saws, anchors, locks, keys, umbrellas, pumps, engines and cannons. These symbols of a workaday existence come to us from England.

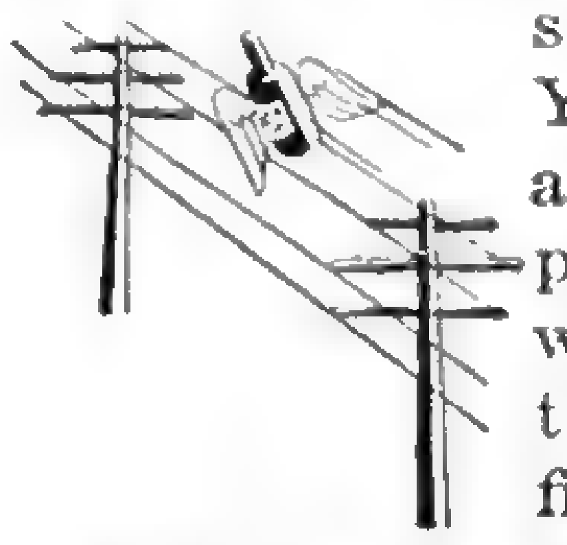
**BLOCKS THAT LOCK . . .** scientifically designed to teach your son engineering principles in construction. The unique locking arrangement of the blocks makes it possible to construct boats, bridges, tunnels, etc., that won't fall apart.

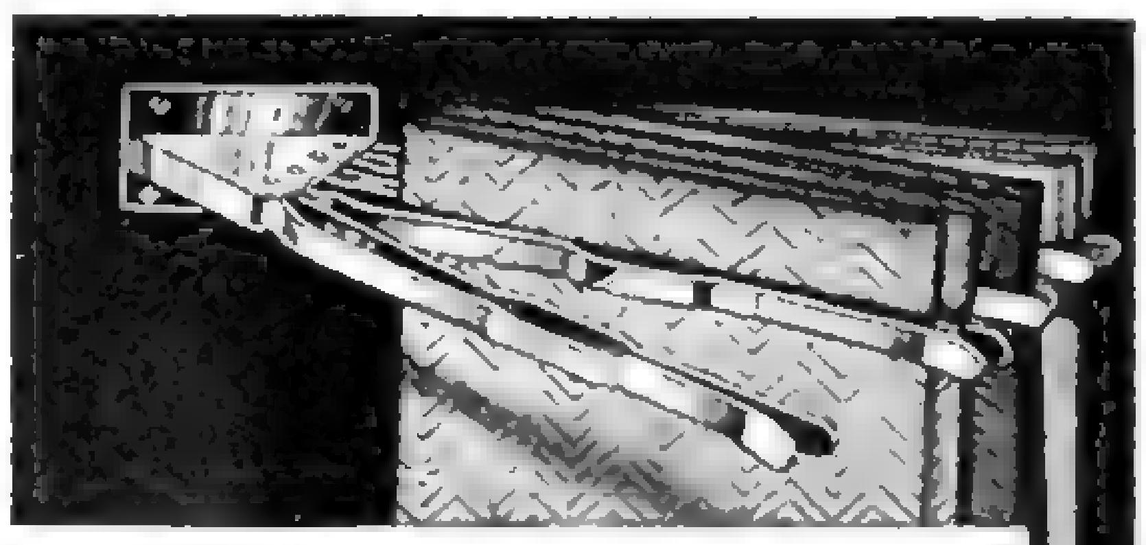
**WATCH YOUR COAT AND HAT.** You've probably seen them in restaurants, barber shops, offices, and fastened to tops of cars . . . those wooden plaques with chromium plated hat holders that look like wishbones hinged to the base of the plaque. A man just snaps the brim of his hat underneath the gadget which holds it firmly in place without crushing. No danger of having the hat trampled under foot . . . once under the holder, it's there till you take it out. There's also an oval mirror attached to the plaque, and a couple of chromium hooks for coats.



**TYPIST'S FRIEND.** New typewriter eraser that becomes as much a part of the machine as one of the keys. Sticks on the side of the machine via a rubber suction cup. The eraser reels out on a fine, strong chain and stops when fully extended. At a flip of the wrist, it speeds back in place. Neat but not gaudy.

**LIQUOR BY WIRE.** At last we are able to send gifts of liquor by wire. Here's the way it works. About 1000 stores and shops all over the country are subscribers. You step into your local dealer (he'll have a sign on his window if he's a member), put your cash on the line, and tell him where you want your gift sent. Dealer then looks in a directory of subscribers, finds a dealer in the town of your choice, and tells you the rate you have to pay. Suppose you want a bottle to be delivered the same day to a man in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The beverage might be priced at $3.29 in New York, but in South Dakota it will cost you $3.98 . . . prices vary in different states, because of differences in taxes and transportation charges. California has a 3% tax; Minnesota a tax of 1c a bottle, etc. For speedy delivery, you pay cost of telegram; if not, air mail charges. You pay no additional cost for fancy greeting card if it is to be included in the telegram. What a boon to business concerns in building up commercial good will! What a cinch for you when birthdays, anniversaries, etc., roll around. N. B. Easter's coming on a-pace; now, you can wire *flowers* to Mother and *fluid* to Father.





HANG YOUR PANTS ON THIS STURDY RACK

This K-VENIENCE TROUSER RACK holds 4 pairs of trousers . . . full length, by the cuffs, in crease. Each pair in an individually swinging clamp is readily accessible, independent of others. Saves pressing bills, keeps trousers looking better. Easily attached. In polished chrome only $2.00.

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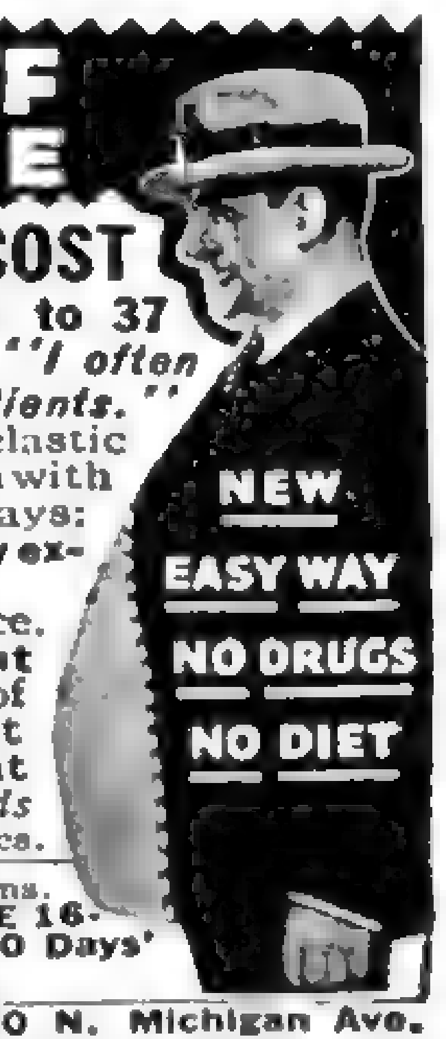

"Reduced waistline from 42 to 37 inches," says Dr. J. Gorsline. *"I often recommend Director to my patients."*

Director's controlled-stretch elastic creates *gentle flexing* on abdomen with every move. S. Youngblood says: "It comfortably, automatically exercises away waistline fat."

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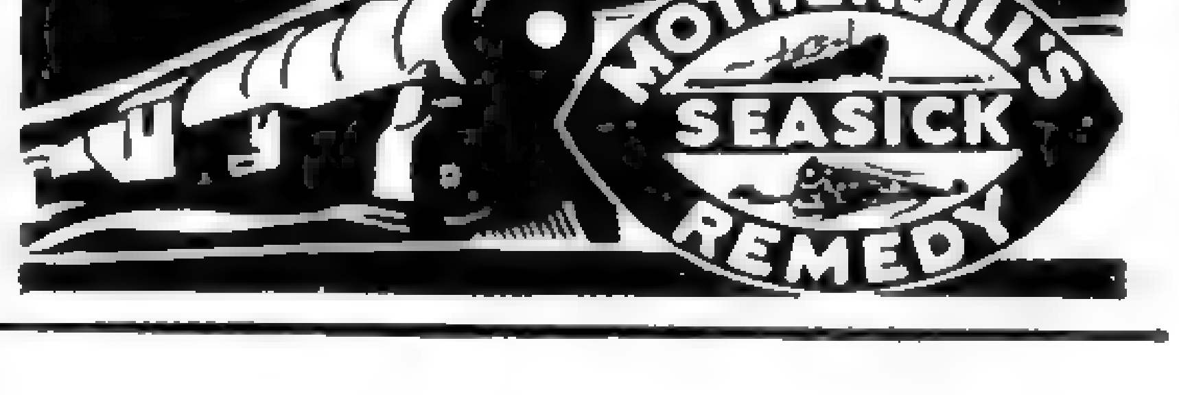
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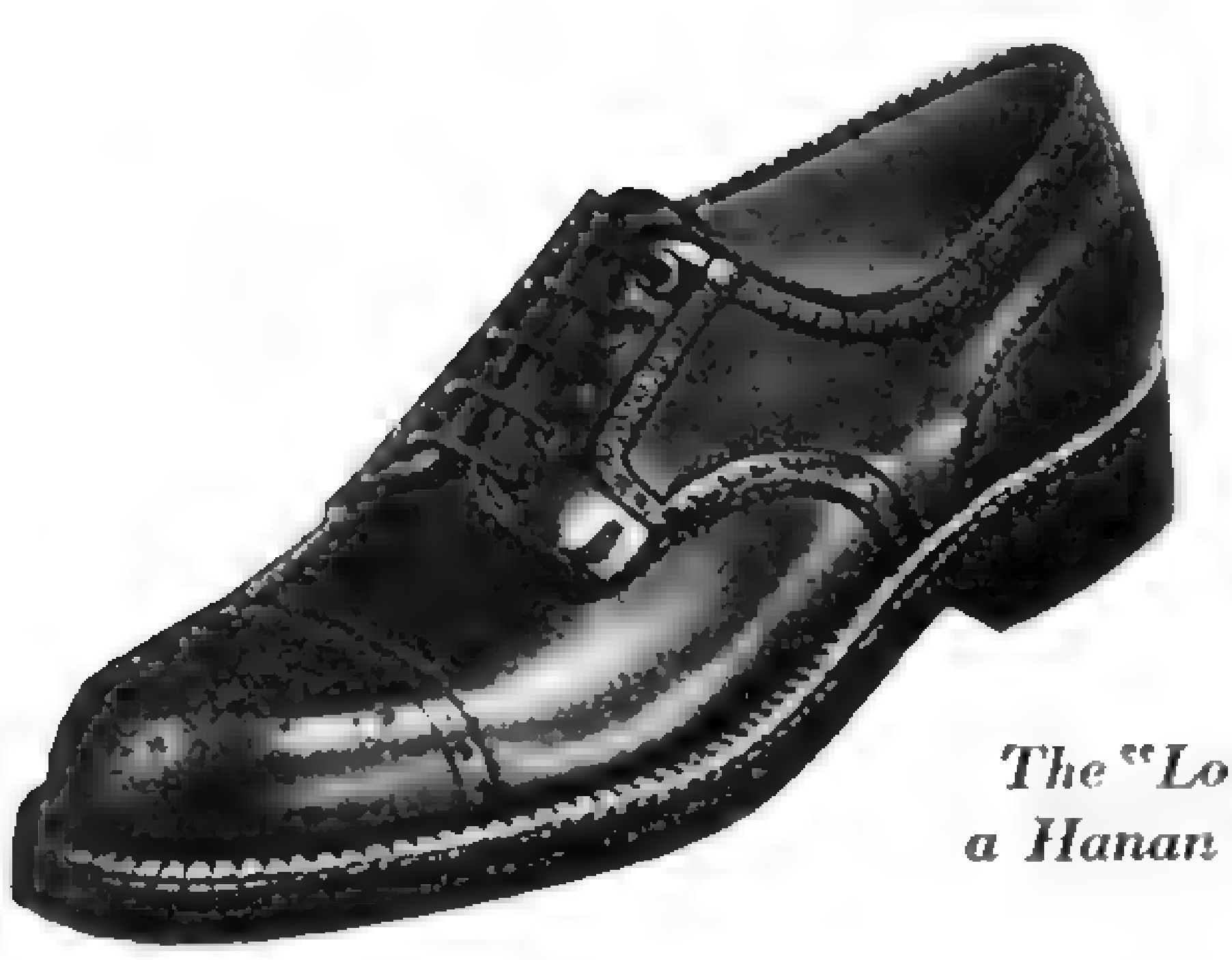
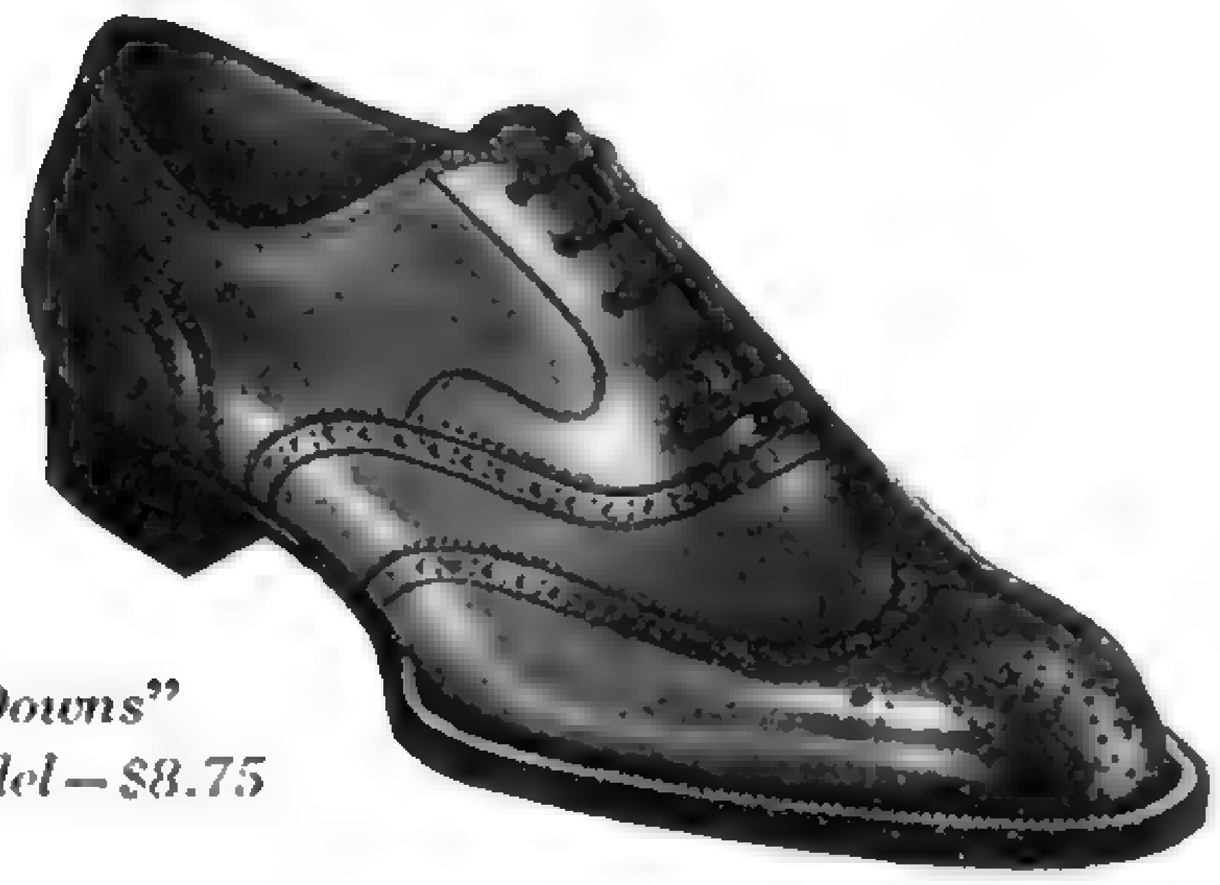
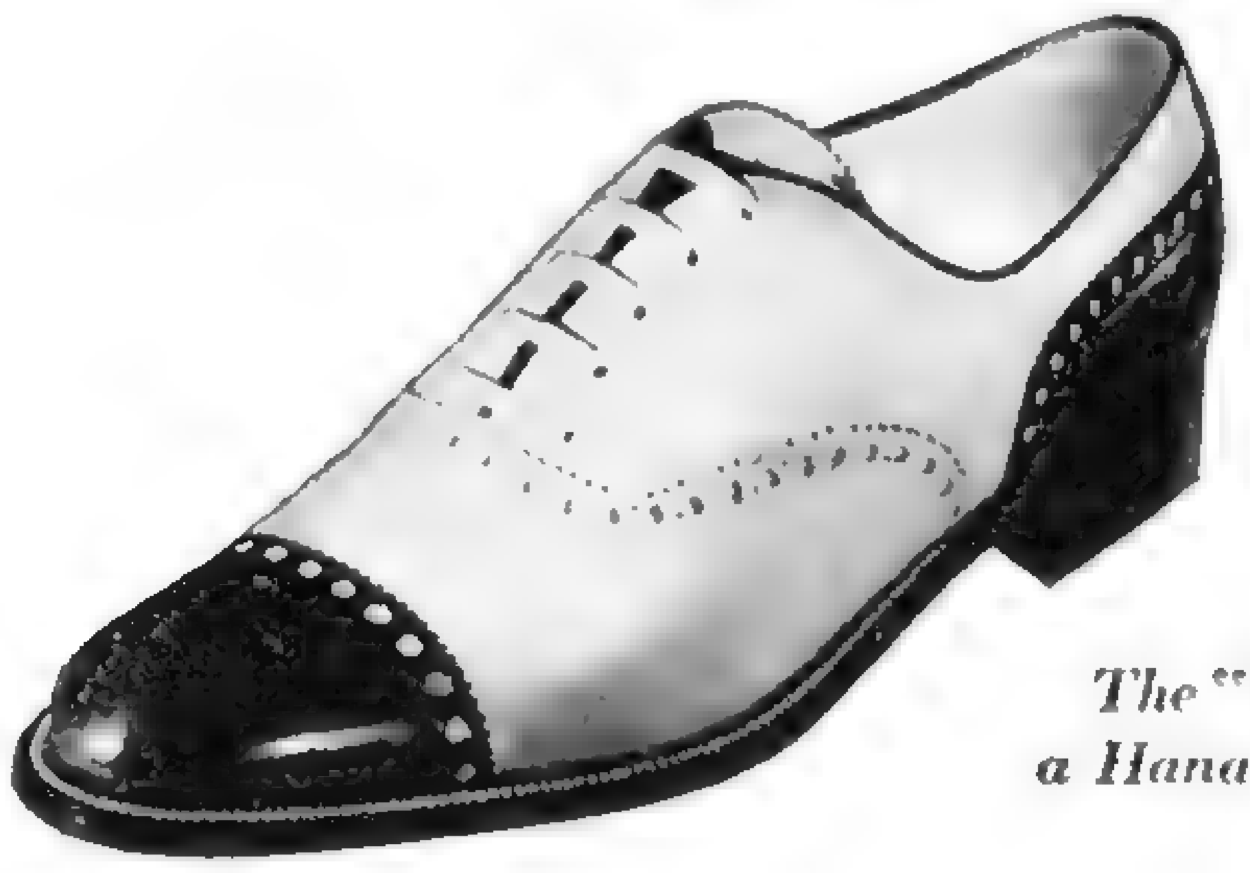
The Thoroughbreds of footwear



The "London House"
a Hanan Shoe—$14.50



The "Epsom Downs"
a Touchstone Model—$8.75



The "Sweepstakes"
a Hanan Shoe—$10.85

Being well-shod means so much more than being correctly shod. Discriminating men know they are well-shod only in *good shoes*—styled with authority—made to custom standards; shoes that feel better and wear longer, because of the finer materials—and the good shoemaking that go into them.

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QUALITY, LIKE CHARACTER, ENDURES

**SPRING—IN WORSTED FLANNEL**

The illustration shows one of Brooks Brothers' ready-made suits...double-breasted, square shouldered, with a modified draped sleeve-head...in a fine Worsted Flannel brought in from England. This material is woven from a tightly twisted yarn that gives the typically soft finish of Flannel with some of the additional endurance and shape-holding qualities of Worsted. The cloth is also splendidly adapted to the soft-tailored construction so characteristic of Brooks Brothers' suits. $68. Other ready-made suits for Spring, $62 to $85.

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS

A quaint item strayed into our mundane domain the other day . . . a box of string which turned out to be the makings for birds' nests, VERY SPECIAL string, which you are supposed to distribute at random, draping it about on your trees, bushes and hither and yon on lawn and driveways to help the little beggars build themselves peachy Spring and Summer homes. You can dish out string from the middle of February through June . . . seems that is building time for Aves. Remember, kiddies, that increasing the bird populace means decreasing losses from insects. Just step into your nearest 10¢ emporium and ask for Wild Bird Nestings.

This, of course, is for the more energetic birds who like to roll their own. But some birds want everything done for them. You can set the exclusive little cusses up in neat but not gaudy 1-room models of white cedar with peaked roofs and nifty landing perches. Birds of more substantial incomes will go for a 4-room house in charming rustic style; some birds prefer co-operative apartments, so you could let yourself go on a Swiss chalet that will house 8 families or an elaborate 14-room mansion wherein can dwell 140 gregarious martins for the season.

If you want to lure the birdlets to your very sill, get a window ledge feeding tray (about 24 inches long) to attach to the sill. This little cafeteria has an automatic seed hopper at one end and a suet cage at the other.

They've concocted all manner of so-called *feeding* stations for birds on the wing. A bird can just drop in and find a wide platform with an overall roof to protect him from the rain while he turns his attention to the suet rack. We have been toying with what sounds like a practical idea . . . why not set up a series of *comfort* stations for our casual feathered friends, said stations to be concentrated in trees shading park benches. . . .

### SMALL TOWN BOOM

When a movie company goes on location in some obscure little spot, it's a financial heyday for the town. During the last 3 months, Warner Bros. have caused the biggest boom two little towns in California have had since the discovery of gold in '49. When Warners settled down for 5 weeks in Weaverville, a town of 900 souls, they left behind them some $122,346 when filming their new technicolor production "Gold Is Where You Find It." There were 500 people in the location troupe which consumed 5000 hard boiled eggs, 500 chickens, 400 gallons of coffee, 5000 bottles of milk, 125 pounds of butter. A smart store keeper could lay up enough profits to retire! "The Adventures of Robin Hood" made a Sacramento town of Chico (population 10,000) some $200,000 richer. This only includes sums spent by the studio itself for board, lodging, transportation, extra talent, etc. Individual members of the company, headed by Errol Flynn and Olivia De Havilland, spent personal sums of between $15,000 and $20,000 . . . you know, what with stamps and phone calls mounting up.

### BODY BEAUTIFUL

We were never under the impression that the male chassis was anything to write home about, but there are a lot of ways to keep it more or less in condition. There's a turkish bath right in the midst of Manhattan, which does a great reconditioning business. Immaculate place, large airy rooms, steam rooms with a whiff of cedar, white marble slabs, mounds of sterilized, hot blankets that help to sweat off impurities, Swedish massage and hydro-electro therapy. You can step in at 10 P.M. . . . sleep in a dormitory or in a private room and emerge the next day fresh as a daisy.

We notice in some Southern resorts that men's bathing-suit *tops* are conspicuous by their absence, so is hirsute on the gents' respective chests. Of course a few men like to emphasize their claim to virility by nurturing an anthropoid hangover, but some chaps go in for electrolysis, a scientific remover of hair. It's done with multiple needles and is painless and effectively rapid our friends tell us. Addenda: you can never tell what resort might turn stringent and insist that bathing suit tops be worn . . . so even if you are the topless type, better take along a couple of extra ones, just in case.

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In bottles, in cans or on draught
IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST
Schaefer
OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL
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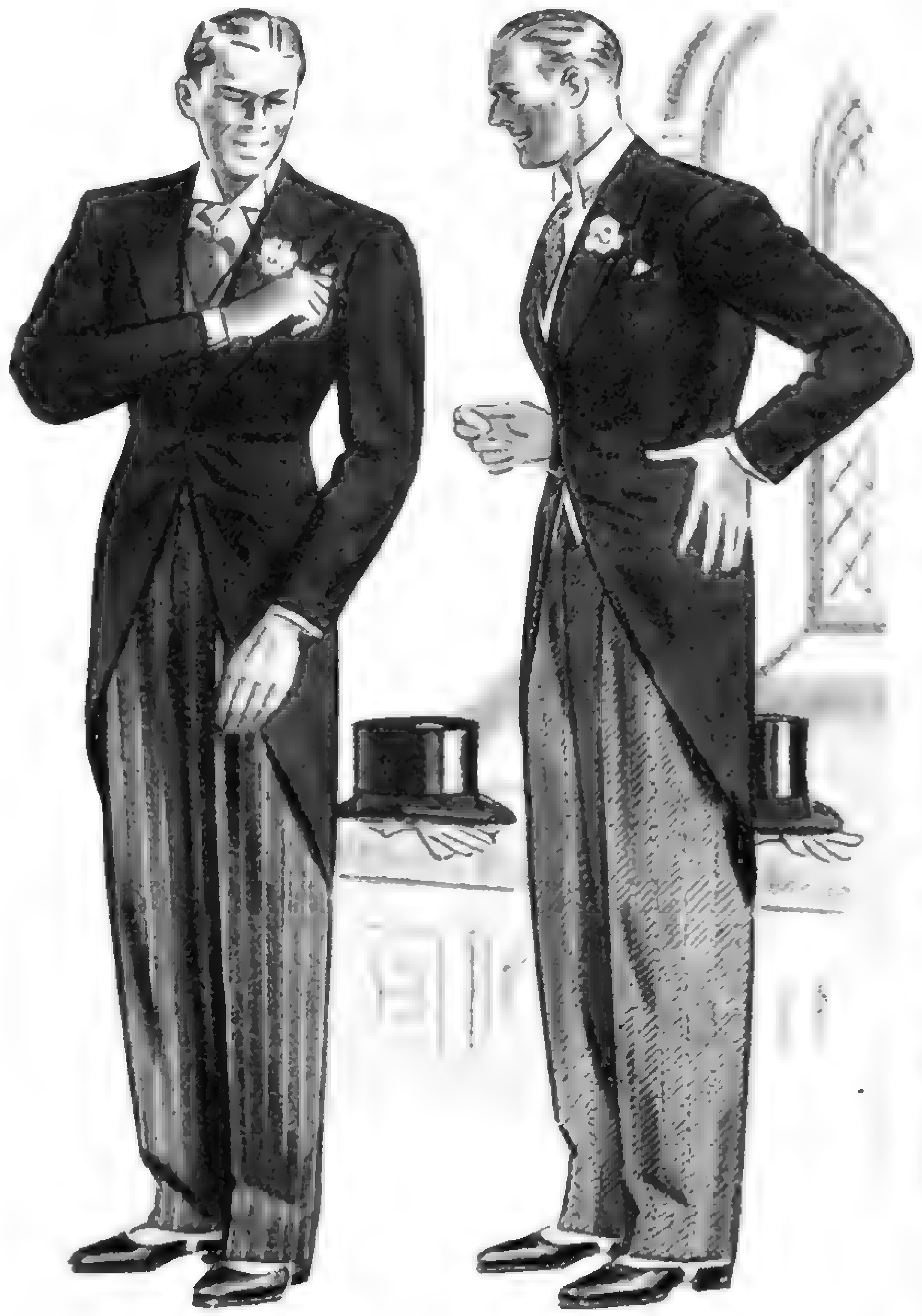


*Gentlemen preparing for the wedding and other important dress occasions will find here a varied assortment of garments and accessories in the very latest correct styles. Also, a personal service that assures the utmost in satisfaction. Accessories assembled from the style centers of the world. Cutaways and distinctive models for every dress occasion tailored by* HICKEY-FREEMAN. *There are no finer clothes made*

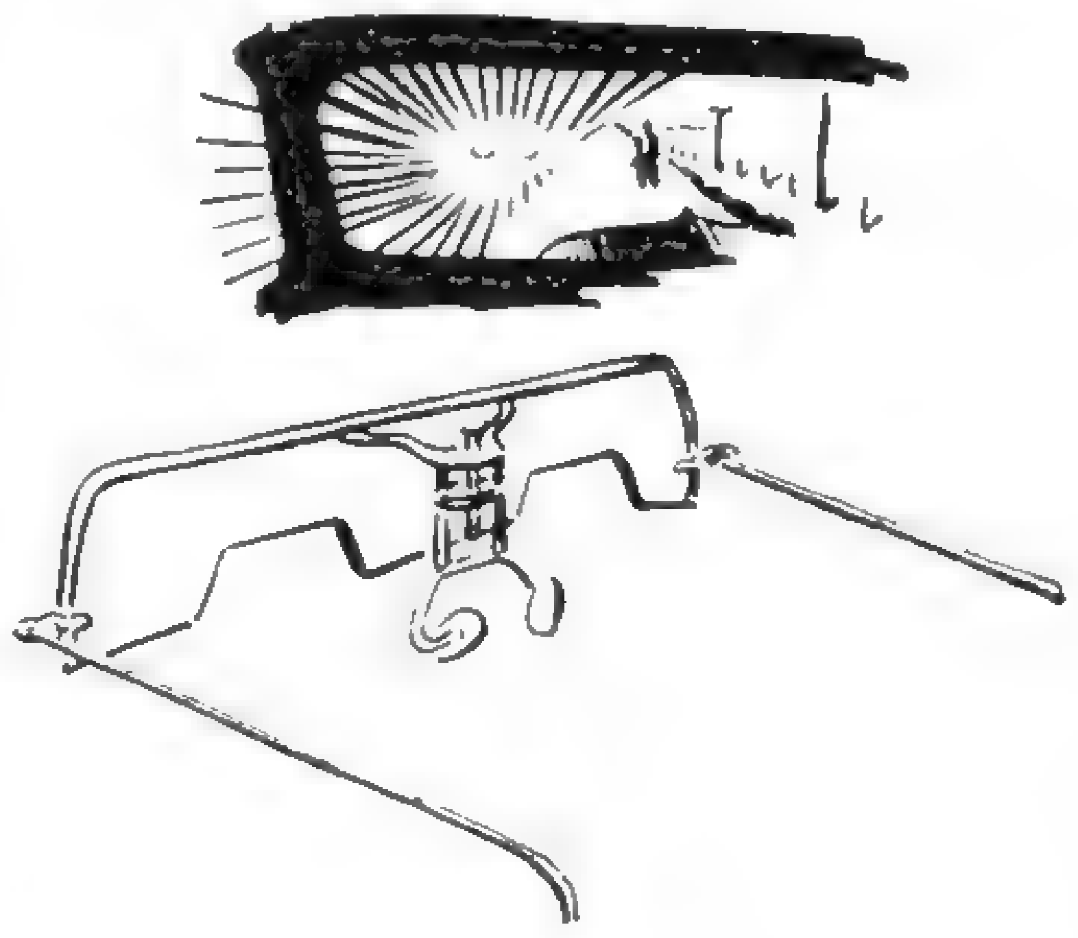
F.R.TRIPLER & CO.

OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN

*Established* 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



### HEADLIGHT DIMMER

New kind of driving glasses for night work shield the eyes from glare while at the same time giving you clear, unobstructed vision of the entire right half of the road. Unusual design makes this possible. A portion of the lens running above the eyes protects from headlights four to five hundred feet from the driver, while portions of it to the left of each eye protect against glare as the oncoming car comes closer. The driver does not have to move his head to bring the lens between the headlight rays and the eyes. There is no blind spot, you have perfect vision of your own side of the road as the oncoming car passes.

### SPOT NEWS

So you got oil on your camel's hair coat! That makes no nevermind. There's a chemical dry cleaning fluid made that will take it off like magic. The fluid has been used for years by manufacturers in their factories and by stores in their alteration rooms. Now it can be purchased by the Public. Particularly good on garments or accessories made of acetate yarns; although it makes a clean job on silk, wool or your felt hat. Men tell us that they also use it on automobile upholstery.

### SIGNET WATCH

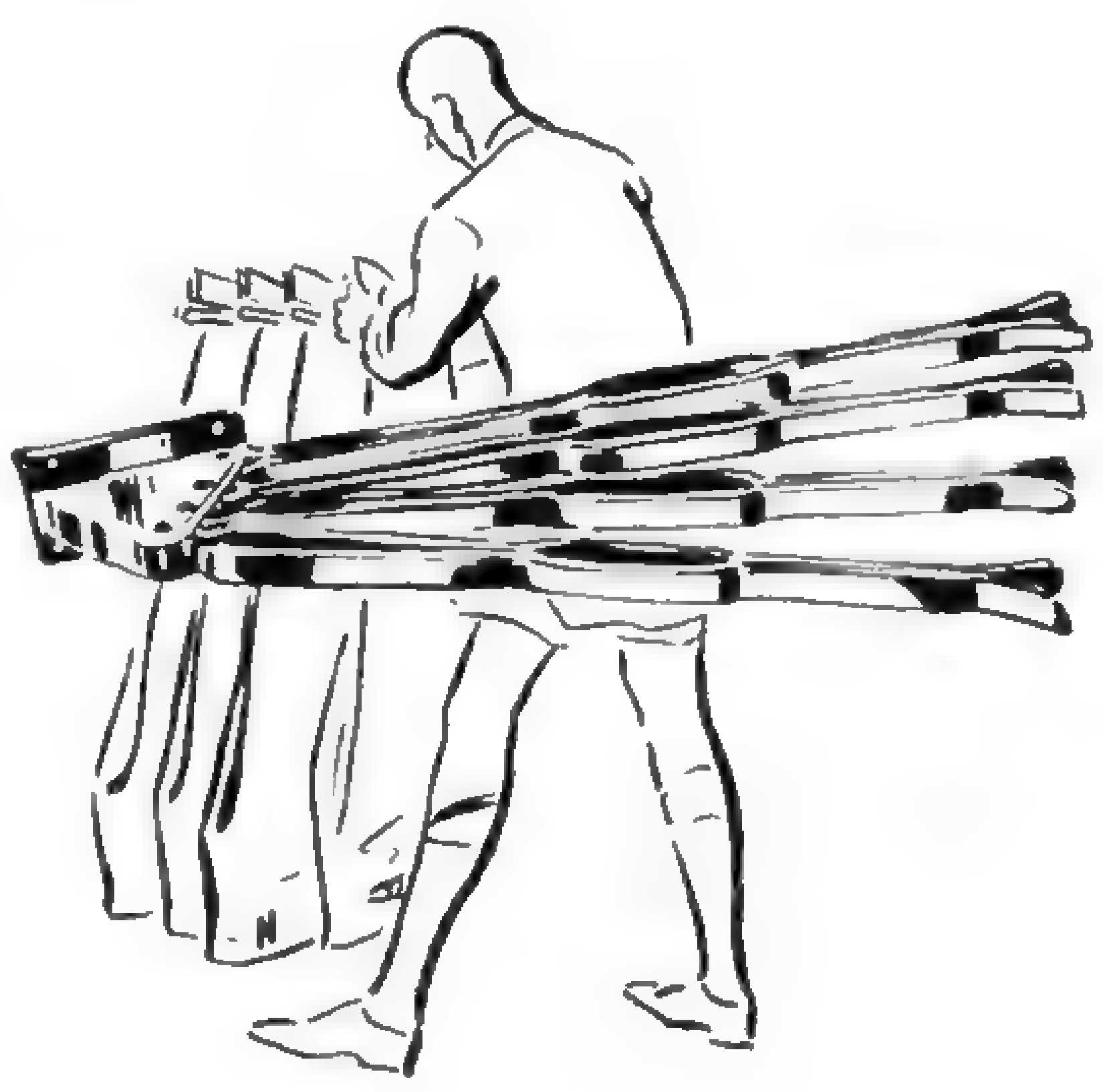
Set-in initials are enjoying considerable popularity on cuff links, tie clasps, cigarette lighters, etc. But because wrist watches have had no visible smooth blank surface for engraving, they have not shared this mode. Now comes a wrist watch with initials in cutout block metal letters as part of the design of the face. The initials are set like jewels into the watch case, either two or three at either end above and below the face of the watch, visible at all times. Smart idea for a graduation gift to have the graduate's year on one end of the face, his initials on the other. There are gold signet watches for the ladies, too.

### "I SAY IT'S SPINACH

. . . and to hell with it." Thus spake the child in the immortal cartoon, wherein his parent attempted masquerading spinach under a broccoli banner. Apparently even Hollywood stars have a childish dislike for this noble iron-building edible. Paramount's beauteous Carole Lombard adds diced bacon and a good jag of horseradish to her spinach. Kenny Baker, last seen in RKO's "Radio City Revels," seasons his greens with cinnamon, gravy, a handful of seeded raisins and parmesan cheese. The mixture is turned into a ring and served with chicken giblets or sweetbreads in the center. We could go for spinach ourselves at this rate.

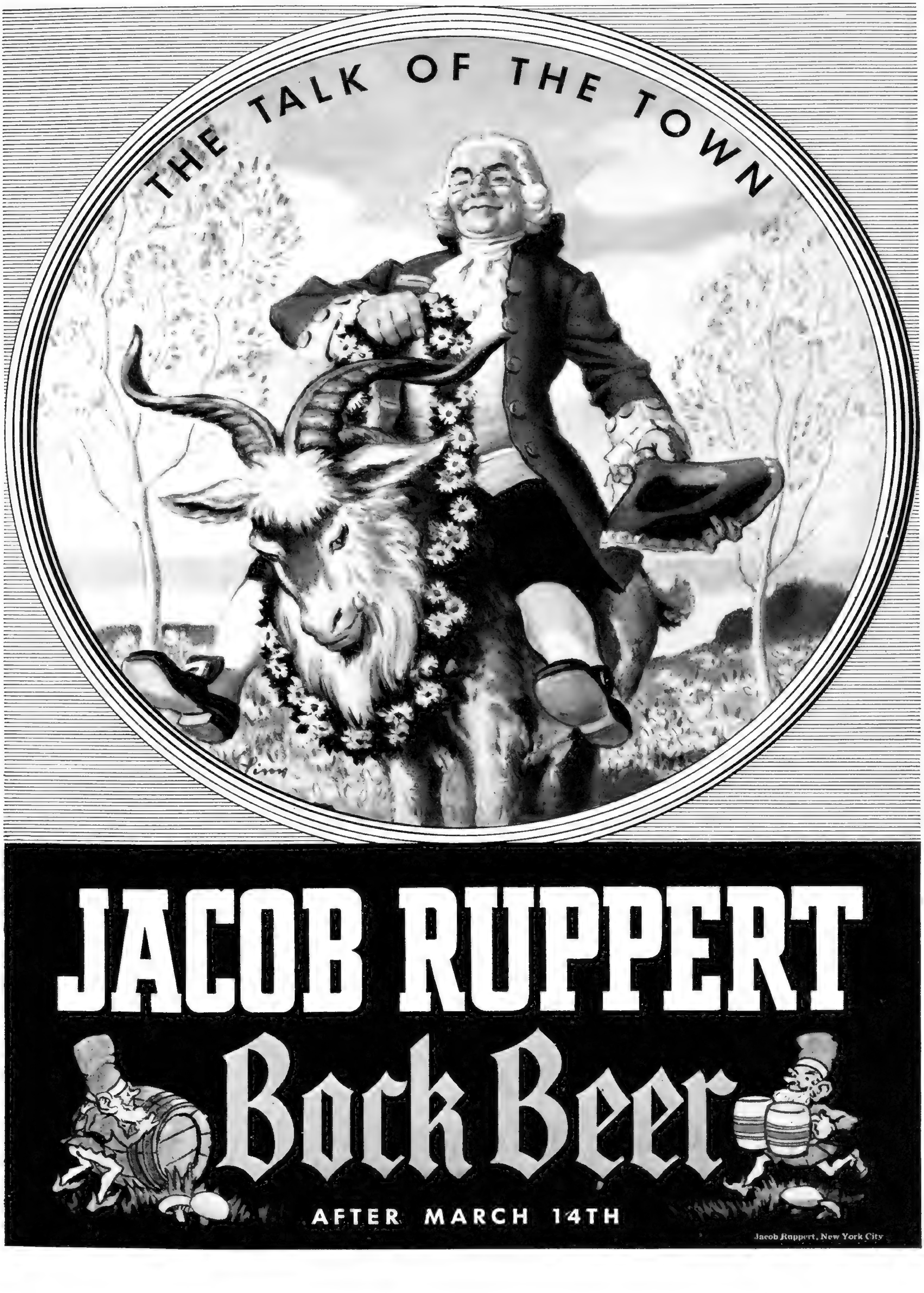
### FOURSOME TROUSER HANGER

Neat chromium affair that holds four pairs of trousers each tightly clamped in an individual swinging arm. The arms are placed side by side and each swings independently of the others so that the trousers are easy to get at in a hurry. Put them in by the cuffs, with the heavier part down to keep them in press. The whole four-arm hanger can be fastened to any woodwork, door or closet wall . . . folds up neatly when not in use.



### QUIZZICAL QUESTIONS

With all of the radio networks scheduling the question game type of program these days, as a variation from the spelling bee broadcasts, question and answer games are in demand. There's a new game "Quizzical Questions" prepared by Professor Quiz, heard weekly on Saturday nights on the radio. There's a turn-table arrangement, which you whirl around, the question appears in a slot in one place, the answer in another slot. There are a number of categories . . . questions on science, baseball and sports, foods and drinks, mental twisters, government, history, agriculture, music, etc. . . . 500 questions and answers in all.


THE TALK OF THE TOWN
JACOB RUPPERT
Bock Beer
AFTER MARCH 14TH
Jacob Ruppert, New York City

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**For Men Who Would Remain MODERN and DISTINGUISHED**

Progressive men come to Schanz for their clothes because they know they will be well-turned out in distinctively tailored clothes. For there is no change of style significance which Schanz does not either originate or interpret in a most pleasing, modern manner.

When a man steps out of Schanz his clothes are skillfully molded to accentuate the best points of his figure. They are notable clothes. And they remain so.

Business suits, made to your order, are just two prices . . . *$110* and *$145*. There are no better clothes at either price.

CUSTOM SHIRTS

*From $6 . . . over 500 shirting patterns, selected by Mr. Frank Munch who heads this department. An entirely correct shirting wardrobe in keeping with your suit selections may be assembled at a considerable saving of time . . . Scarves start at $2.*

SCHANZ

*745 Fifth Avenue at 58th St.*

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HORS D'OEUVRES

### OPERA STAR INTO CHEF

Lauritz Melchior, the great heroic tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has two passions, singing and cooking. Each year on his birthday, Mr. Melchior entertains with a Danish party—the most important feature being the smorgasbord. Mr. Melchior personally supervises the making of these delectable hors d'oeuvres, and has been known to turn down opera engagements to be on hand in the kitchen. Here is one of his favorite recipes, taken by the maestro from the Swedish Princesses' Cook Book. Try this out on your next cocktail party: Swedish canape—12 slices of white bread cut in rounds, creamed butter, grated cheese (vaster botten); 6 or 8 selected anchovies, 1 large slice yellow onion, 3 tbsp. tomato catsup. Spread bread with butter, dip in grated cheese, bone anchovies and chop with onion. Make a border of mixture around the edge of each canape; in the center add the tomato catsup and set in fairly hot oven to heat through and brown.

### CLEVER BUILD-UP

If you've seen "Mice and Men," and we hope you have, you've seen Broderick Crawford, a great mound of man who seems to loom up some seven feet. Broderick is tall, but specially designed shoes make him some 4½ inches taller. We were talking to the man who made them the other day. Seems that he does quite a business making shoes for movie heroes and theatrical people who have to look taller . . . and also has a large regular trade. Great many men, he says, have a 2¼ inch build up inside their shoes. The shoes are built up from the inside with cork which runs from the tip of the toe to the back of the heel, all in proportion so that there is no forward pitch from the arch. On the outside the shoes look normal, with normal height heels. All shoes have to be made to order, of course, and it takes about five days. Once he has your size, you can keep ordering by mail. He says that short men seem to have a habit of marrying tall wives, and the wives get wind of him and send their husbands to get a build-up.

### PERSONALITY ROUND-UP

Michael Bartlett, one of the handsome Hollywood stars who is now appearing on the stage here in "Three Waltzes," has been dubbed by some as one of the best dressed men in the theatre. He always wears a white gold tie clip with a special insignia thereon. It's Michael's coat of arms. Seems that he is the scion of one of the "first" families of Massachusetts, and a direct descendant of Joseph Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. From Liberty Bell to Hollywood Beau in a couple generations!

Charles Kullmann, only Yale boy to make the Metropolitan opera carries a silver disc attached to his watch chain. It is a token of friendship given to the tenor by Toscanini when they were in Salzburg at the music festival last year.

Tony, of Tony's, one of those five-two street drop-ins, has gone in for Yogi-ism in a big way. Does Yogi breathing exercises to keep fit, he says, and has developed a sanguine, soul-satisfying philosophy that "everything is for the best."

### LIPS THAT TOUCH LACQUER

shall never touch mine, runneth the old temperance song. Latest whimsy for dames, we discovered the other night, was a sensational French lipstick of luminous gold (not the case, the paint itself). Seems that the Parisiennes are all for it . . . my informant told me that a gal puts it on over her regular red stick, giving her lips a glowing, lacquered, barbaric sheen. If you want your little lady to attract attention . . . give! Speaking of lipstick, we've always wondered how cinema sweethearts kiss their handsome heroes without leaving the slightest trace of lipstick. The girls are "kiss-proofed" with special makeup before they go into their clinch. We got the dope from one of Warner Brothers makeup men as he was preparing Rosemary Lane for some lip service with Dick Powell during the shooting of "Hollywood Hotel." Rosemary's lips were first cleaned with cream, rubbed off with eau de Cologne, new color applied and the excess blotted off with clean tissue. What remained was dusted with talcum powder and corners of lips blotted with cotton. Try that over on your piano.

**APPROACH** Upon first acquaintance there is a challenge in Café Rico's pungent, exotic bouquet. An intriguing promise no other coffee has the courage to make. For Café Rico is a *liqueur* coffee — a new taste-adventure beckons to you from the dark, rich contents of that tiny cup.

**APPEAL** A moment of anticipation and you slowly sip. Your senses glow with the soft impact . . . share a new intimacy with bold, yet subtle flavors. And in the after-taste it is hard to discern bouquet from flavor. They blend as in fine old brandy.

**APPLAUSE** This is coffee with depth, sophistication and soul . . . It is a *liqueur* essence—a cognac among coffees that comes only from Puerto Rico. There a tropic sun, cool trade winds and mountain soil lend it their richness in lavish mood. For centuries kings and old-world connoisseurs imported it for just one purpose — as an after-dinner coffee. Serve Café Rico always black . . . always in the formal demi-tasse.

# Café Rico

**The after dinner Coffee of Royalty**

*● If your dealer hasn't Café Rico, send your name and address, and his, with $1.00 for 2 tins (prepaid) to: The Paton Corp., Dept. E-4, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., sole U. S. distributor. Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico*

Café Rico
The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

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To enjoy a truly fine whisky, try Grant's—a blend in which each of the whiskies is made to blend especially with the others. Grant's unfailing excellence is protected by Grant's ownership of the famous Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries, and a huge independent stock of fine whiskies.

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Best Procurable
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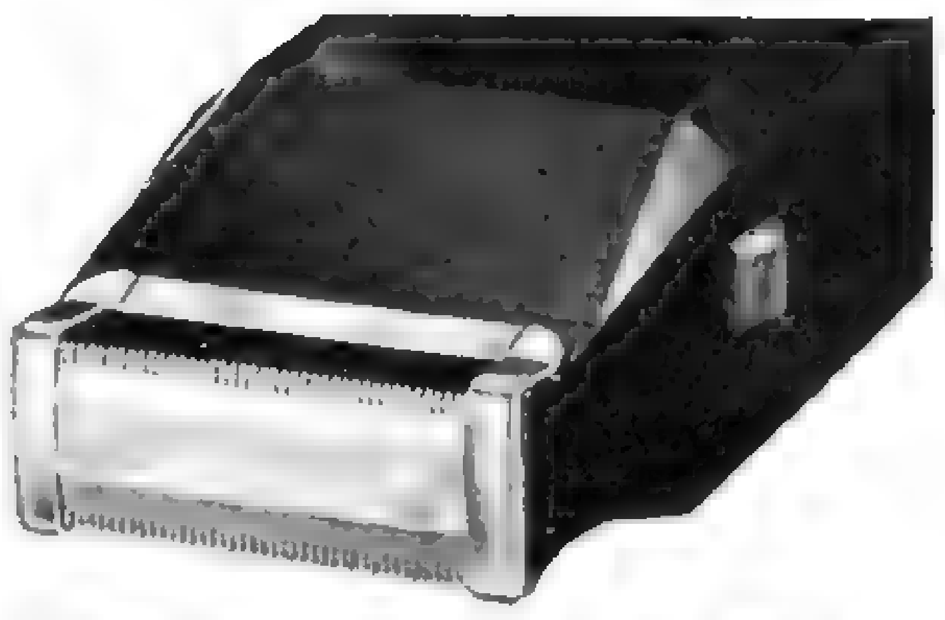
# YOU CAN PAY MORE ... BUT YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER SHAVER



CLIPSHAVE'S 100% efficiency is due to patented features which your dealer will gladly demonstrate. The important thing is that Clipshave gives cleaner, closer, faster shaves—test it yourself against more expensive shavers. Compare the features and compare the *shaves*—especially on chin, neck, upper lip and sideburns, where Clipshave does a neat, accurate and professional job. Clipshave is priced at only $10, but judged by performance, it's WORTH DOUBLE.

Hanley Clipshave
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Insist on trying Clipshave. If there is no dealer near you, write Dept. E. Clipshave, Inc., Port Chester, New York. Clipshave is guaranteed.

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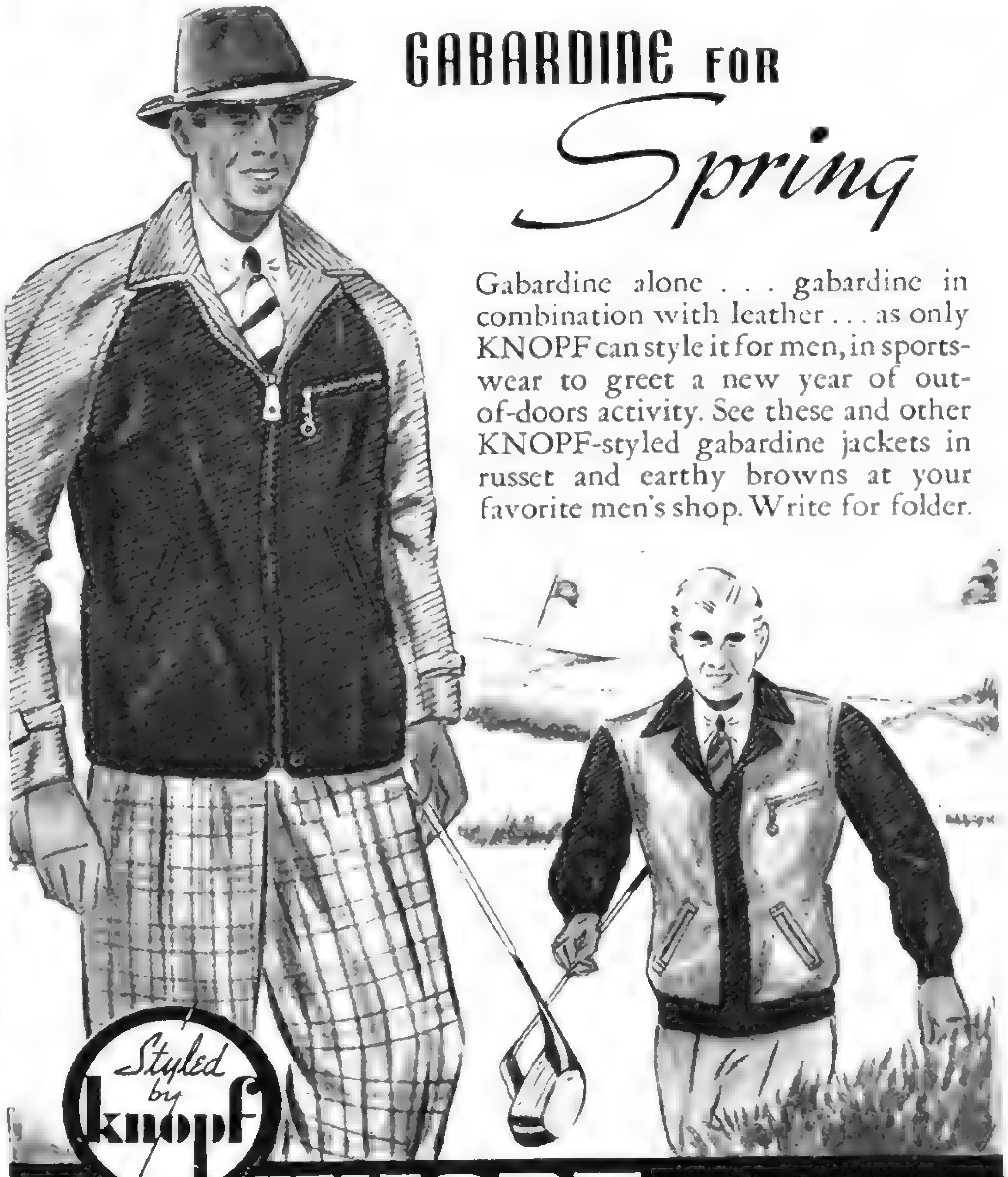
# GABARDINE FOR *Spring*

Gabardine alone . . . gabardine in combination with leather . . . as only KNOPF can style it for men, in sportswear to greet a new year of out-of-doors activity. See these and other KNOPF-styled gabardine jackets in russet and earthy browns at your favorite men's shop. Write for folder.



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CAN HAVE TOO MANY CHARMS
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The swollen streams of Spring hold a new challenge for the fisherman. It's time to look over old lines and tackle, make ready for that glorious First Day. As friend and counselor to fishermen, we offer a new edition of our "Fresh Water Tackle" catalog, listing the newest and best angling equipment. A copy is yours for the asking.

Or a visit to our Tackle Room, with its comprehensive stocks, may bring larger catches in 1938.

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| A. & F. Favorite Fly Rods—lengths, 7½ to 9 feet | $25.00 |
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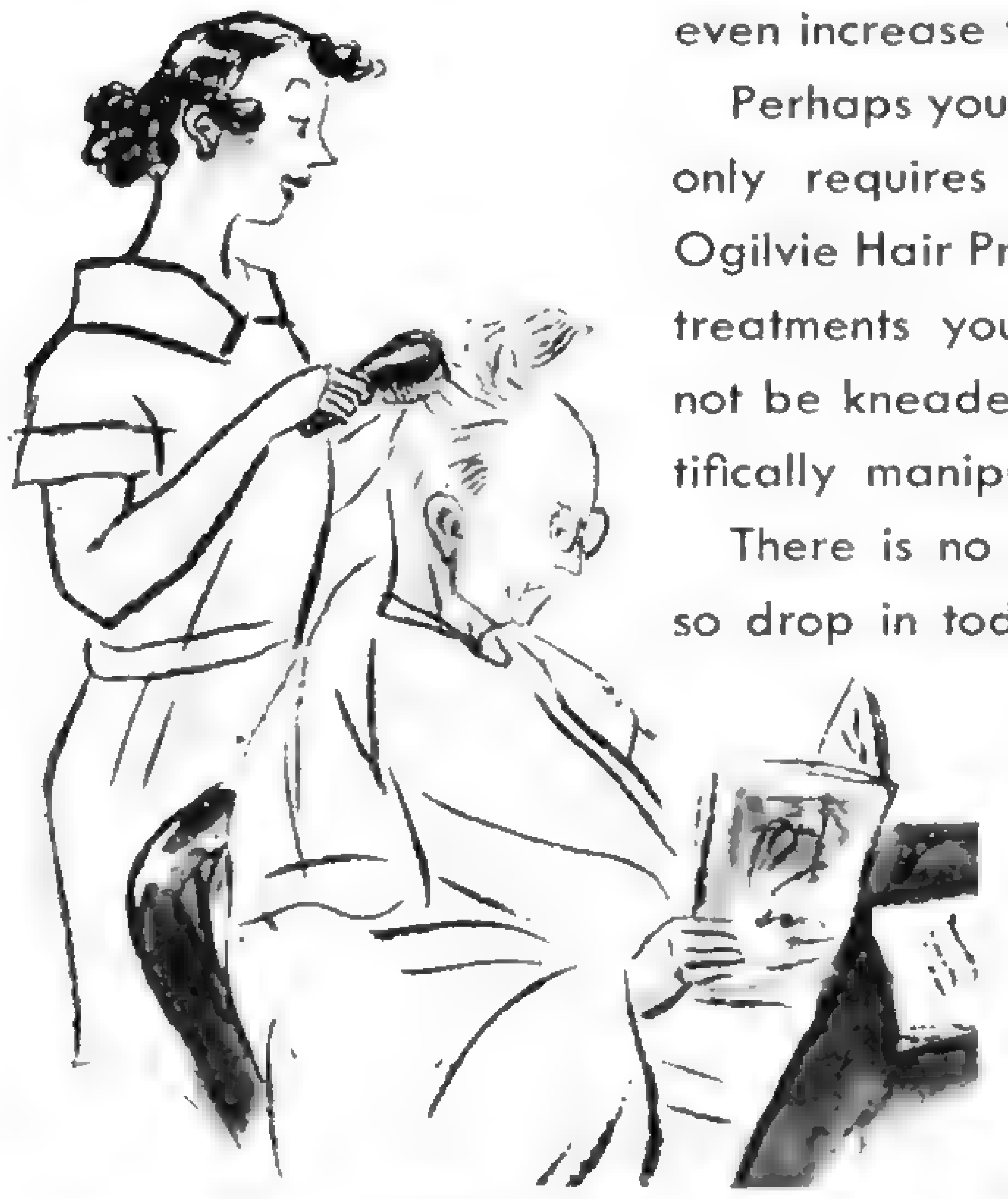
**The LAST STRAW**

Changing the last straws into a violinist's mop is not in the cards. But if there is any life in the thinning wisps, the Ogilvies will show you how to preserve and even increase them.

Perhaps your falling hair or dandruff only requires one of the wonderful Ogilvie Hair Preparations. Though if it's treatments you need, your scalp will not be kneaded by machine but scientifically manipulated by hand.

There is no charge for consultation, so drop in today. If you need further assurance, ask the girls (wife, secretary or "other" woman). They know from experience that the Ogilvies are the foremost hair authorities.



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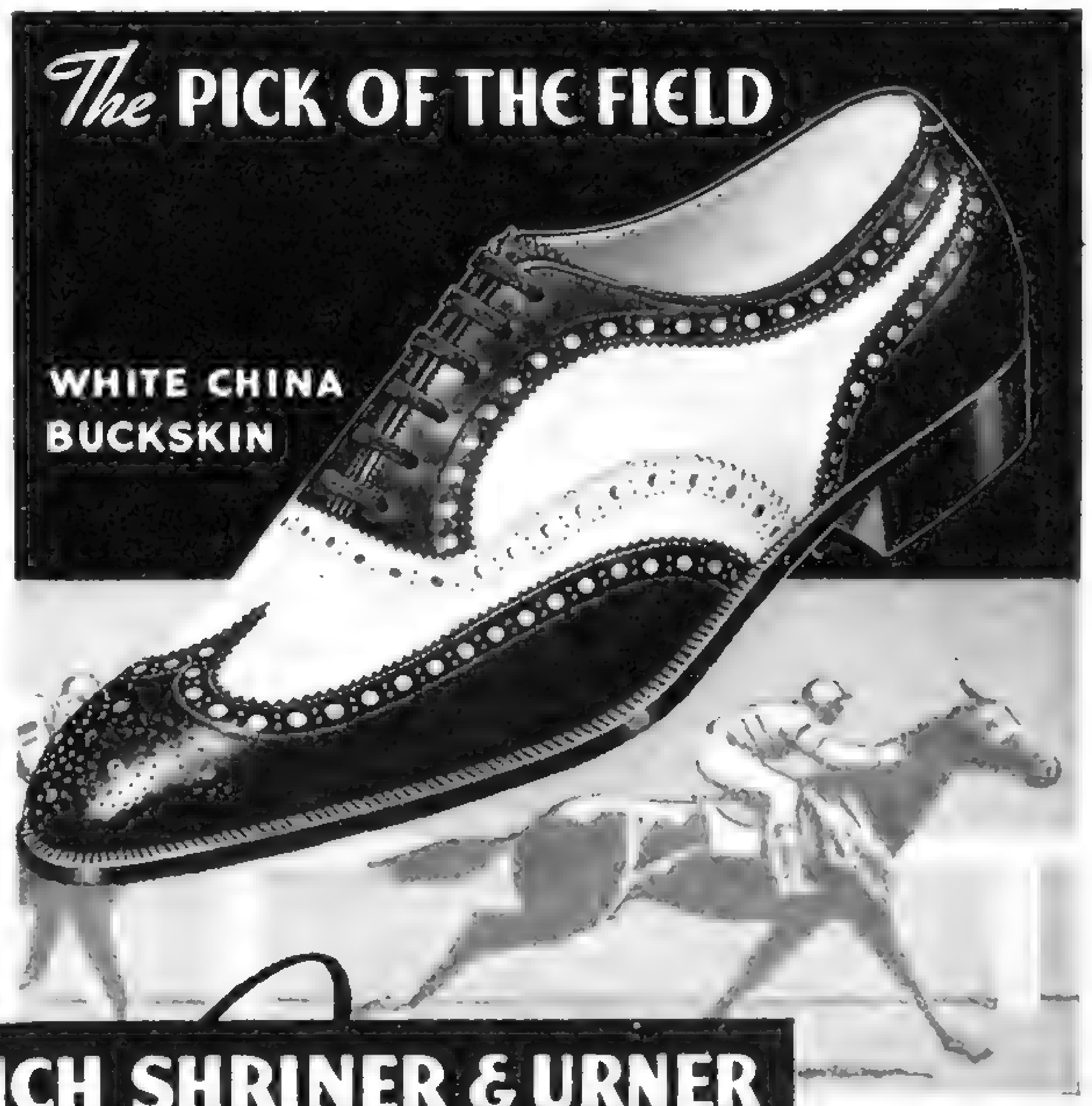

The PICK OF THE FIELD
WHITE CHINA BUCKSKIN
No. 191 brown trim
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EXTRA Quality FOOTWEAR

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*Territory open to progressive dealers who sell their customers shoe satisfaction. Write or wire*

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To be killed in action

**He's going to grow up to go to war?**

No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Incendiary bombs dropped from planes will set entire cities on fire. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. *Everyone* will suffer.

And for what? *Glory*—where was it in the last war?

*Victory*—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

*That is for you to decide!*

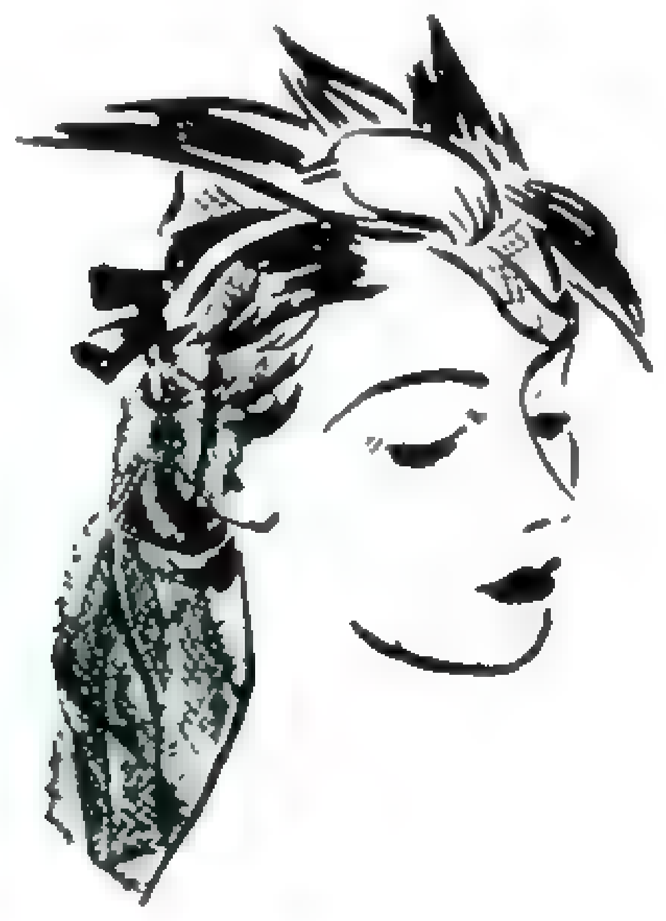
***What to do about it***

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

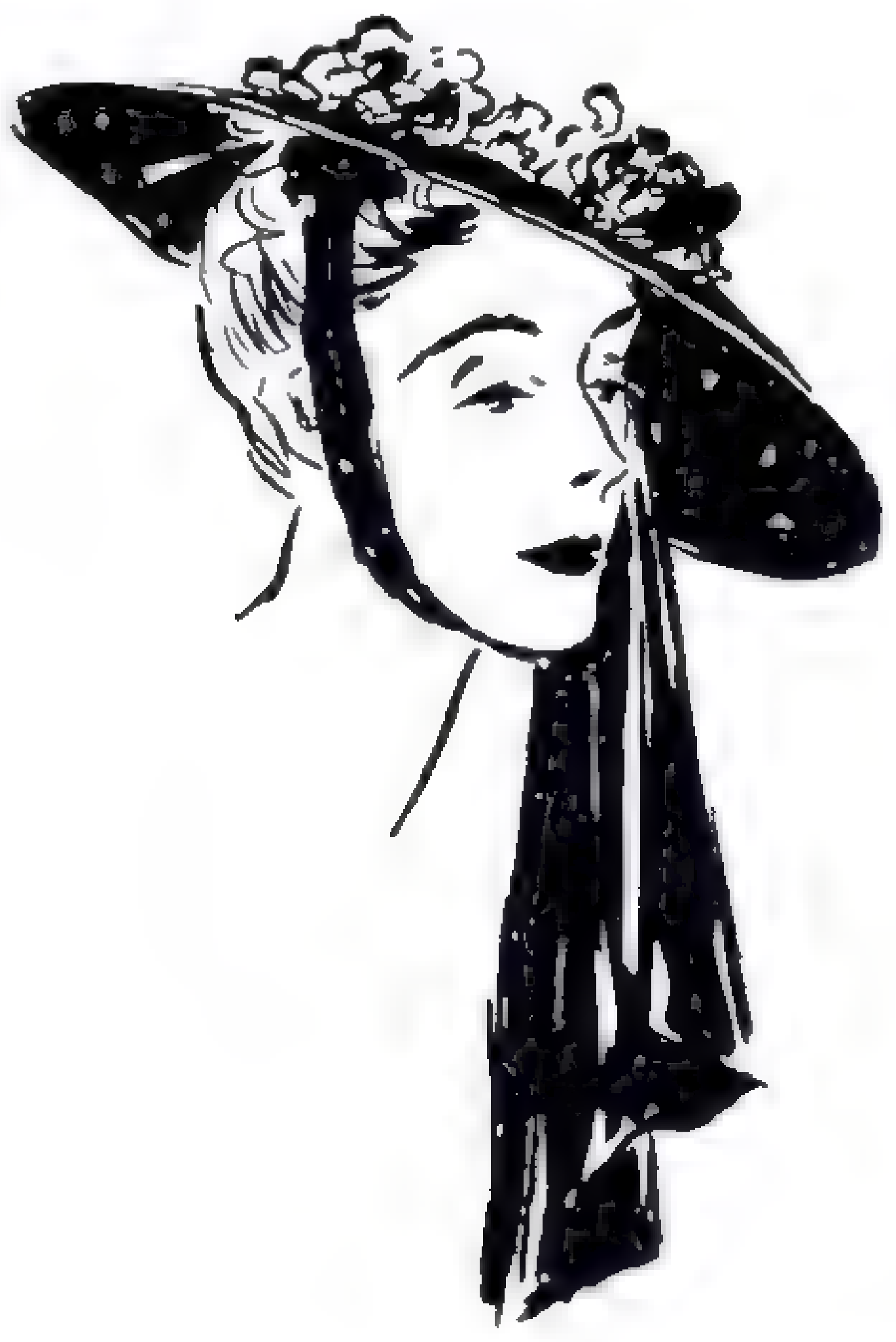
### EASTER BONNETS

Romance has certainly hit the girls in the head this Spring . . . in millinery . . . such goings on! Ribbons tied under their chins; cockeyed feathers, birds, flowers and fruit, veils romping around everywhere but over the face . . . frolicsome hats, giddy hats, quaint bonnets, coy topknots . . . with all these flagrant attempts to lure, a man hasn't got a prayer. Seems to us that if the women are going Watteau or what-have-you on us, they'll have to do a bit of revision on character and conversation . . . Manhattan cocktail-laden sophistication and bows under the chin don't jibe. We shall herewith make you acquainted with what to expect in the way of headgear . . . anything can happen.



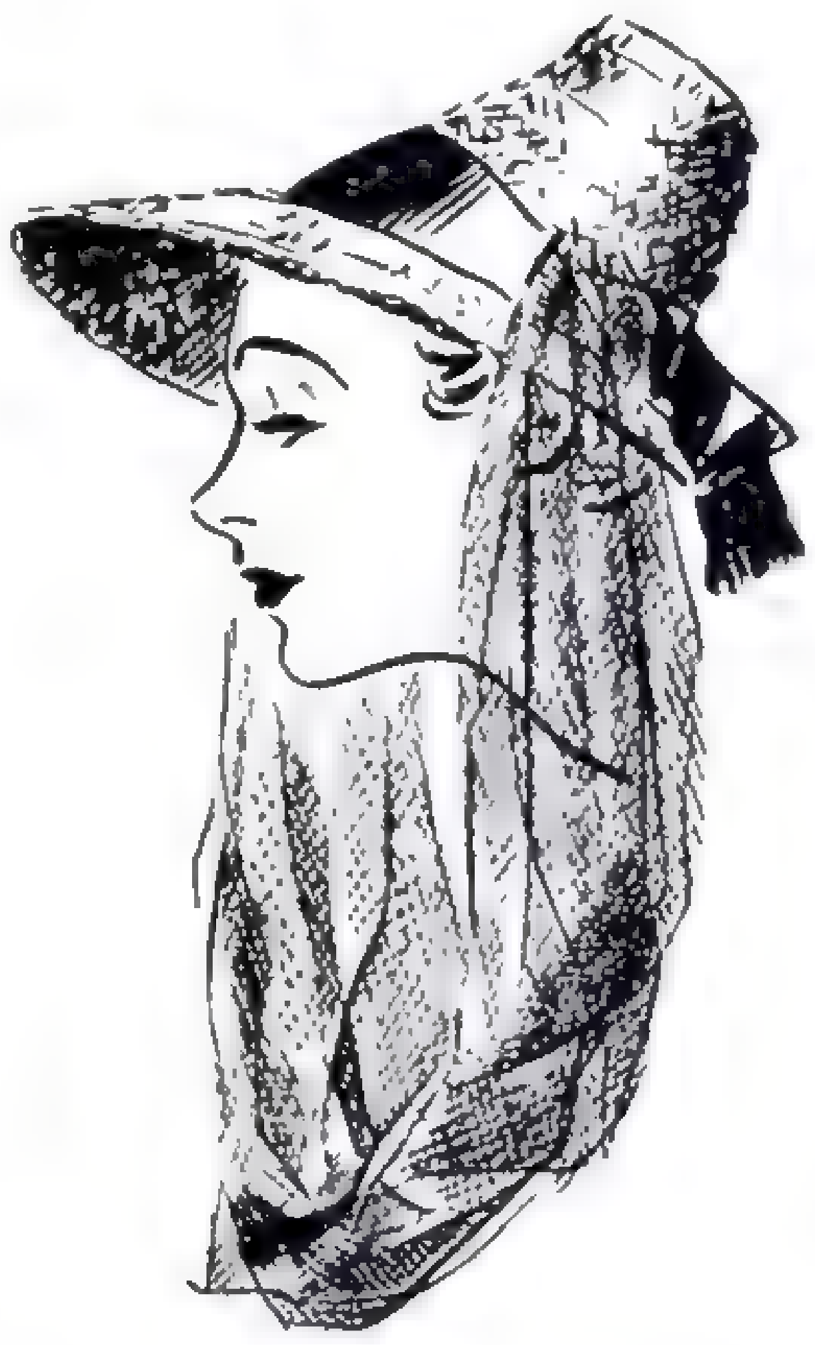
### BIRD ON NELLY'S HAT

The saucy little bird on Nelly's hat has come home to roost fourfold on this hat. Three canary birds perch impudently on a little straw skull cap, which is held on the head via three bright green velvet bows.



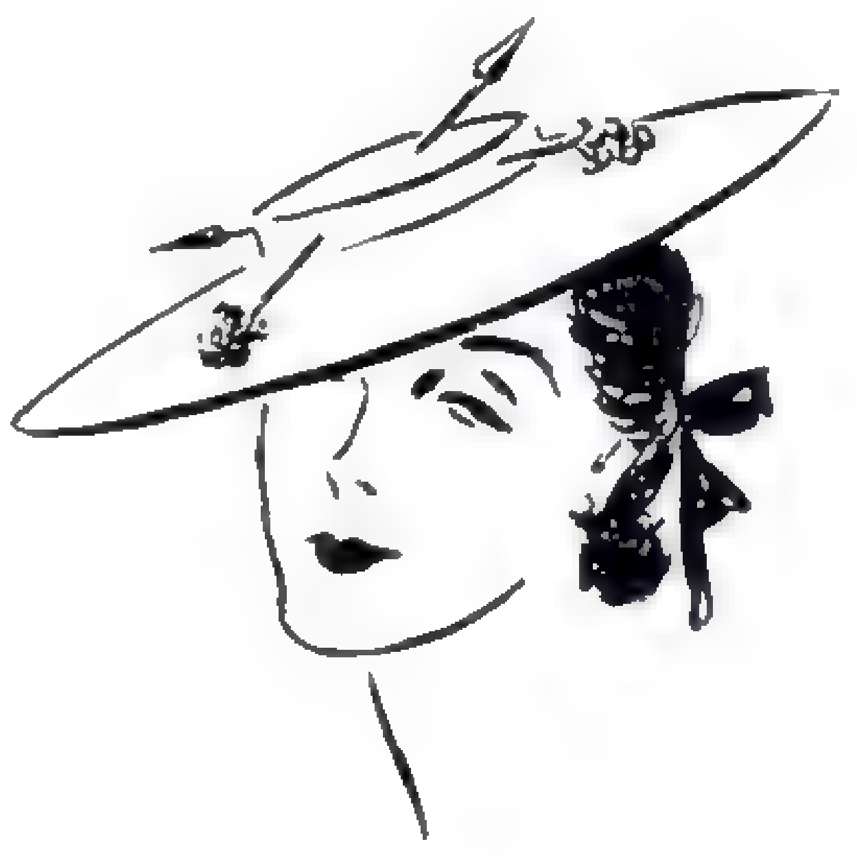
### "FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

Garden flowers, florist's flowers . . . they're rampant on the ladies' hats. Like this one . . . a flat black straw plaque, with a corsage of pink camelias on top, and another group under the brim in back. Under the chin goes a taffeta band and streamer, just for good measure. Then there are little turbans made entirely of cornflowers, violets, pinks, etc. And charming, too. Another bright green felt bonnet is heaped with red poppies; and a big straw hat of dinner plate proportions is topped with a goodly bunch of anemones. The prize hat, in our minds, was the little number shaped like an upturned Mexican basket and topped with a bunch of vegetables . . . a nice salad set-up of beats, peas, beans and here and there a radish. May sound a bit silly, but strangely enough it's a pretty cute little hat.



### THE VEILED COME-ON

Here's the witch hat with high peaked crown in violet colored straw with cerise band . . . and a veil which loops down to the waist like a swing. Other veils stream in streamers down the back or tie in a big bow under the chin or float in the breeze.



### GIBSON GIRL HATPINS

These women's weapons are staging a comeback, particularly on shallow little sailor hats such as this one in thistle colored felt with coral and turquoise headed hatpins. Some of the pins are purely decorative, others serve to moor the hat to the cranium.

### HOW HIGH IS UP?

Reports from the Paris openings indicate that the ladies' skirts are on the way up. Seems that the current length is about midcalf . . . but now 17 inches from the floor is the new high. Well, boys, knees will soon be back again. Good old knees.

WIN A CHORUS of pleased "Obs!" and delighted "Abs!" by recognizing that tastes in cocktails differ. Meet them with four kinds of superbly smooth, ready-mixed Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS! . . . A quartet of small shakers also makes a hit . . . Fill each shaker with its own variety of Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS.

TO compete with the best of professional barmen you don't have to be a cocktail-mixing wizard — far from it! Ready-mixed, already famous Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS are the answer. Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS are *always* mixed by experts, *always* of finest ingredients. Yet you pay less than half what you would be asked for cocktails at your favorite bar. Each bottle yields 17 or 18 liberal cocktails, properly iced, and what is not used at one serving keeps indefinitely in the bottle. You owe it to your cocktail-serving reputation to order at least two or three kinds from your nearest liquor store! There are nine popular varieties in all . . . each completely worthy of your smartest parties.

*these* SERVE YOURSELF *Cocktails are Smart!*

JUST ICE AND SERVE

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
RUM
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HEUBLEIN'S

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

YOUR CHOICE OF SEVEN POPULAR KINDS

Dry Martini (71 proof), Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Daiquiri (70 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), Side Car (60 proof) and Bronx (60 proof). At all state operated and other liquor stores. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

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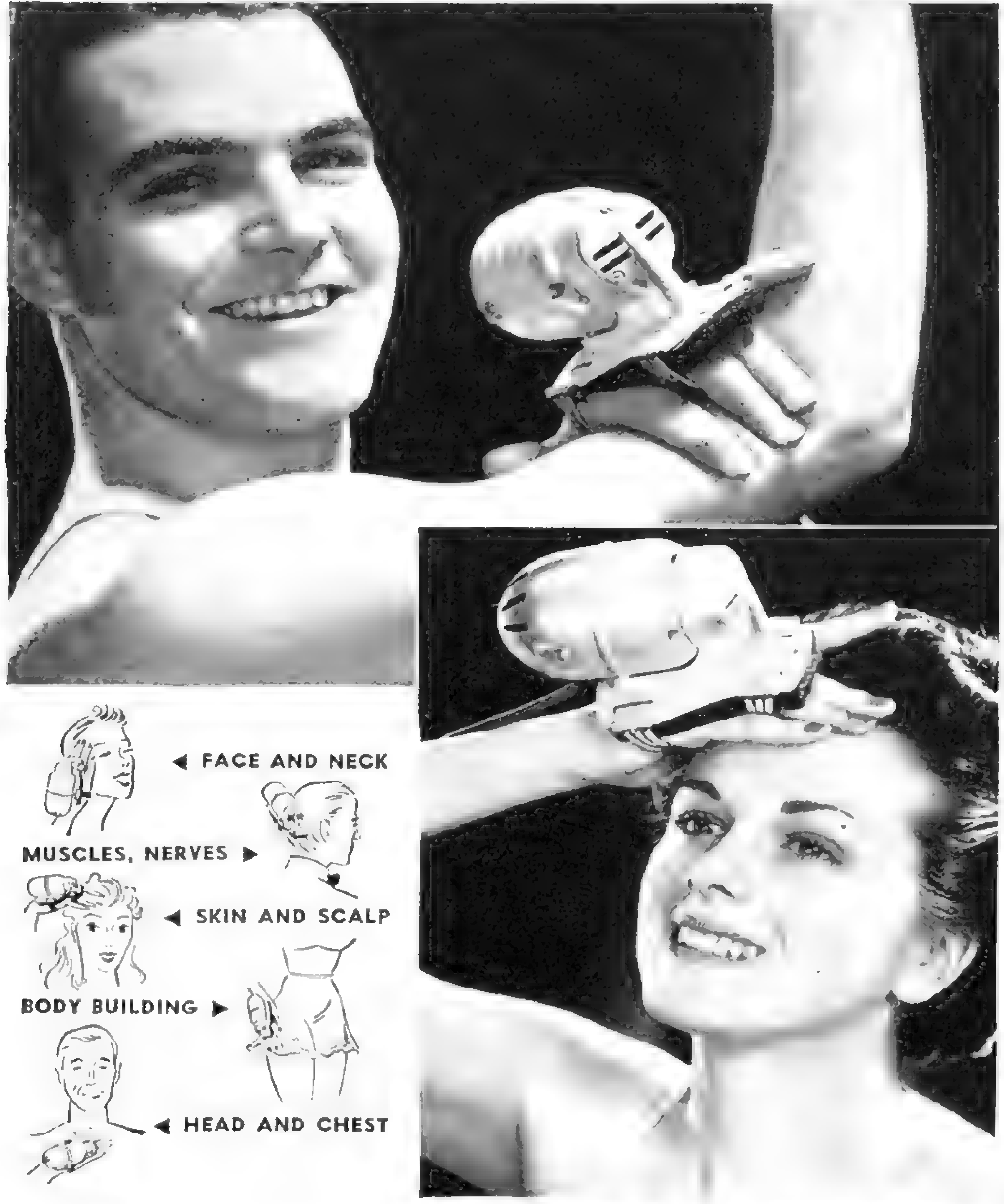

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**• NEW BEAUTY . . . NEW HEALTH!** VITALATOR imparts to your own fingers the correct vibrations of professional massage. A new, pleasant way to pat cream into the pores, to rub out lines from face or neck, to stimulate the scalp or reduce surplus weight. Your treatments may be as gentle or as firm as you wish, depending on finger pressure.

**• NEW EASE . . . NEW ENERGY!** Use VITALATOR to relieve muscular aches and strains, after exercise to condition tired muscles, to relax taut nerves, in cases of head or chest congestion, to restore normal processes and ease pain.

**• COMPACT . . . EFFICIENT . . . EASY TO USE!** Your VITALATOR is simplicity itself, has no attachments requires no special skill to operate. It is powered by the famous Gilbert motor, using A.C. or D.C. current. It is the only one of its kind the only way to simple and scientific massage at home. *See it — use it — own it.*

**$8.95** COMPLETE, IN COLOR OR CHROME FINISH

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"NEED NO BREAKING IN"

THE GOLF SHOE ILLUSTRATED IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN ALL BROWN. MADE FROM GALLUN'S FAMOUS NORWEGIAN CALF

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Fashion-right and comfort-right . . . recommended by leading retailers and manufacturers throughout the United States for the past 25 years.

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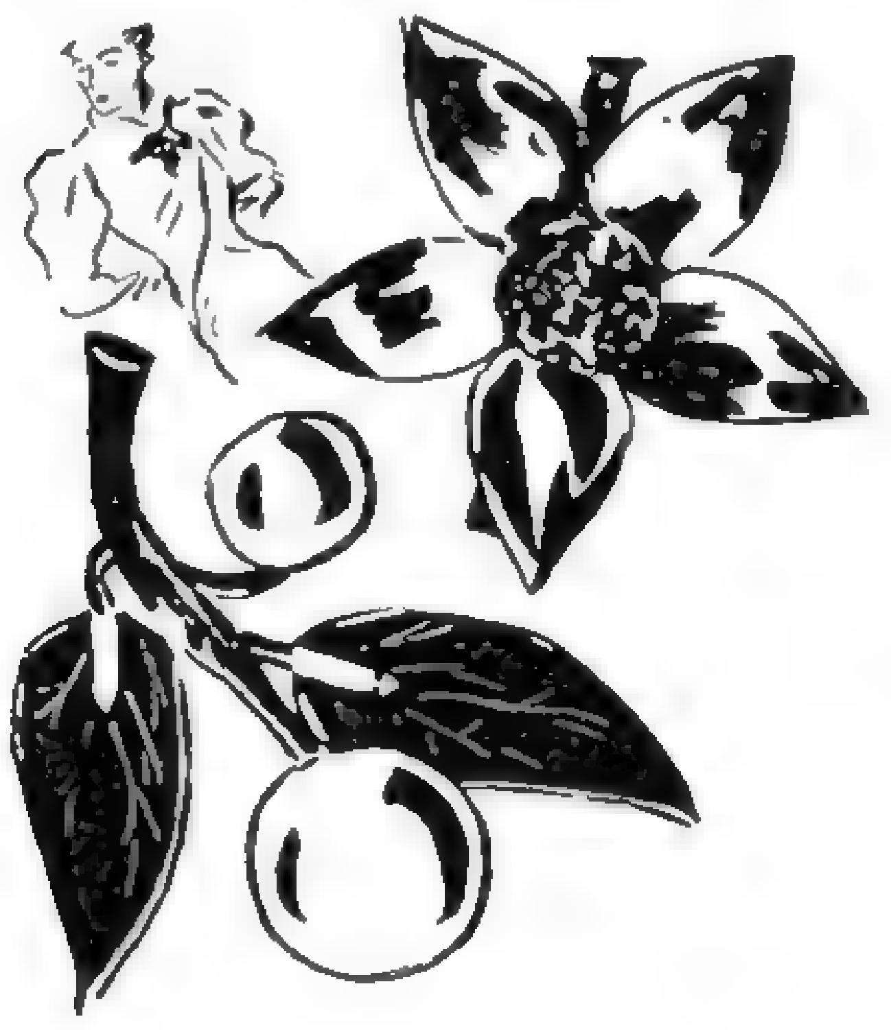
**AVON SOLE COMPANY**
AVON, MASSACHUSETTS

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



### ABOUT AMBER

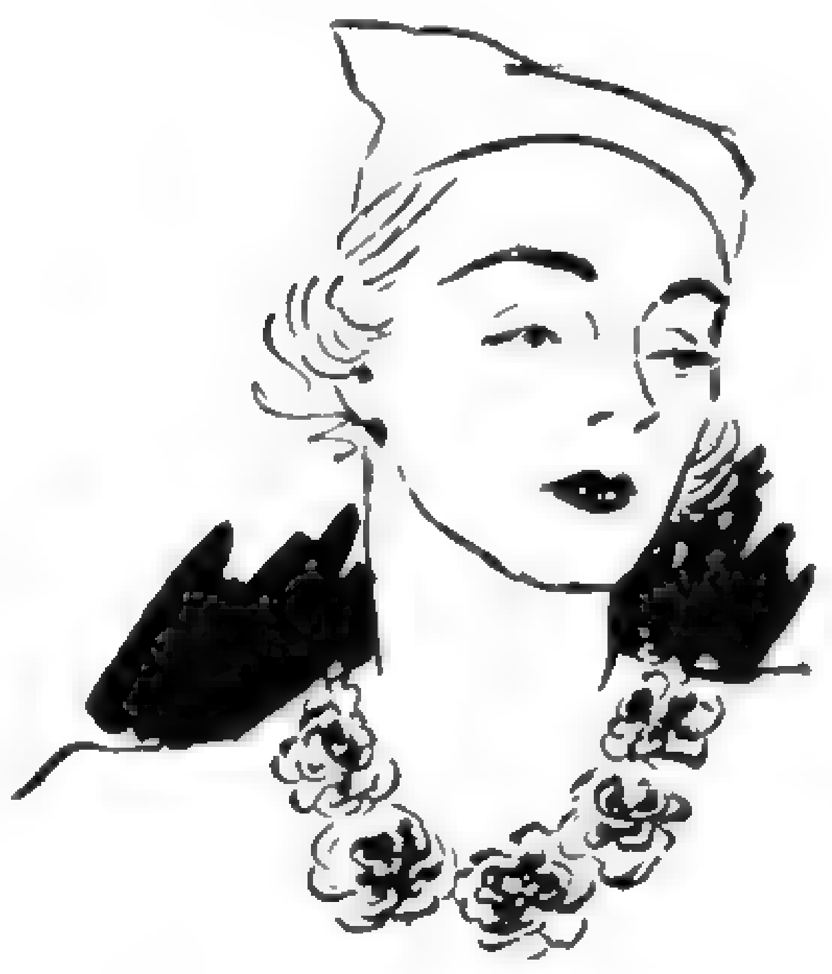
One of the interesting exhibits at the Paris Exposition was an unusual display of amber jewelry. Now from our travels in Europe, particularly Italy, we remember amber as those big yellow gobs strung in graduated sizes to form necklaces with which we were assailed on every street corner by insistent pedlers. Modern amber has gone fashionable, carved and cut into fascinating shapes . . . lovely brooches (as sketched above) bracelets, rings and other forms of jewelry.

Amber is the hardened gum of giant conifere trees, as large as modern redwoods, long since extinct. As the gum flowed down the trunks of the trees, it chanced to catch a great collection of insects. When the gum hardened through the ages into the transparent amber, the delicate legs and wings of the insects were preserved, even showing their struggle in trying to escape. More than thirty varieties of fleas alone have thus been preserved. It is estimated that the fauna and flora so marvelously preserved are some 60,000,000 years old, dating from the Tertiary period.

The world's chief supply of amber and amber fossils comes from the Baltic sea. The amber lies buried about fifty feet below the surface and is recovered by a modified system of placer mining.

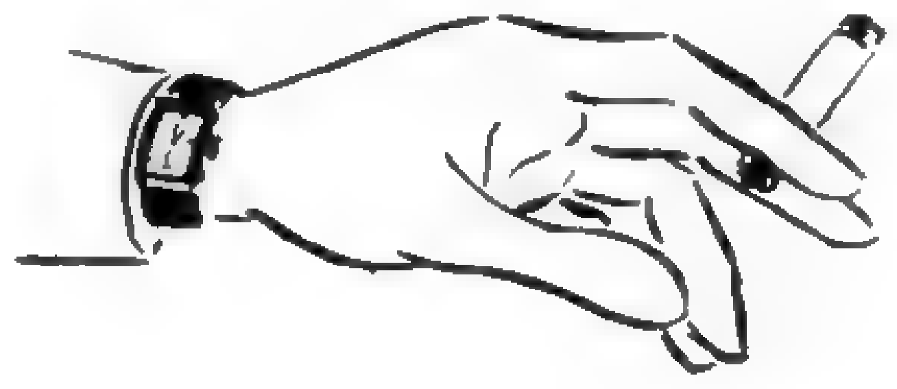
### ALL IS VANITY

When in doubt, give her a vanity. Women always seem to have dozens of these compacts, but they always want more, seems to be just one of those things. There's a new one out, a combination vanity and make-up kit. Its spacious interior is fitted with a cake or loose powder compartment with puff; cheek rouge with puff; lip rouge; eyeshadow; mascara with brush; miniature eyebrow pencil and full size clear mirror. A regular traveling boudoir. Cases are good looking . . . some with rhinestone or cloisonne motifs, or embossed or engraved designs with monogram shields. About 3x4" in size. Vanities studded with simulated jewels are also in order. There's a slim golden rectangle with matching lipstick, both finished with broad classic stripes and individual, large brilliants; or gold plated sets with long bars of brilliants . . . choice of ruby, sapphire or emerald stones. For "country compacts" to wear with her tweeds, there are plain cases and lipsticks in a basket weave design, copied from 18th century jewel cases.



### PANSY JEWELRY

We hear that purple is on the up and up in feminine apparel. New is a necklace of pansies. Velvet is used to form a realistic pansy on a background of dull or shiny gold finish, and the flowers are strung on wide-linked chains, very frail and feminine in appeal. The bracelet is a band of purple velvet ribbon, with a velvet and pansy flower attached. You can also go into pansy hair ornaments, clips or pins for your lady. Another new whimsy is *vitamin* jewelry . . . little gold finished replicas of real pineapples and their leaves dangle from link chains to form bracelets and necklaces. We just thought you'd like to know.



### WATCH ON THE SIDE

Watch manufacturers are always thinking up something new. Latest is a curved wrist watch to be worn with the face on the *side* of the wrist. In this position it is less apt to be scratched or bumped; and it is a swell idea when trying to get rid of a touchy client, you can glance at the time without being too obvious about it, no ostentatious turning of the wrist to peer at the face of the watch. The curved movement permits a full sized and completely accurate movement within the extreme arc of the case.

97
PROOF

THREE DAGGER
FINEST OLD
Jamaica
Rum
10 Years Old
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Famous for flavour the world over . . .
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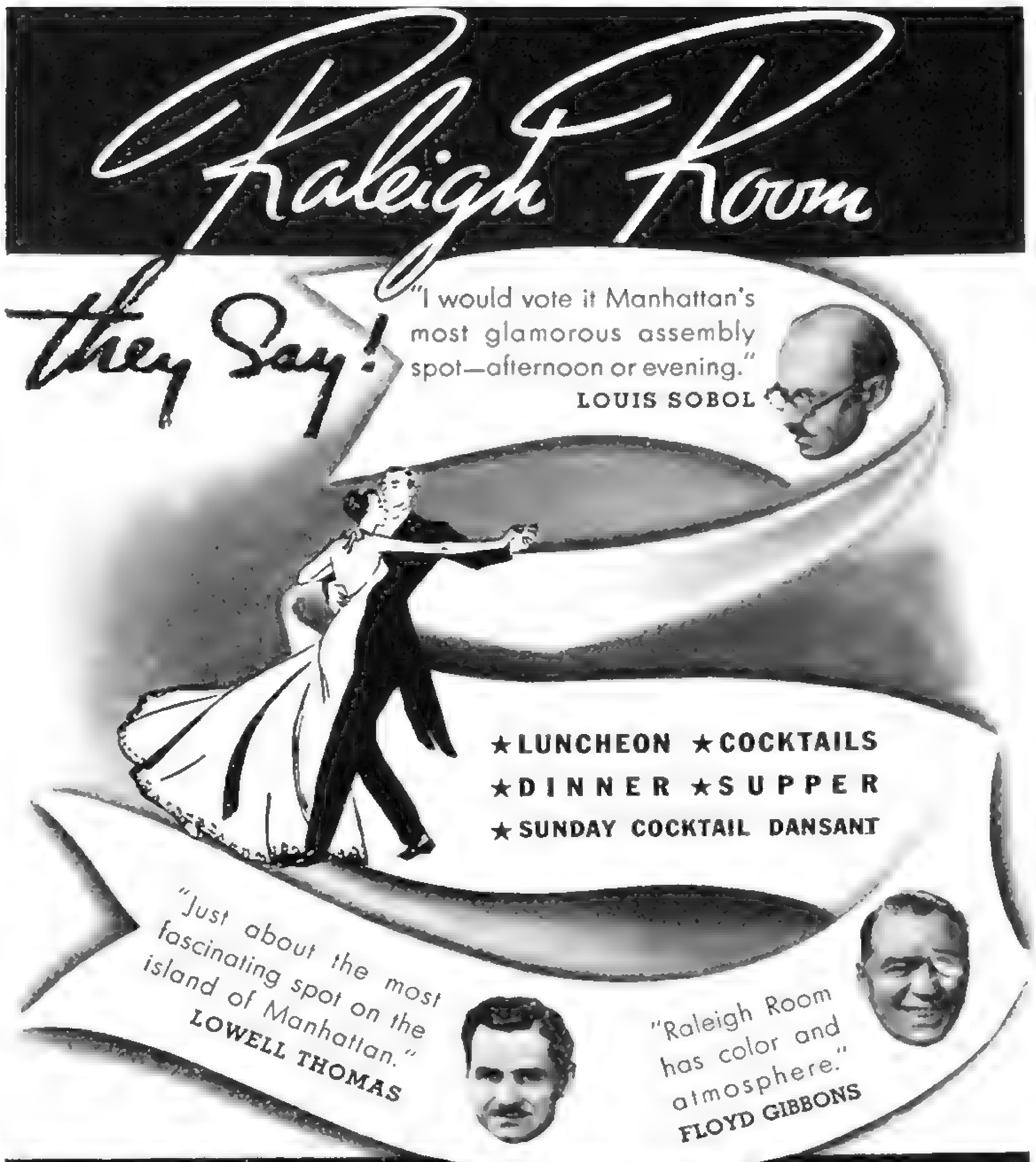

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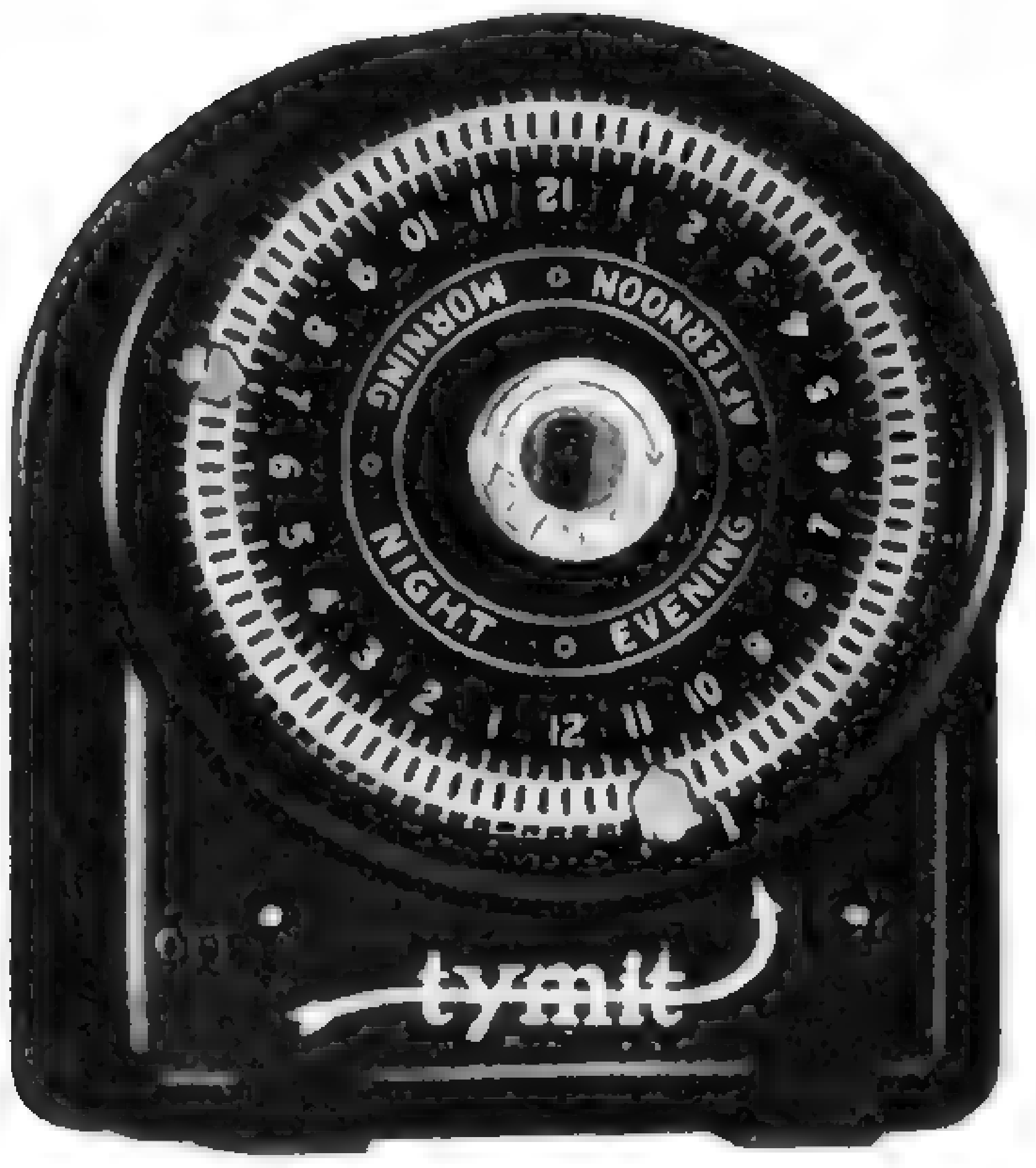

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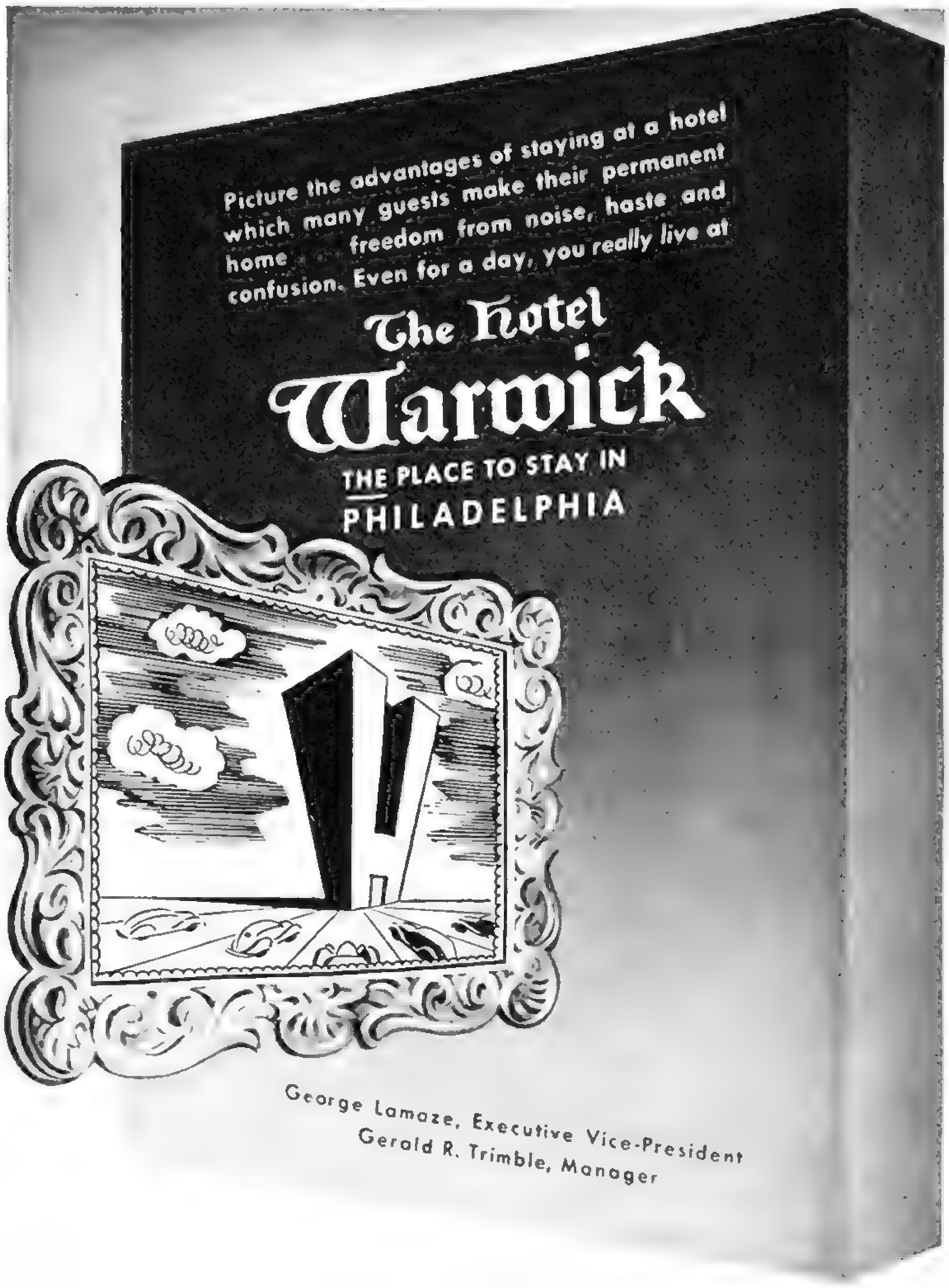

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DAMSEL IN DISTRESS?

If you're tormented by a tummy that used to be tauter . . . or bedeviled by a derrière that's lost its self-restraint . . . don't despair!

You will find quick relief in the reducing salons of the Times Square Baths—America's first and Gotham's *only* Turkish-Bath-in-the-sky! Here is what a typical treatment consists of:

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After that, we bundle you from toe to chin in an ocean of blankets—and let you dispose of still more of that excess poundage.

A talented masseuse then kneads the last remaining bump into submission, and gives you the most exhilarating shower of your life—the Twin Hose!

You polish off the treatment with a refreshing plunge in the Crystal Pool—and a deliciously lazy nap in the big dormitory, or one of the private bedrooms.

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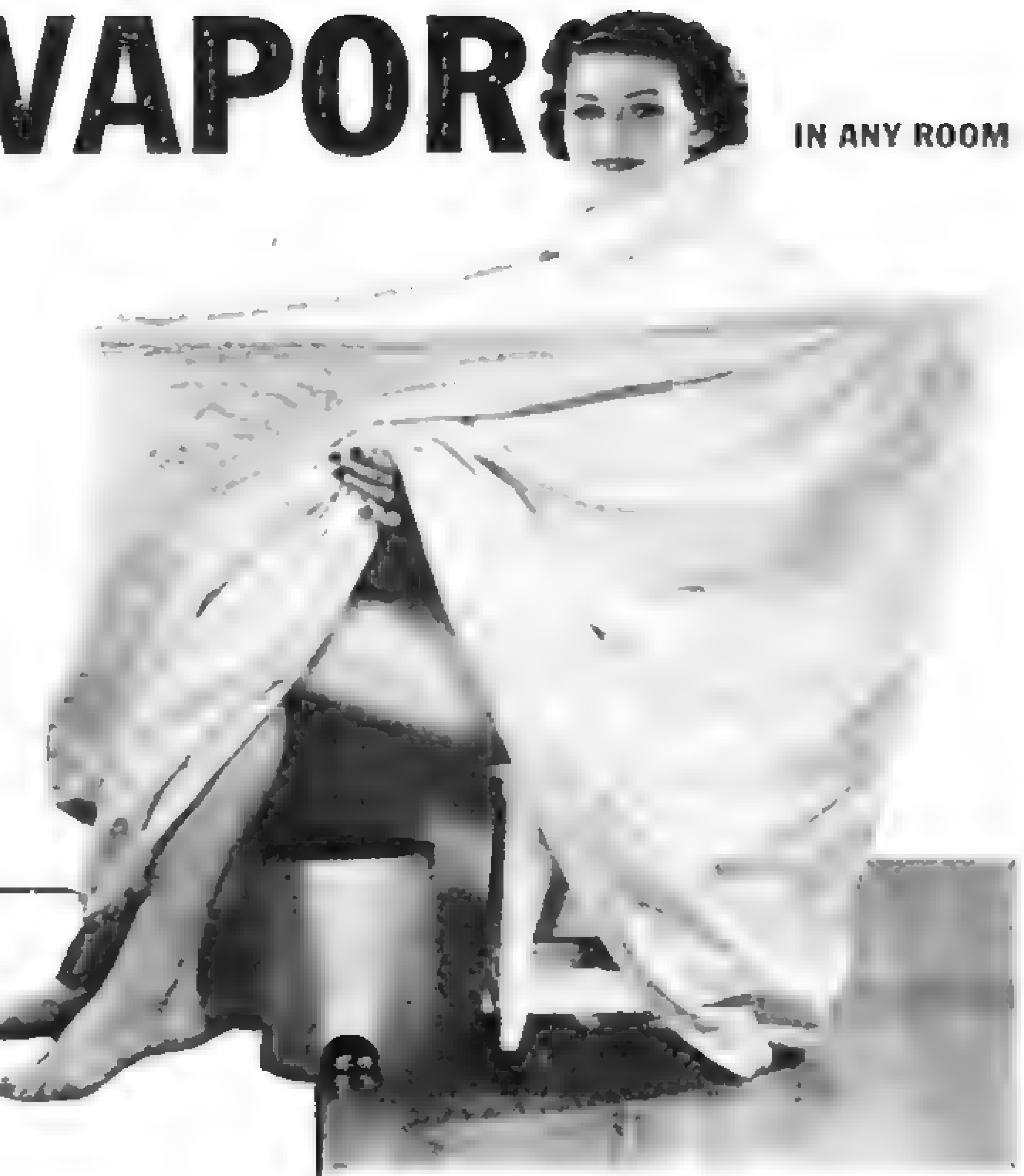

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# RAJAH

## RUBBER SOLES

Look for the name RAJAH on rubber soles

Leading shoe manufacturers and shoe merchants find that the name RAJAH on semi-sport shoe soles, of crepe rubber, *trim-rim, smooth red rubber*, and other matching colors, is a distinct advantage in making sales.

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## *There is Style in Warren of Stafford*

# CAMEL HAIR COATS

AMONG men who know there is an increasing popularity for fine Warren of Stafford (707 Range) Camel Hair Coats. To such men, coats of the supreme lightness, softness, fineness and warmth, meet their particular requirements, for business, sport, travel and country. Although camel hair gives your coat a sporting angle, you will still feel perfectly proper (and definitely comfortable) for spring weather with a coat made of

## WARREN of STAFFORD *fabrics*

All Warren of Stafford fabrics are finished with the magical waters of Stafford Springs, giving the fabric a feel and texture obtained by no other process.

**WARREN WOOLEN CO., STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.**
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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### HEARTS AND FLOWERS

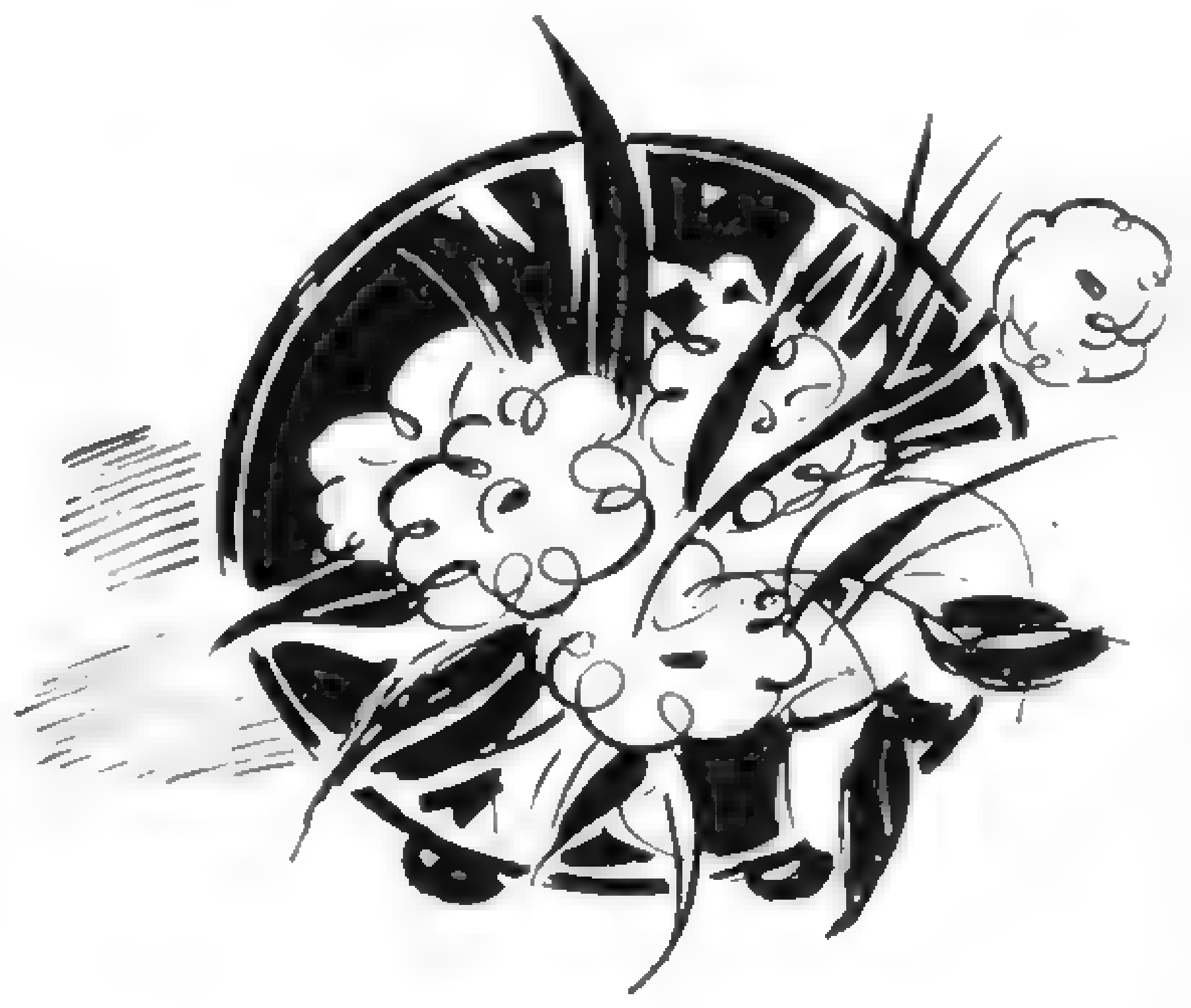
Of course your sweetie pie will be expecting flowers for Easter. We've been chatting with various florists around town getting some new ideas for you on the subject of corsages. Florists like to have you tell them what type of woman is to receive the floral tribute . . . is she short or tall? Blonde or brunette? Will she be wearing tailored or fussy clothes? Stands to reason that a little gal looks pretty ridiculous with her bosom banked with flowers, and by the same token, the tall ladies are not always pleased with some minute little bouquet, they can take on several orchids, a whole string of gardenias, etc.

Fashionable now, are giant red or orange poppies, to be worn casually tucked in the front of an evening decolletage, or hitched to a lapel. Pink camelias are very chic for all occasions. If your lady is very dernier cri, she'd probably rather have rare colored orchids rather than the regulation orchid color. There's the yellow lady slipper orchid, tastily corsaged with chartreuse ribbon; there are striped yellow and brown orchids which come with as many as 20 on a stalk; or exotically lovely white orchids.

Clubby little idea at present . . . man and wife or whatever, wear matching flowers. A gardenia in your buttonhole, gardenia corsage for her. Or a carnation in wine color as a boutonniere and a carnation corsage for her. This goes for cornflowers, too.

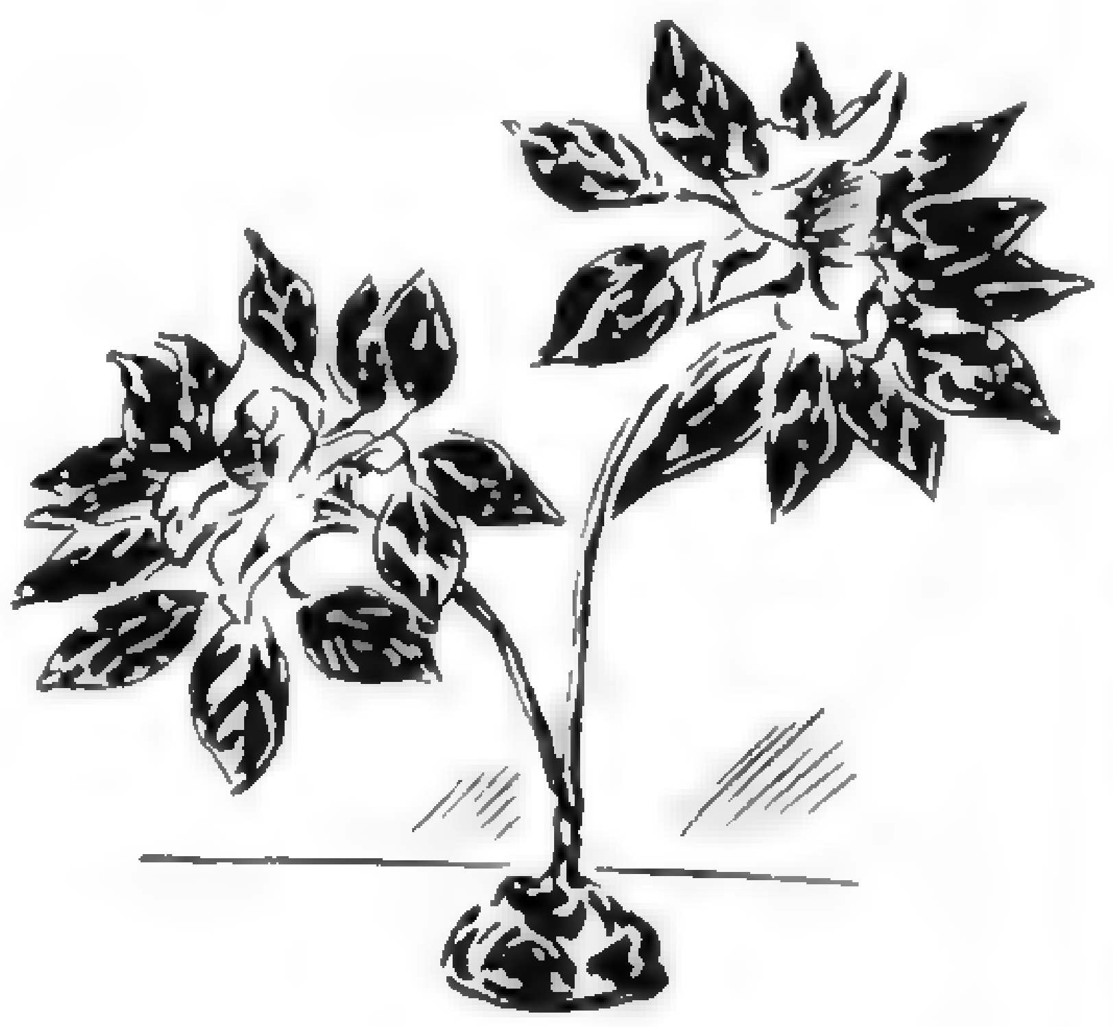
Victorian nosegays are very popular, and relatively inexpensive. They'll make you up one with center of corsage of yellow iris, with lavender lace around the edge; or a French boutonniere of freesia and tiny hyacinth blossoms around the edge; or red carnations clamped together and surrounded by a row of blue cornflowers. Nice part about these is that you are offering good taste and smartness for a $2 and up expenditure. All white nosegays are in vogue, made of white rose centers, and white carnations, sweetpeas or lilies . . . new is the star shaped corsage, with lily petals used to form a star-shaped edge . . . charming and unusual.

One of the perfume people is getting out a series of little heart shaped cases in pink suede, which enclose a small bottle of perfume. If you are giving a carnation corsage, you inclose a little heart containing carnation perfume; or gardenia for gardenias, or lilac, etc. Swell?



### CUT FLOWERS

Nice idea to buy a glass gadget holder and send it with appropriate flowers to fit in. The easel plaque, for instance, a circular bevelled mirror about 12" in diameter, with a hole in the center for flowers. There's a brass water pocket 4" deep behind the mirror to hold the flowers. Nice for roses. Or a crystal orchid holder with modern crystal base, with 3 glass tubes for orchids, and crystal leaves. Orchids show up beautifully in one of these.



### "LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR

. . . shall never touch mine," sang the Victorian maiden to her alcoholic gentleman friend. Now maybe there are times today when, as you prepare to return to your home and fireside, you'd like to kill that "I-was-out-with-a-client" breath. Just buy yourself a tiny little flat bottle of mint green liquid, shake a few drops on the tip of your finger, touch finger to tip of tongue and breathe deeply. Tastes like a combination of peppermint and menthol, and does a swell job. If the little lady has her own ideas about cigar breath, you can do a good inside job on that, too. The liquid is also doused on toothbrushes, as a finishing rite.

*Ask the man who sells them*

KISTLER
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BENCH BRAND

—*"and do these shoes have long wearing Kistler Bench Brand Soles?"*

Did you ever ask your shoe dealer what kind of soles are on the shoes he sells?
The uncommon merit of Kistler Bench Brand sole leather has elevated it above the classification of a conventional sole. Its qualities for long wear and shape retention of the shoe are well-known by leading manufacturers. If you want your money's worth in the next pair of shoes that you buy be sure to insist that they have Kistler Bench Brand soles.

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Covert is today's Fabric of Fashion. The Covert Topcoat—equally smart for town and country—is seen in increasing numbers. Genuine Covert by Cyril Johnson is found in fashionable raglan, fly front and double-breasted models this Spring.

Wear Johnson Covert and be Correct—today and for years to come.

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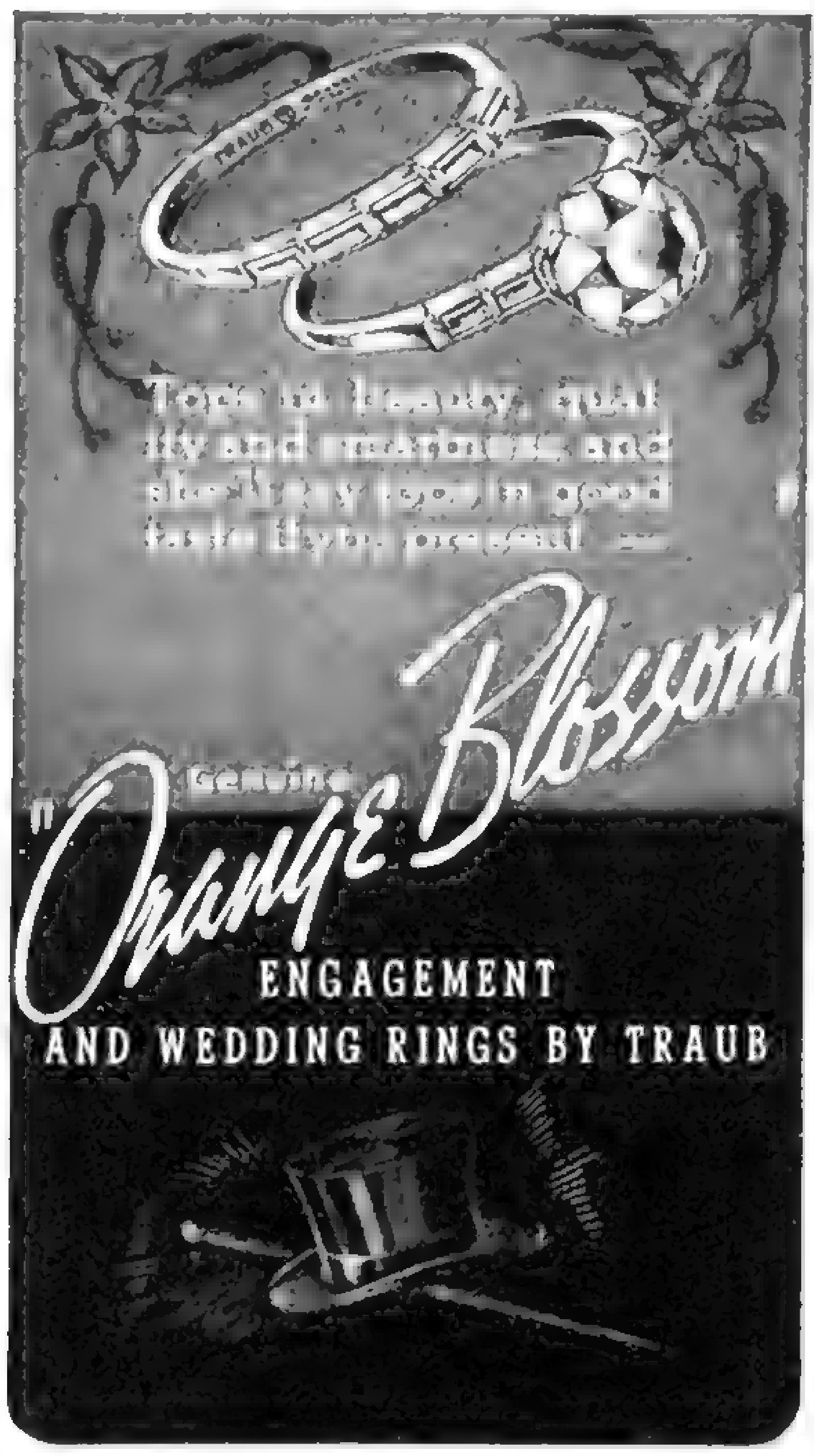
# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE


Tops in beauty, quality and smartness and she'll say tops in good taste if you present —
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**RED HEART'S**
**3 FLAVORS IN BISCUITS**

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**TO SAFEGUARD HIS TEETH!**

How your dog will love Red Heart Biscuits! Every package now contains Red Heart's famous 3 flavors . . . beef, fish, and cheese. This scientific dry dog food is really 24 vital foods in one, and guards dogs' teeth three ways: hardens gums; removes tartar and provides gnawing exercise; supplies rich stores of sunshine vitamin D. Send for free booklet, "Dogs—Their Care and Feeding." Dept. E4, John Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.

FISH
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*DRY DOG FOOD*
*Heart-shaped or Kibbled*

**HANDY HUSBANDS.** Like to exercise your creative urge? You can now buy a complete *wood* work shop which occupies only 3 square feet, weighs but 40 pounds and can easily be packed away in small closets. Larger power tools have been scaled down to accuracy on small work. You get a lathe, router, shaper head for making all types of molding cuts, sensitive drill press, spindle sander, carver, polisher and grinder. You can turn out thoroughly professional models, in fact practically anything in wood that can be turned on a lathe 9″ between centers or face turning 3″ in diameter.

**ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN.** A lot of people we know are making life pretty soft for themselves by means of a tiny 5-inch high portable switch which automatically turns on and off any electric device which is plugged into it. When a man gets ready for bed, he sets the dials on his time switch, one for 11:30 p. m. and the other for 7 a. m.; turns to lulling music on his radio and drifts off to slumber, confident that the robot will turn the radio off. In the morning he's awakened by more music, sweet or hot . . . a painless alarm. You can also use the switch to turn off electric lights, fans, or to de-frost refrigerators. Just fasten it to the wall or set it on a table.

**A MAN'S BATHROOM SHELF.** Imagine getting 5 gallons of mouth wash into a 4-ounce bottle! Its no Houdini, but the wash is so highly concentrated that you only need a dash in a little water to do an efficient job on garlic, tobacco breath and what have you. This cleansing, refreshing mouth deodorant took years to perfect, in fact its essential oils come all the way from Indo China and South America. . . . If you have trouble wielding a long handled shower-brush in small quarters, get one of the new, small spatulate brushes with short handle. In spite of the abbreviated handle, the brush gets around efficiently, even on the central portion of your back. Bristles are inserted into an aluminum facing from which the water rolls off quickly, insuring quick drying. . . . After a hard day, try a pine bath. Liquid pine oil is recommended by physicians throughout Europe and America, who prescribe it for its resting and sedative influence on fatigued bodies. Stuff is made of the oils of pine needles drawn from the mountain spruce of the Tyrolean Alps. You can also use *pine scented soap*, specially cut, man-size, squared off at the ends, hollowed out on the under surface and rounded on top to fit your hand.

**MAN-SIZE TOWELS.** If the little woman doesn't buy towels big enough to suit you, buy them yourself and ask for a bath towel in a 29x50 size (usual dimensions being about 22x44, we understand). You can get wash cloths 14x14, as against the usual 12x12. If you are fortunate enough to have your own private bath, you might go in for beige towels with brown stripes. And throw in a regular beach towel (36x68) in white, brown and yellow stripes, ample enough to be used as a wrap-around toga if you are called to the telephone in the midst of ablutions.

**AUTO-MASSAGE.** Ever try one of those little hand vibrators for the jitters? About 6″x4″, the machine fits over the back of your hand, and is equipped with elastic straps which you slip over your fingers. Start the motor running, and the machine guides your finger tips with the same rotating and patting motion made famous by the Swedish massage. Use it on your scalp, run it across your forehead or over your chin and cheeks . . . great little circulation stimulator. Some men use it to exercise chest muscles, finding it helpful in breaking up colds etc. Plug machine in on A. C. or D. C. current.

**SANDALS** *from* **MEXICO**

**HUARACHES**

***Can A Man Outrun A Horse?*** A Tarahumare Indian from Mexico did, covering 570 miles in seven days to win an endurance race against his dismayed equine friends. The winner wore HUARACHES throughout the race, smart handmade sandals woven of honest steer hide leather thongs and rugged enough for all their light cool comfort. Their low heels and loose heel straps were designed to relax tired feet.

*Immediate delivery in all*
*sizes for men and women.*
PER PAIR POSTPAID $3.75

*To order, send an outline of the foot and mention shoe size. Specify* STEERHIDE

*The*
**OLD MEXICO SHOP**
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

**it's a Racket for BADMINTON**
**and OFFICIAL too**
**but TRADE MARKED** *Sportcraft*
which means that the largest and oldest importers of OFFICIAL BADMINTON Equipment put their O. K. on it. See your dealer or send 25¢ for illustrated catalog to
**GENERAL SPORTCRAFT CO., LTD.**
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**THE NEW LIFETIME GIFT!**

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Ends father's incometax headaches. Makes mother's budgeting a delight. Offers sister her ideal wedding gift. Rescues you from figure nightmares. **ADDS, SUBTRACTS, MULTIPLIES** from 1 to 9,999,999 **AUTOMATICALLY.** Equipped with American Standard Precision Movement. . . . write for "What the Gem Can Do for You". Or better yet, ORDER ON APPROVAL!

**GEM DE LUXE Model 307E4** (as illustrated) **High Chromium Finish, in Handsome Satin-lined Case $11.95: STANDARD GEM Model 207E4, Rippled Black Finish, in Pocket Pouch $9.95.** Fully warranted. (Vest Pocket non automatic calculator) also available $2.50. **Order direct from factory if dealer cannot supply you.** Our 34 year money-back-if-not-satisfied policy protects you completely.

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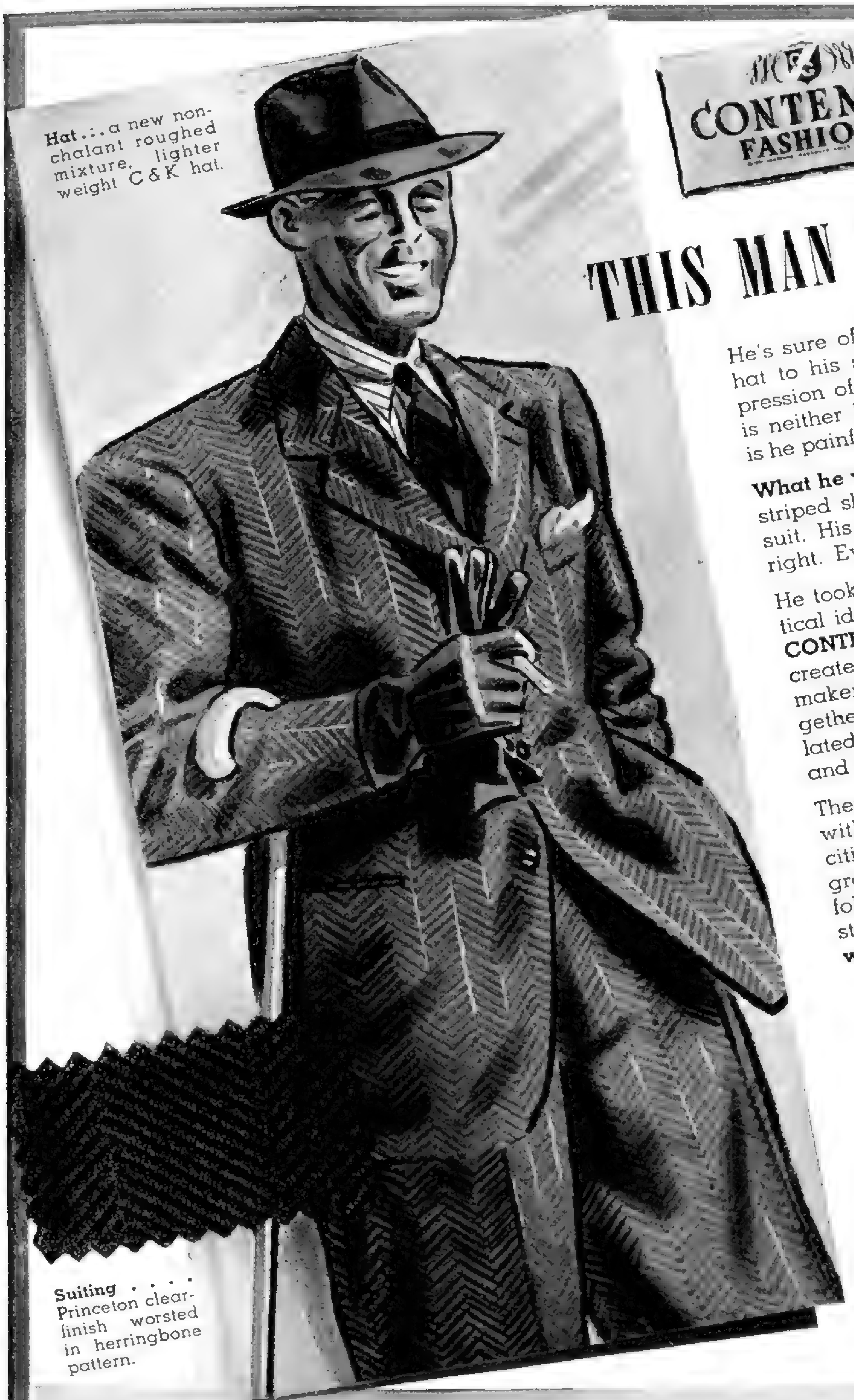
SOMETHING GOOD ON THE WAY!

# DUDE RANCH FIVESOME

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

We started to title this picture foursome . . . and then we realized that the stunningly smart new 1938 Studebaker State President Convertible is also in it. So need we tell you why we decided fivesome would be the only appropriate word? Whether set down in the rugged background of a dude ranch, or in the most effete driveway from Malibu to Marblehead, its spirited individuality opens eyes and evokes ahs. It's probably the quietest Convertible that ever topped a mountain or coursed a highway. Its great power needs amazingly little oil and gasoline. And it's so roomy, both in passenger and luggage capacity, you'll award it the blue ribbon for being all around tops. Available also in the low-priced Studebaker State Commander. Sold on C.I.T. budget plan terms. Studebaker, South Bend.



**Hat** . . . a new nonchalant roughed mixture, lighter weight C & K hat.

**Suiting** . . . . Princeton clear-finish worsted in herringbone pattern.

CONTEMPO
FASHIONS

# THIS MAN IS WELL DRESSED

He's sure of himself. He's at ease From his hat to his sox there is self expression. Expression of good taste sound judgment. He is neither hit-and-miss with his clothes, nor is he painfully correct. But he **is** well dressed

**What he wears with what** makes him so. His striped shirt is correct with his herringbone suit. His tie goes with the shirt. His hat is right. Everything he has on goes together

He took advantage of one of the most practical ideas ever applied to men's clothing— **CONTEMPO Related Fashions.** These are created, in advance, by a group of foremost makers of fine men's wear who joined together to give you fashions thoughtfully related in the blending of their colors, patterns and textures.

They then made exclusive arrangements with one important store in each of many cities whereby it will have in its stocks the groups of Related Fashions shown on the following two pages. The sales staffs of these stores are schooled to aid you in selecting **what goes with what.**

If a store in your city is not listed, mail your order, or inquiry, to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Avenue, New York

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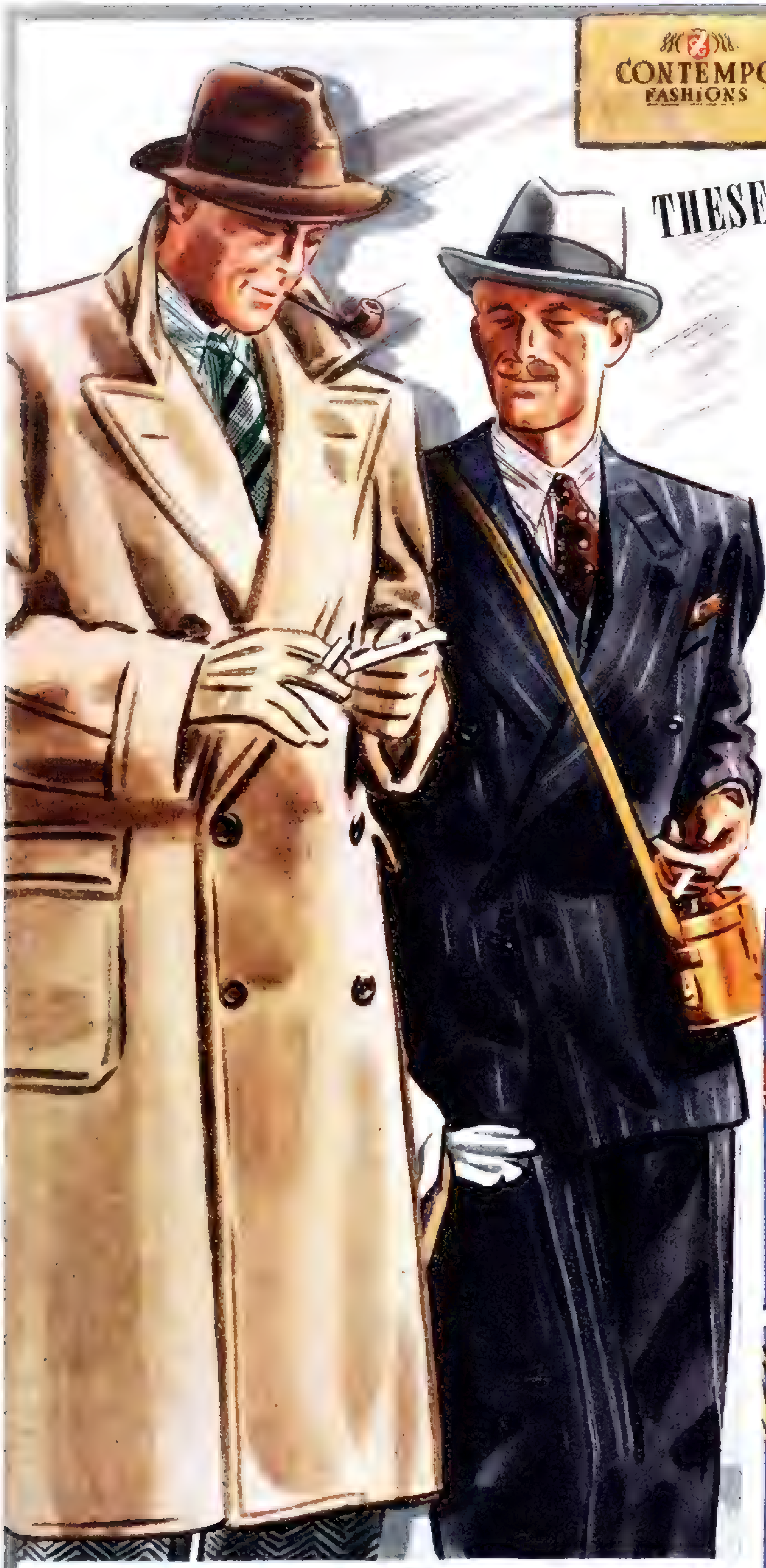
Albuquerque, N. Mex., **Stromberg's**
Altoona, Pa. **The Wm. F. Gable Co.**
Anderson, Ind....................**Bing's**
Ann Arbor, Mich...**Wild & Company**
Appleton, Wisc........ ...**Ferron's, Inc.**
Auburn, N. Y., **Dowd-Leo Company**
Austin, Tex., **E.M. Scarbrough & Sons**
Baltimore, Md....................**Leed's**
Binghamton, N. Y. **Hills, McLean & Haskins, Inc.**
Boston, Mass,......**Leopold Morse Co.**
Bridgeport, Ct., **The D. M. Read Co.**
Canton, Ohio..**The C. N. Vicary Co.**
Champaign, Ill.........**Kaufman's, Inc.**
Charleston, W. Va....**Frankenberger's**
Chicago, Ill..... ....................**Jerrems**
Clarksburg, W. Va., **Will H. Melet Co.**
Cleveland, Ohio......**W. B. Davis Co.**
Cumberland, Md. **Schwarzenbach & Son**
Dayton, Ohio, **The Metropolitan Co.**
Des Moines, Ia....................**Jerrems**
Detroit, Mich....................**Whaling's**
Elmira, New York...........**Burt's, Inc.**
El Paso, Texas..........**The White House**
Erie, Pa................**Isaac Baker & Son**
Fall River, Mass.....**Talbot & Son, Inc.**
Fitchburg, Mass.........**F. H. Lane Co.**
Flint, Mich., **Crawford & Zimmerman**
Fort Wayne, Ind. **Patterson-Fletcher Co.**
Grand Rapids, Mich., **A. May & Sons**
Hackensack, N. J....................**Lowits**
Hagerstown, Md. **The Hopkins-Gruber Company**
Hammond, Ind.........**Jack Fox & Sons**
Harrisburg, Pa..................**Stark Bros.**
Haverhill, Mass..............**Macartney's**
Houston, Texas...........**Sakowitz Bros.**
Jackson, Mich.......**Oppenheim's, Inc.**
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.....**B. Gertz, Inc.**
Johnstown, Pa..... ....**Penn Traffic Co.**
Kalamazoo, Mich.........**Lew Hubbard**
Kenosha, Wis............**Isermann Bros.**
Kokomo, Ind.....**Max Gross Clo. Store**
Lansing, Mich., **F. N. Arbaugh Co.**
Lawrence, Mass............**Macartney's**
Lebanon, Pa........................**The Hub**
Little Rock, Ark.,**The M.M. Cohn Co.**
Los Angeles, Cal., **Mullen & Bluett**
Louisville, Ky.........**Rodes-Rapier Co.**
Lowell, Mass..................**Macartney's**
Marshalltown, Ia., **Abel & Abel, Inc.**
Mason City, Iowa, **Abel & Son, Inc.**
Minneapolis, Minn., **Juster Bros., Inc.**
Mt. Vernon, N.Y., **The Langdon Shop**
New Haven, Ct., **J. Johnson & Sons**
New Orleans, La..........**Porter's, Inc.**
Niagara Falls, N. Y..........**Amberg's**
Olean, N. Y., **Gavin-McCarthy Co.**
Omaha, Neb., **Nebraska Clothing Co.**
Paterson, N. J...........**Chas. W. Elbow**
Phila., Pa., **MacDonald & Campbell**
Pittsfield, Mass................**Rosenfeld's**
Portland, Ore., **Lipman, Wolfe & Co.**
Quincy, Mass..................**Remick Co.**
Reading, Pa..................**Croll & Keck**
Roanoke, Va., **Joseph Davidson, Inc.**
Rochester, N. Y., **National Clothing Co.**
Rockford, Ill...**W. B. Doran Men's Store**
Saginaw, Mich. **Heavenrich Bros. & Co.**
Salt Lake City, Utah....**Arthur Frank**
San Jose, Calif.....**Leon Jacobs, Inc.**
Santa Barbara, Calif. **The Great Wardrobe**
Schenectady, N. Y..........**Nusbaum's**
Springfield, Mass., **Albert Steiger Co.**
Springfield, Ohio, **Vogue Shop, Inc.**
Stamford, Ct...**Frank Martin & Sons**
St. Louis, Mo..........................**Boyd's**
Stockton, Calif...**Bravo & McKeegan**
Sunbury, Pa...**Markley-Altvater, Inc.**
Syracuse, New York, **Dey Bros. & Co.**
Toledo, Ohio......**The B. R. Baker Co.**
Waterbury, Ct...**Worth Men's Shop**
Wheeling, W. Va.....**Rivlin-Rinehart**
White Plains, N. Y...............**Stone's**
Williamsport, Pa., **Troisi Tailor, Inc.**
Wilmington, Del., **Cummins & Maloney**



CONTEMPO FASHIONS

# THESE MEN, TOO, ARE WELL DRESSED

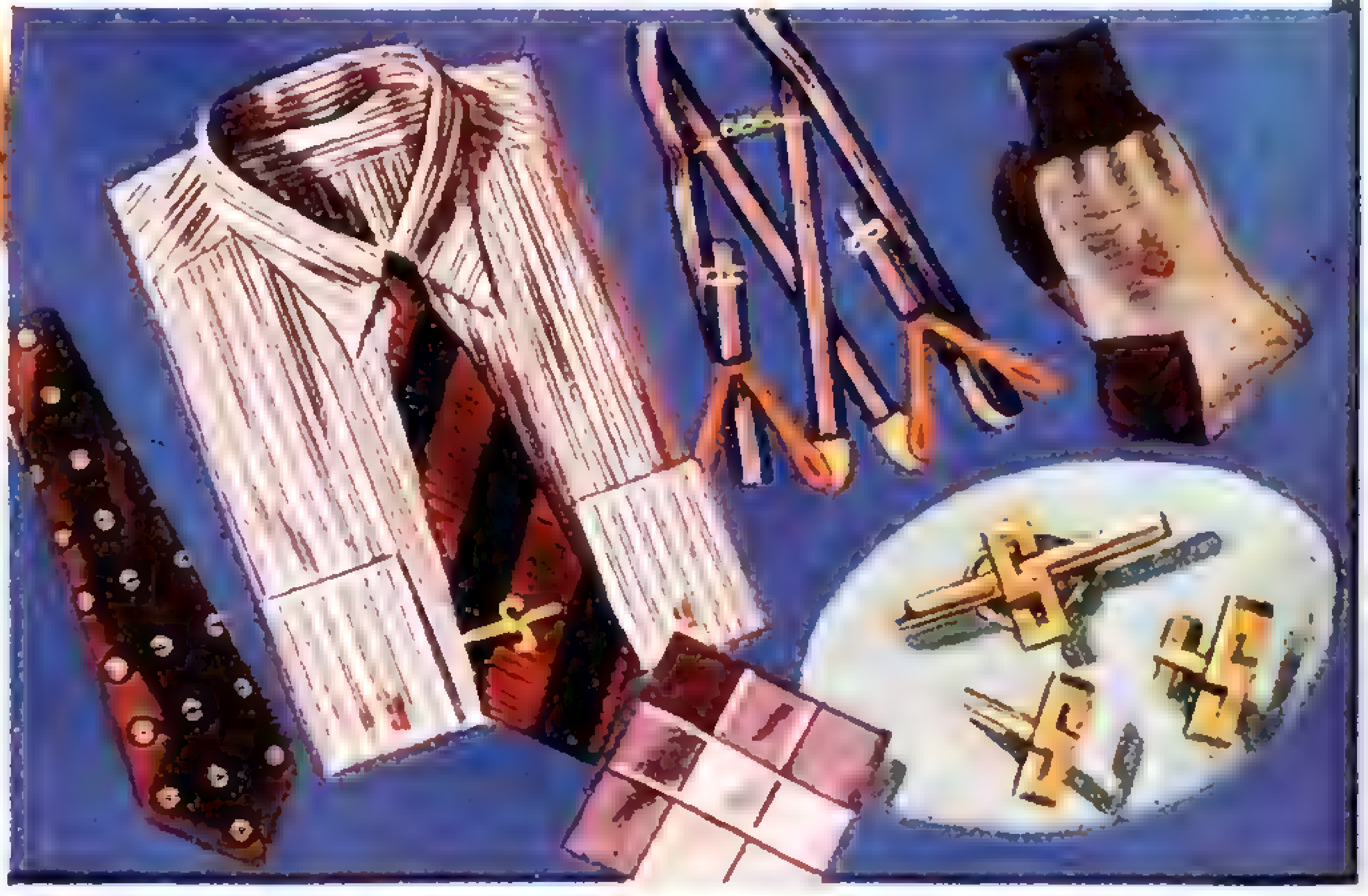
The man in the blue suit chose the red striped shirt, with the figured tie created especially for it. The man in the polo coat also wears related accessories, from socks to neckwear.

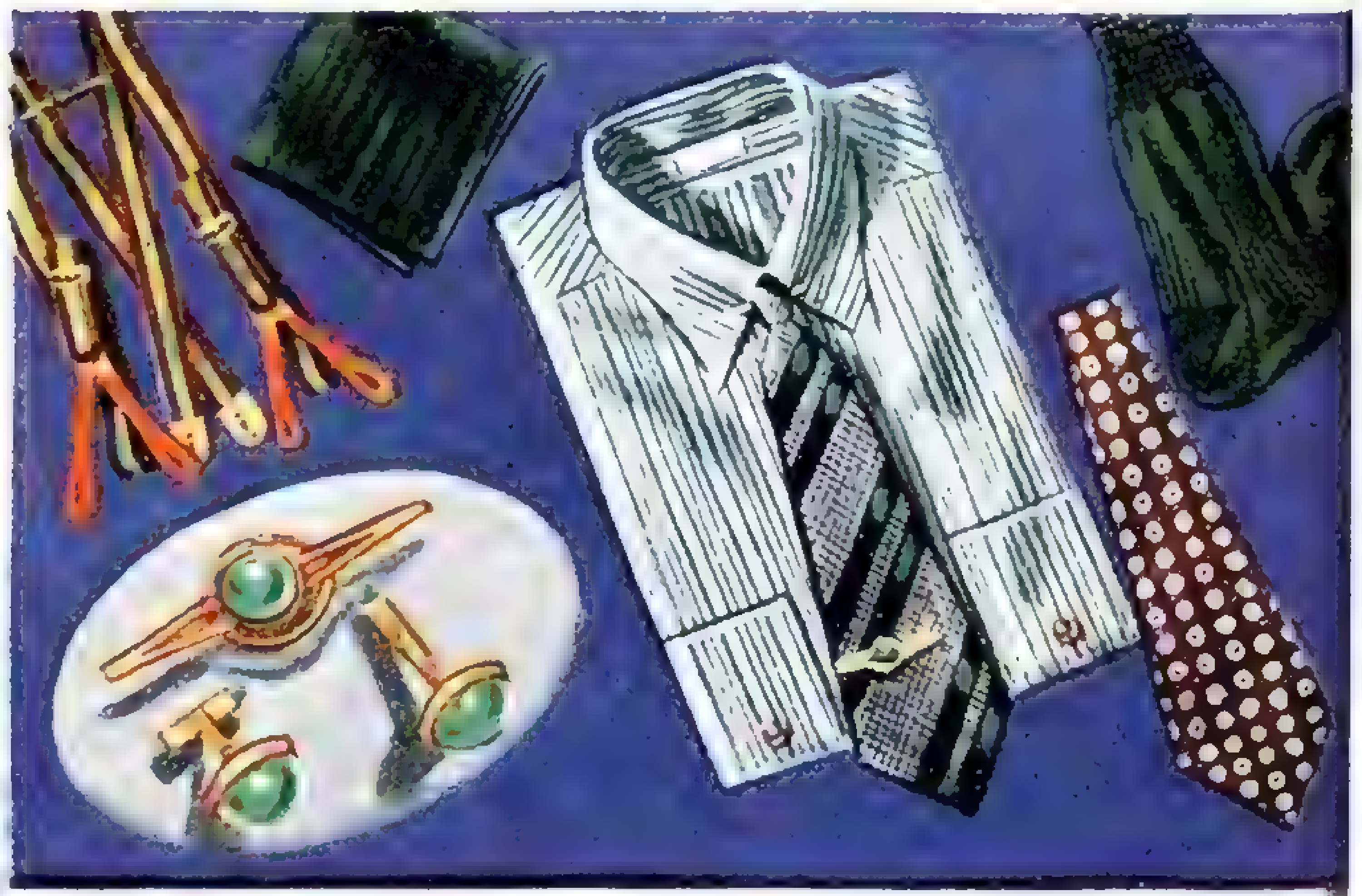
They carry with them an air of being correct. But they didn't arrive at this state through chance. Their clothes, combining to create an impression of harmony, didn't just "happen."

In presenting **CONTEMPO Related Fashions,** the stores listed on the preceding page give you the benefit of the nation's foremost authorities—and the counsel of specially trained salesmen. In any one of them you can select, conveniently, the harmonious belongings—the **related** items that will stamp you a man well groomed.

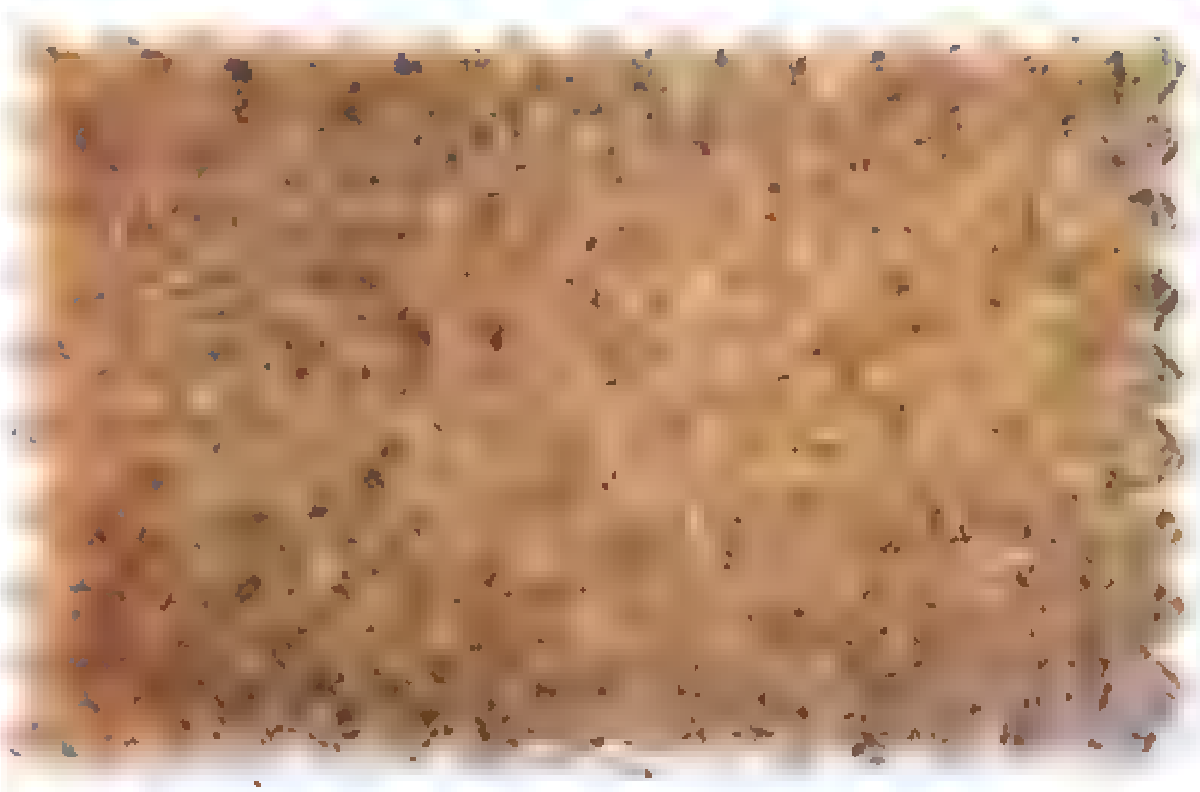
Drop in to one of these stores. See for yourself what a tremendously successful idea of close harmony in dress this is. If a store in your city is not listed, mail your order, or inquiry, to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Ave., N. Y.

**Close Companions** for the blue suit: All-silk printed foulard tie, $1.00; Candy striped broadcloth shirt, $2.00; Striped faille necktie, $1.00; Campaign stripe chain back suspenders, $1.00; Elastic top short lisle sock, 55¢; Swank Gothic initial jewelry: links, $1.50; tie clasp $1.00; 3-tone border handkerchief, 50¢. Ensemble in wine (as shown), blue and brown.





**Better Business** for the herringbone suit on preceding page: Suspenders $1.00; Colored handkerchief, contrasting edge, 50¢; Striped broadcloth shirt, $2.50; Striped twill tie, $1.50; All-silk imported foulard tie, $1.50; Silk elastic top short sock, drop stitch rib, 55¢; Swank pastel opalescent jewelry; links and tie clasp, $2.50 set; ruby, sapphire emerald, blue, topaz amethyst. Ensemble green (as shown) blue, wine



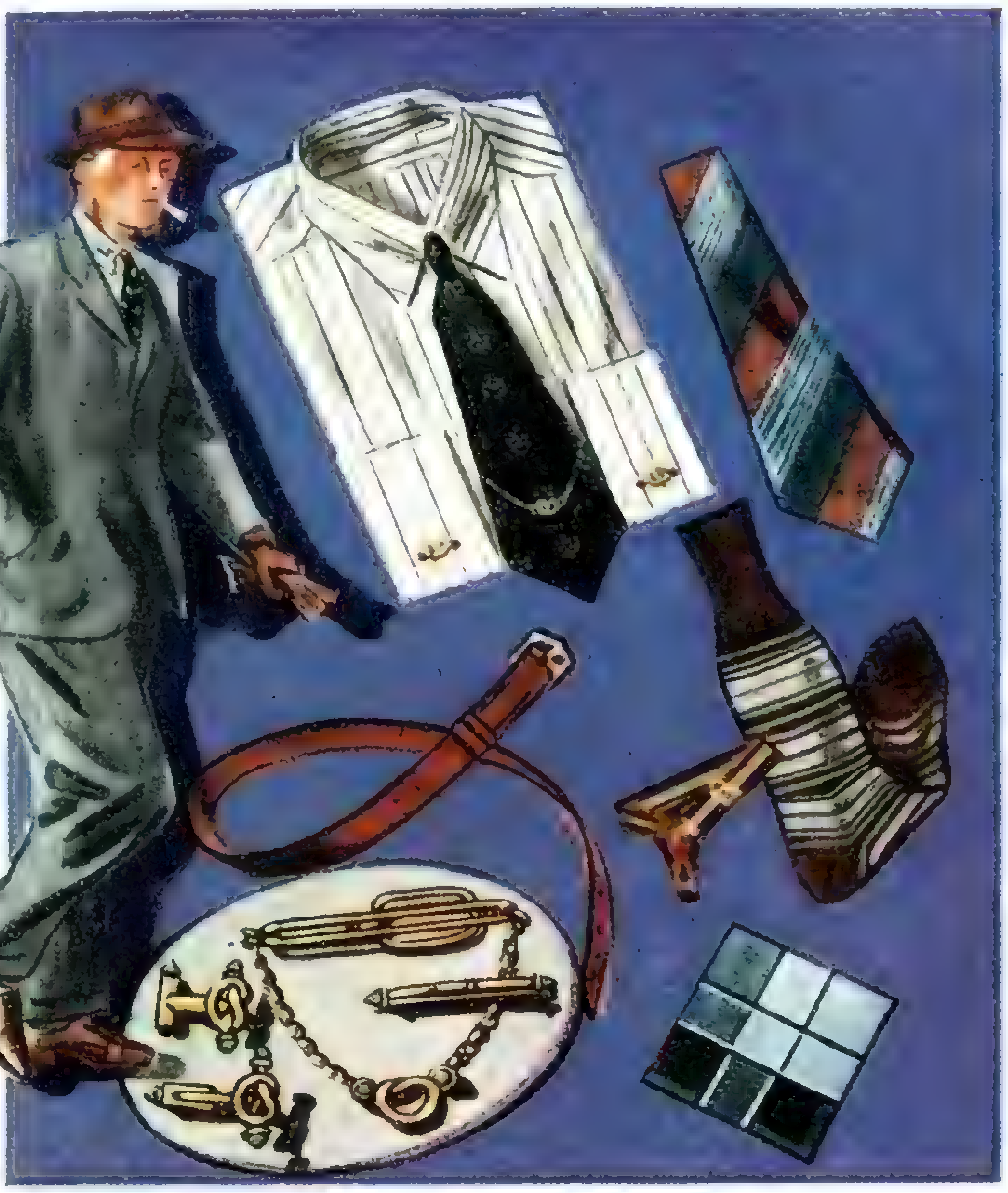
Warren of Stafford camel hair top-coating always correct for sports and casual wear.
**Hat . . .** a complementary brown in favored bound-edge snap brim

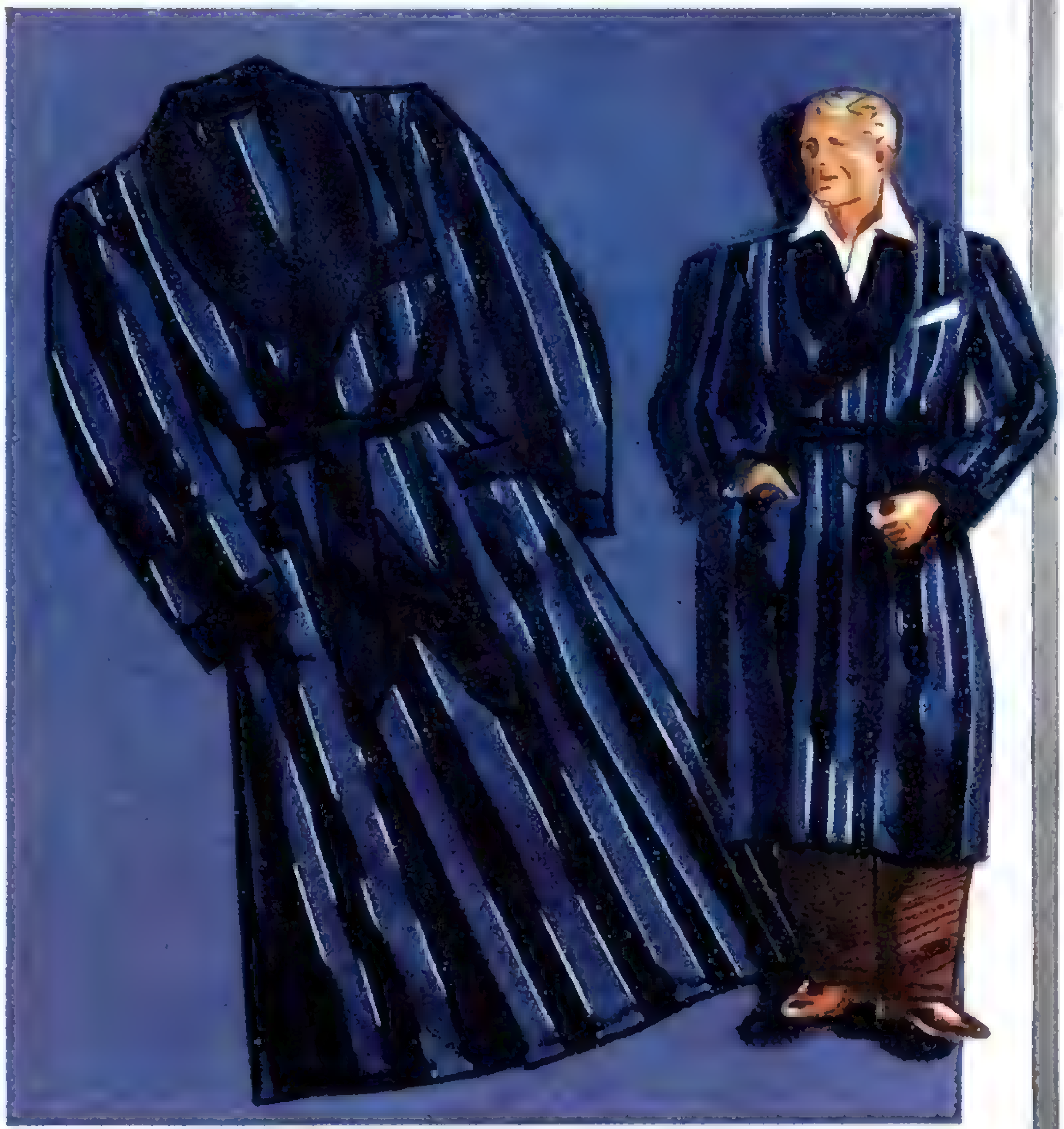
Brighter-than-navy unfinished worsted with hairline stripings in pearl . . . by Princeton.
**Hat . . .** a C & K pewter grey in a lighter Spring weight felt.

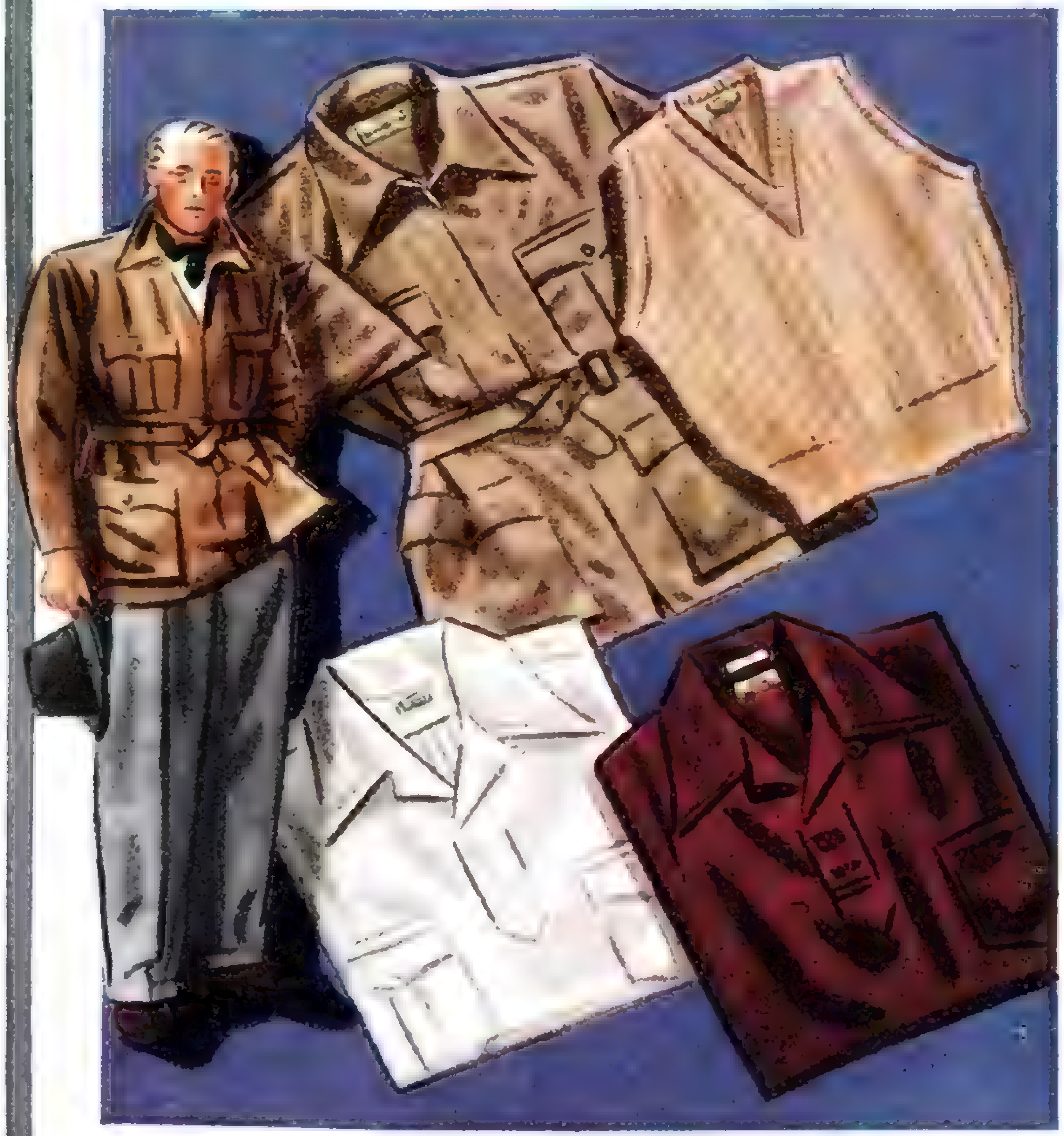
**Suiting:** Strong Hewat Shetland-type herringbone. Hat: C & K [illegible] hat.
**Related Ensemble:** [illegible] oxford shirt, $2.00; All-silk printed foulard tie, $1.00; Silk and wool striped tie, $1.00; [illegible] Garters, 50c; Handkerchief, 50c; [illegible] belt, $1.00; Swank [illegible] jewelry; cravat chain, collar holder, [illegible] links, $4.50 set in six jewel colors. Ensemble in green, blue and wine.

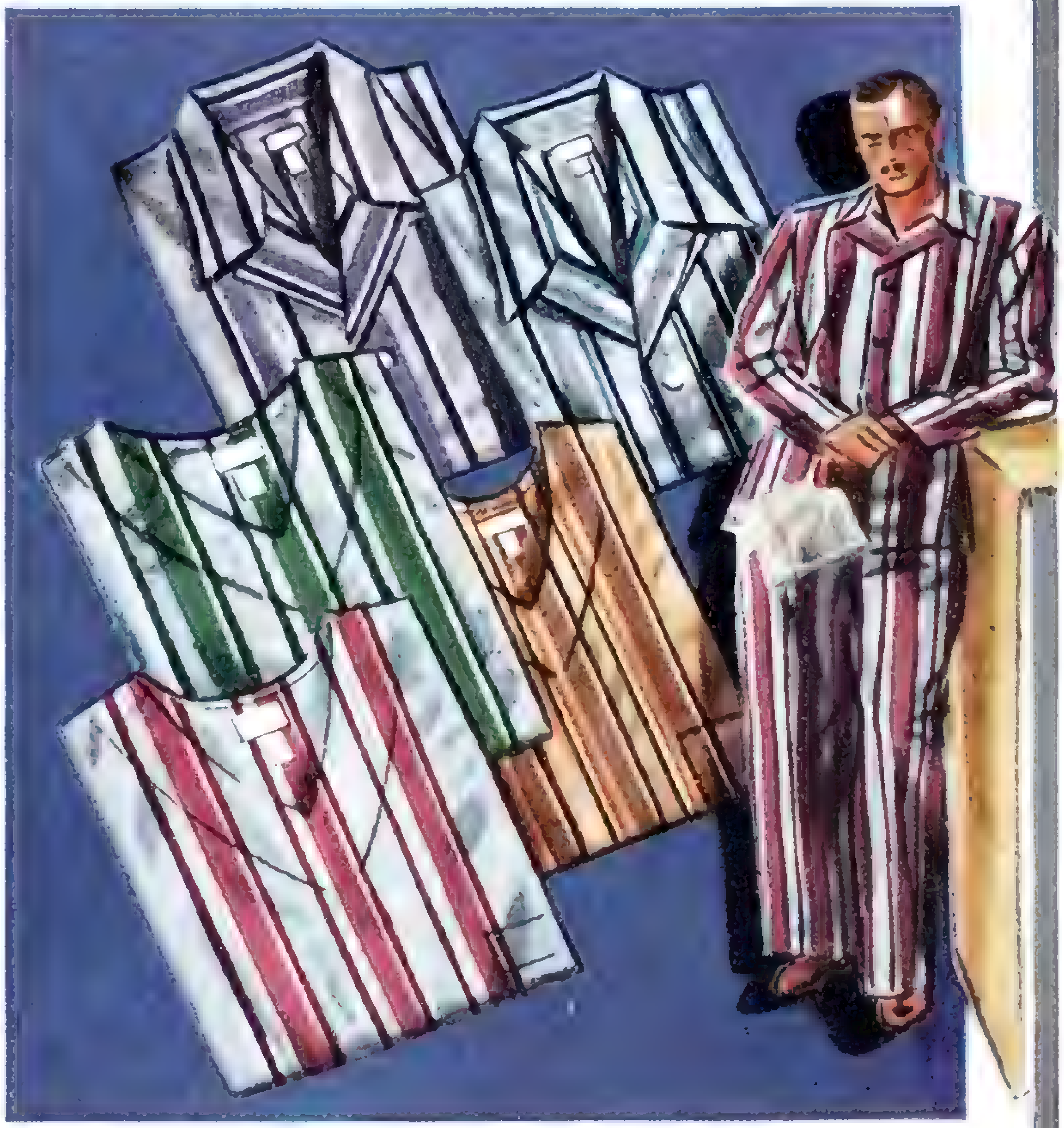
## CONTEMPO FASHIONS

**Comfortable Companion:** This Paul Parks robe is the perfect companion for leisure hours and for traveling. It's a grand lightweight garment that stows away into a minimum of luggage space [illegible] place. In blue stripes on blue, blue on wine, and maroon on green. It's closely related to the pajamas shown below. The pair makes a grand ensemble for [illegible]. Paul Parks represents a long life and a lot of luxury for $10.00.









**Sports Winners:** Top left: SEA ISLAND, all-weather bush model jacket, $10.00; right, VIVAL, crew neck pull-over; sleeveless, $3.50; with sleeves, $5.00; lower left, McSHETLAND, sports shirt in white, blue, tan and grey; short sleeves, $3.50; long sleeves, $4.00; lower right, ALAMO: gabardine sports shirt in wine, blue, natural, grey and brown; short sleeves, $5.00, long, $5.95.

**Knothe Sleep Suits:** Smart companions for the robe. Made of fine count [illegible] cotton pongee cut full for true comfort and tailored with real finesse. Choose it with the convertible collar coat, [illegible] or middy style. In brown and tan, blue and blue, beige and grey, green and grey, or maroon and grey. A garment made to wear as well as it looks. Either model, [illegible].

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

*Lawrence Edward Watkin*

Larry Watkin is the author of *On Borrowed Time*, published by Knopf last fall. He was born in Camden, New York, in 1901. He says: "After Harvard I taught, first in a Northern, then in a Southern university. To help out during the depression I took over the coaching of the college dramatic group and wrote plays for my actors. *Adventure in Resentment* is the fourth short story I ever wrote, the first I have tried to market."

•

We have discoveries to burn this month—among them Winston M. H. Hibler, who wrote *Dealer's Choice*. He always wanted to be an actor, and after graduation from the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts in New York in 1930 he played in one Broadway show, a couple of seasons in stock and thence to Hollywood to take the Screen by storm. Result: some fine material for a great play—about actors out of work.

•

Jack B. Creamer (*Garrison Finish*, page 83) is twenty-two years old. He says: "I have sold assorted fiction and articles to pulps and class magazines, and spent two years as script reader and editorial assistant on a sex magazine. As a result of the latter, sex for me will never be the same again. Ambition: to write a classic of the race track that will rank with Dickens' *Christmas Carol*—a tender story of a jockey who breaks his leg and has to be destroyed."

*Jack B. Creamer*

•

Cyril John Clarke (*Westward Ho-Hum*, page 84) was born in Chicago, quite by chance, thirty-five years ago, en route from Dallas, Texas to Edmonton, Canada. He reports: "Even after putting off three-cornered rompers I was still subject to the peripatetic influence of my family. Consequently I've never been able to sit still long enough to really write anything. The desire to write has been a recurrent fever with me. The intervals between attacks are growing shorter all the time and I'm afraid I'll soon start writing."

•

Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky was born in Russia. Exiled from his country by the Reds, he studied automotive engineering in Switzerland. Since coming to the United States he has designed radios, speedboats, automobiles—in fact everything from filing cabinets to trailers. Auto-addicts will have fun with his six-page *Review of Motoring for 1938*, starting on page 86.

*Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky*

•

Another Discovery of the Month is Louis Michaelson, whose first printed piece, *Bunny Rabbit Can Go to Hell*, appears on page 74. He is twenty years old. He conducted a newspaper column at nineteen. When his paper folded, another daily promised to take him on, but hired someone else who copped all his ideas. That ruined his enthusiasm for writing, and he sought solace composing for the piano. He has a canary named Samuel Pepys.

•

Comrade Levin sent us the background notes for a film on *Spain's International Brigades* (page 94), with the artless comment that he hopes there won't be too many kicks about a movie department not on movies. He promises that there will be only one more breach—his movie article for May, which will be about Palestine.

Ludwig Renn (*Who Will Win the War in Spain?* page 40), was born April 22, 1889 in Dresden, Germany as Arnold Vieth von Golssenau. He was captain in the German army from 1910 to 1920. He was twice wounded. He has written three books, *War*, *After the War* and *Death Without Battle*. He spent two and one-half years in prison because he taught anti-Fascist war history during Hitler's régime. Now in Spain a year as Chief of Staff, International Brigade.

*Ludwig Renn*

•

Ferenc Molnar was born in Budapest in January, 1878. He studied law and statistics, intending to become a lawyer, but after getting his degree, he tried to get a position as a newspaper reporter. He became a reporter on the Budapest *Naplo* for which he hunted human interest stories in the slums. He became famous after *The Devil* was produced in Budapest and later in America. *Liliom*, his most famous play, was written in 1909.

•

Link Hannah started out to be a long-haired musician and turned into a jazz pianist. He jumped from the piano to the drawing board and for the past several years has been an illustrator. Some of his fashion drawings have appeared in our advertising pages. Last summer he sailed for London with the idea of studying and sketching men's fashions at the fount. But he got interested in writing and spent the next six months banging out stories. *Love Story Come False*, page 97, is one of that crop.

*Link Hannah*

•

Still another Discovery of the Month is Harold J. Matthews. (*De Gawd of Daniel Fergire Me*, page 92). He says: "Born forty years ago at Waco, Texas. Went to five colleges under my own power, coming out with two degrees and a job. Started out as a social worker in 1922 and, because people keep having troubles, have had a job ever since. Besides trying to write, waste a lot of time doing wood engravings. Illustrated some books and won a few local laurels."

Probably some of the Sound and Furyers are going to heckle us about the ectoplasmic appearance of Pedro, who died in the last issue, in Arthur Davison Ficke's Mrs. Morton story. This is our out. We know the sequence is wrong.

•

Edward Hunter, who contributed *The France and Germany of Asia*, learned the difference between the Japanese and Chinese while he covered the war in Manchuria and during the years he edited two English-language newspapers in China and one in Tokyo. He's the guy whose cables from Manchuria were read into the minutes of the League of Nations.

•

Robin Lampson doesn't know why he always has to look so damned solemn in front of a camera, for he really gets a great kick out of life. Except for a little teaching and editorial work, he has devoted the last five years to writing verse and verse novels. His latest is *Death Loses a Pair of Wings*. He believes "poetry should not puzzle and thwart the reader but should be intelligible, moving or entertaining; if the purpose of writing is to communicate, then the purpose of poetry is to convey to the reader or listener the experience of physical or intellectual emotion."

*Robin Lampson*

# *Passport* TO BETTER LIVING

***Men who seek the good things of life find in Seagram's "V. O." a whisky of distinctive character. This fine imported 6 year old Canadian whisky is deliciously delicate—yet deeply satisfying.***

UTLER
FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO·ONTARIO·CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

*ched at Cunard White Star Pier 90 in New York showing the departure of the luxury Liner Queen Mary*

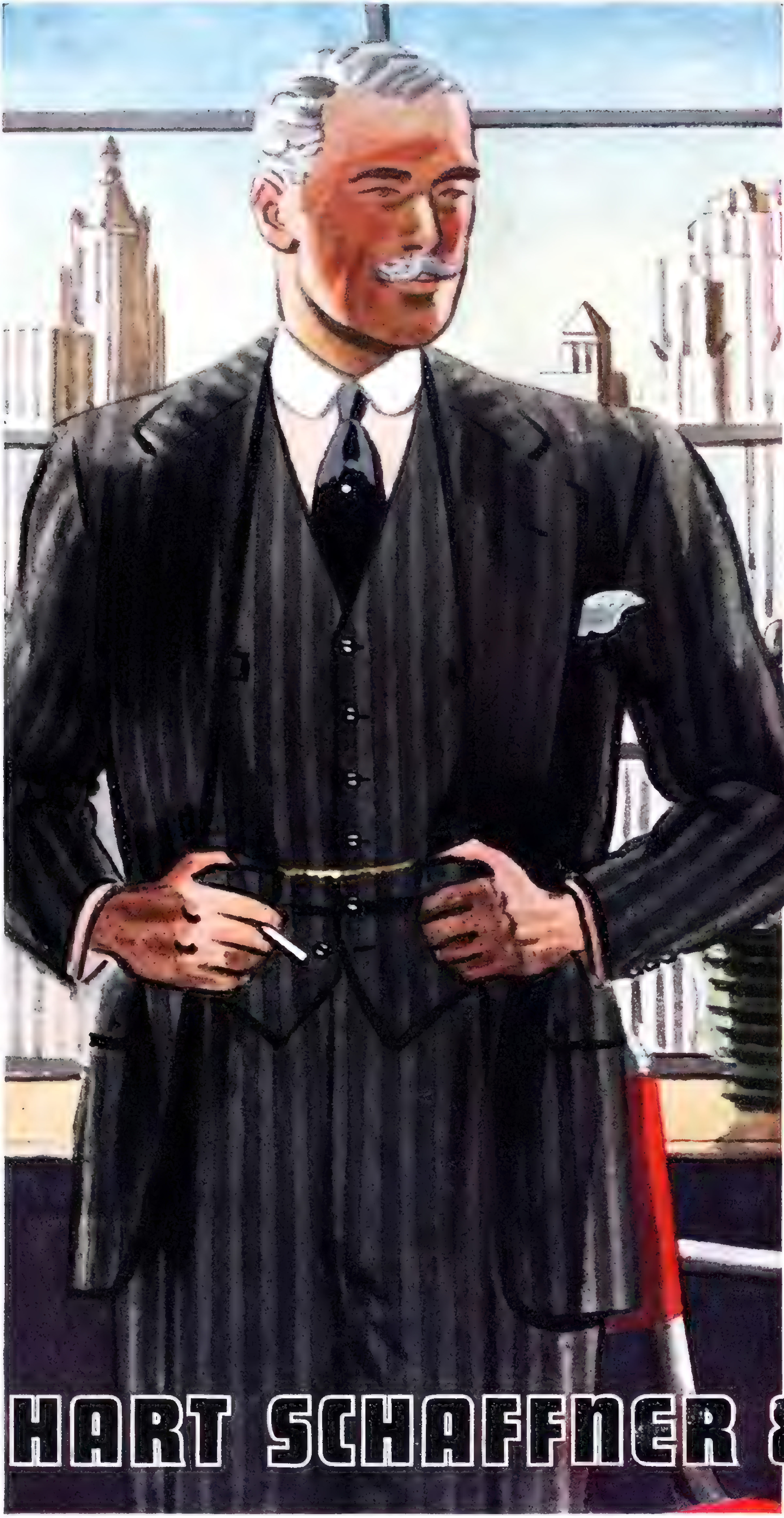
# Seagram's "V.O."

THE DISTINCTIVE CANADIAN WHISKY

*Masterpiece Designed for Better Living*

*6 years Old*

*Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Executive Offices: New York*



# How to look like a million dollars

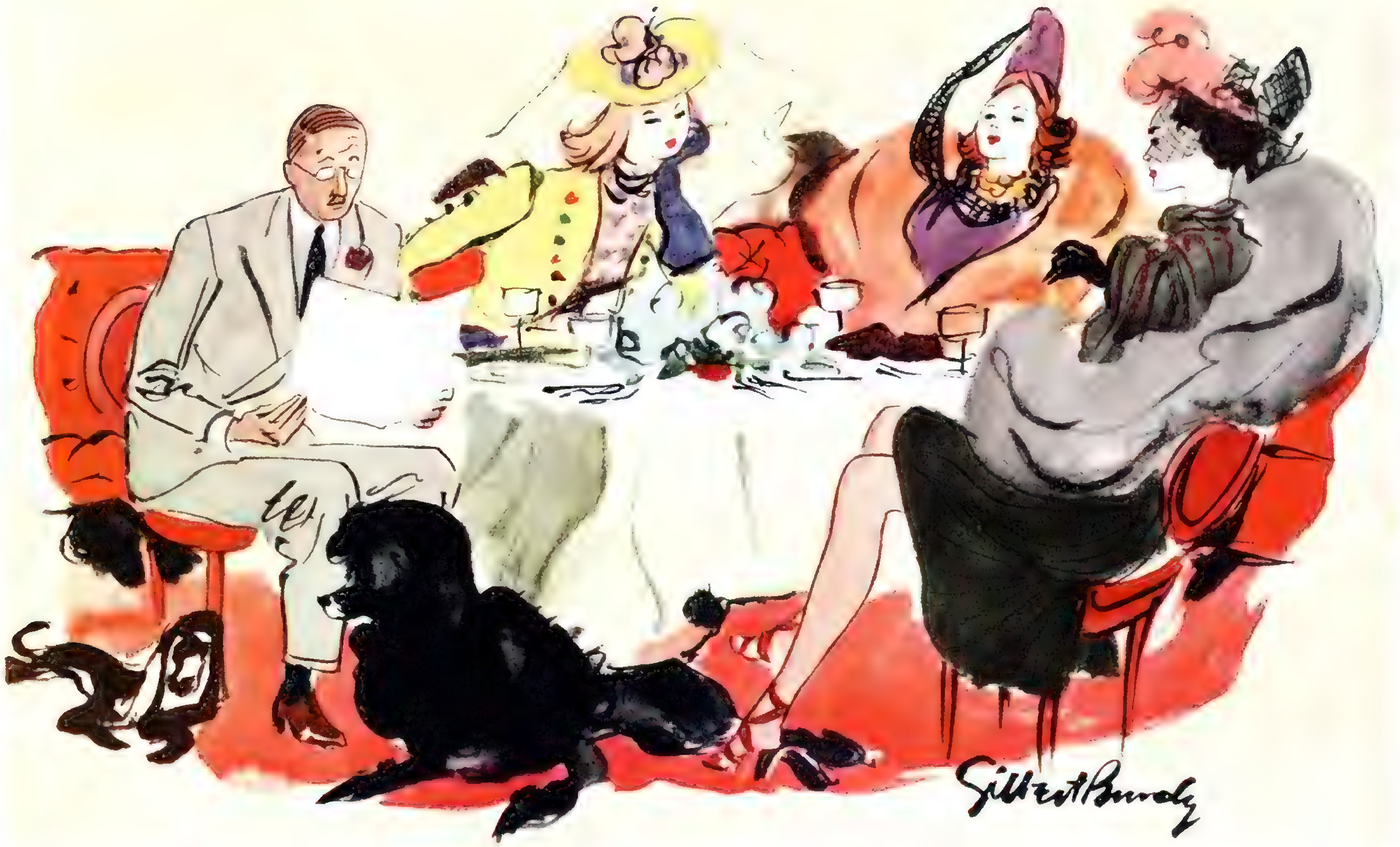
*for only forty!*

Simply walk into the men's store in your town that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothing and select a Triple Test Worsted... the suit that's been tested 3 times—once for value, once for quality, once for style!

**THE TRUMPETER LABEL**

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
. . . A BIG THING TO FIND

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



# Fashion Is a Fairy

**Author of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* claims designers maliciously make saps out of the slaves to fashion**

## ANONYMOUS

• EDUCATIONAL •

THE other day I lunched at a New York restaurant which is famous for the costliness of its food, the wealth of its male patrons and the intolerable chic of its women. There happened to be three or four of the most publicized "best-dressed women" in the room at the time. One of them wore on her head what seemed at first glance to be a pair of woolen mittens; another had a felt shoe perched upside down on her curls; a third had on a dunce's cap which shot up toward the ceiling and unexpectedly sprouted at its peak a feather duster. They all looked like hell.

I am aware of the fact that the entire business of women's fashions is a whimsical racket. Skirts rise and fall; bosoms recede and protrude; Schiaparelli does amusing things with buttons; and in Italy someone invents a new fabric made of milk. But it seems to me that this particular season witnesses the apotheosis of the ridiculous in women's styles—the final perfect polished flower of phoniness. Never have women looked sillier. Never have their costumes been designed with such apparently deadly aim to produce in the male escort emotions of—not yearning, not concupiscence—but, simultaneously, startled revulsion, horror, uncontrollable hysteria, and the desire to flee.

I am convinced that all this is not the result of pure chance. I believe that it is part of a gigantic and vicious plot deliberately calculated to make women unattractive to men. The motive may be recognized in a nonce if one but stops to realize that the whole movement of "chic" is dominated by both men and women who are of a homosexual bent. Neither the male designer who is a pansy, nor the female designer who is a Lesbian, wants women to appear attractive to men. Therefore, they have set out to dupe the guileless creatures into rigging themselves out as if for a Surrealist masked ball, all in the name of fashion. They have pulled the old hat trick on them.

There is a story current to the effect that two male milliners who are extraordinarily fashionable spend all their spare time figuring out new ways of making women hideous. It is said that after they have succeeded in selling a woman a hat in which she appears unusually repulsive and she has left the store unsuspiciously wearing this atrocity, the two milliners then roll on the floor, shrieking with laughter, and rubbing their hands in great glee.

"Oh boy!" they chortle. "We've certainly fixed *her*. Now let's call up her husband and ask him out to dinner!"

This anecdote is undoubtedly largely apocryphal, but it epitomizes the spirit back of the whole dastardly deal.

It is a curious and insidious method which has been used. It began with a direct reversal of what used to be considered good taste. For example, the chi-chi element introduced evening dresses made of wool and sports clothes

*Continued on next page*

of satin. They made it smart to wear emeralds and pearls with beach apparel. Last winter, the most fashionable thing to do with your coat was not to put it on, but to wear it slung over your shoulders. The smartest of the ladies of fashion had coats especially made for this purpose—weighted in the shoulders, with a fastening at the neck, and the useless sleeves hanging empty at the sides. All over New York, you saw women tripping around in this silly fashion, for all the world as if they'd just broken both arms and couldn't get their coats on over the bandages. What matter if they froze to death? It was chic; it was amusing. It was also chic and amusing to carry your hat in your hand instead of wearing it on your head. (Like the lady in New York society who owns a tiara so heavy that she takes it off and carries it around at parties. I suppose that shows she's got it. I've got some extra underwear, too, but I don't feel that I have to prove it by carrying it around in my hand.)

In this way, by shocking women with the unexpected, the aesthetes made their first definite conquest of the fashion empire. Whatever they could think up that was directly opposed to comfort, custom, or common sense, immediately became tremendously chic.

The next step was the introduction of such decadences as black finger nail polish, hair dyed blue, a deathly pallor of face and an exaggerated boniness of figure. The closer a woman resembled a Surrealist nightmare, the nearer she was to fashion's crown. Normal men protested; but they were over-ruled and out-maneuvered. They were told that they knew nothing of style and were gradually shamed—or perhaps frightened—into silence. After all, it has never been the normal, everyday man who has appreciated chic in women. The normal man likes his women pretty, feminine, and reasonably natural-looking. It is only a fairy who appreciates the ugliness of the most extreme chic. He is the one who is responsible for the fact that women are no longer pretty. That is to say, that prettiness, per se, is no longer their chief goal. Hollywood held out for a long while, because Hollywood realized the importance of sex appeal. To fight this, the fashionables of the country launched a sneering campaign against this last stronghold of feminine charm. "To dress like a movie actress" became the ultimate in insults. If you said a woman looked "typically Hollywood," it meant that she dressed in such a way as to emphasize her appeal as a female—and this was definitely—but definitely!—not chic.

Because most women look youngest and prettiest with their hair in soft waves around their faces, it is now smart to wear your hair pulled severely up on top of your head, letting your ears wave in the breeze and exposing your neckline in back—usually the least attractive part of a woman's head. You are permitted a few stiff, sculptured curls for ornament, into which you stick birds, imitation hands cut off at the wrists, bunches of grapes, or practically anything else you can find around the house.

Because everyone knows that a high-heeled, round-toed opera pump is the most flattering to a lady's foot and ankle, the crafty designers last season came out with heelless, shapeless numbers curling up in long points like medieval moccasins. The latest thing, I hear, is a sandal mounted on a three-inch-thick cork sole, on which you can totter around the ballroom and be chic as all get-out, if a little awkward.

Because long skirts are more graceful on the majority of women, short skirts are in again. Because normal females are constructed with posteriors to which a flared skirt is kinder, there is now a movement afoot to bring back the hobble skirt. Because elbow-length sleeves are the most awkward, they are now the most chic, even on fur coats. And so it goes. Women will wear anything if they think it is smart—and pay any amount for it. The fairies have played on this—at first hesitatingly, but now throwing caution to the winds, because they know anything goes: enormous, horse-blanket safety pins for brooches, bunches of carrots and radishes instead of flowers; a gigantic lobster right smack in the rear of your dance frock; flower pots bottom-side-up on your head; a necklace of sheep bells around your throat. (This last comes under the head of "witty jewelry." The very phrases in the fashion magazines are themselves a dead give-away as to the perverse origin of the styles. What normal man would ever describe his cuff-links as witty? Or refer to his new hat as "enormously amusing?" This is, frankly, the bunk. But women fall for it. There was a sentence in a recent fashion article about jewelry which keeps ringing in my ears. It said: "Much to everyone's surprise, little finger rings are in again." It conjures up such a quaint picture:—people all over the world running around, startled half out of their wits, exclaiming incredulously, "My dear, have you *heard?* Little finger rings are in again!" My, I bet they were surprised! War in China, war in Spain, strikes in America:—those, apparently, are what people are used to. It takes little finger rings to surprise them.)

The more incongruous a fashion is, the more chic—and the more expensive. It is the same way with beauty preparations. Cold cream with gold in it; cold cream with turtle oil. Now what in the world has a turtle got that any sane woman would want? I have even heard of one house which used as a facial mask something purported to derive from a cow's after-birth. This, naturally, was fabulously expensive.

Yes, it has all gone too far. It is time to call a halt. The arbiters of chic have made a burlesque out of women's clothes—a slapstick travesty of fashion. And it looks as if it were done with malice aforethought. Something ought to be done about it.

The world of fashion is riddled with fairies. Their precious influence is manifest not only in clothes, but in interior decoration: the revival of Victorian monstrosities such as bronze female statues with clocks in their

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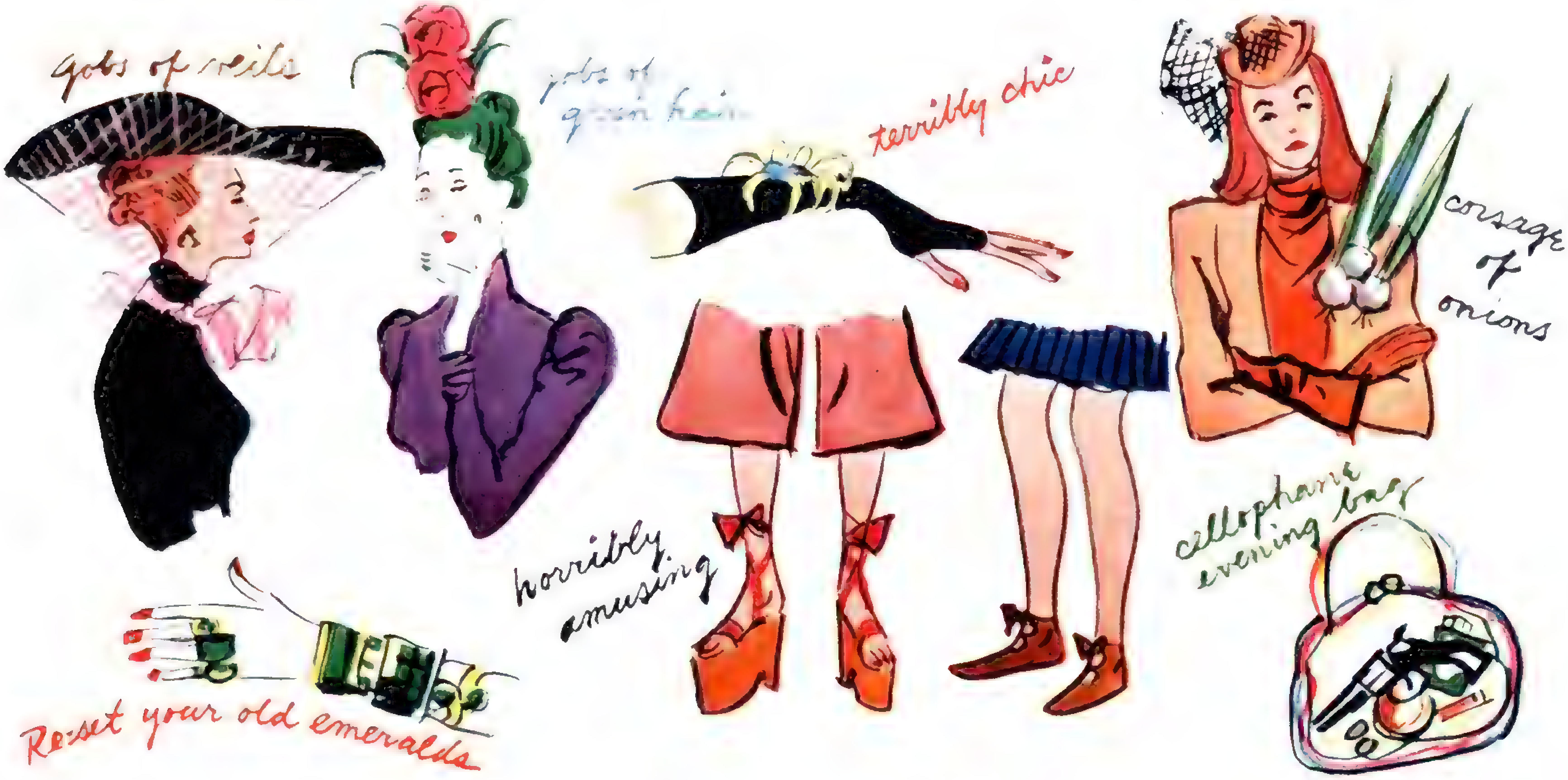
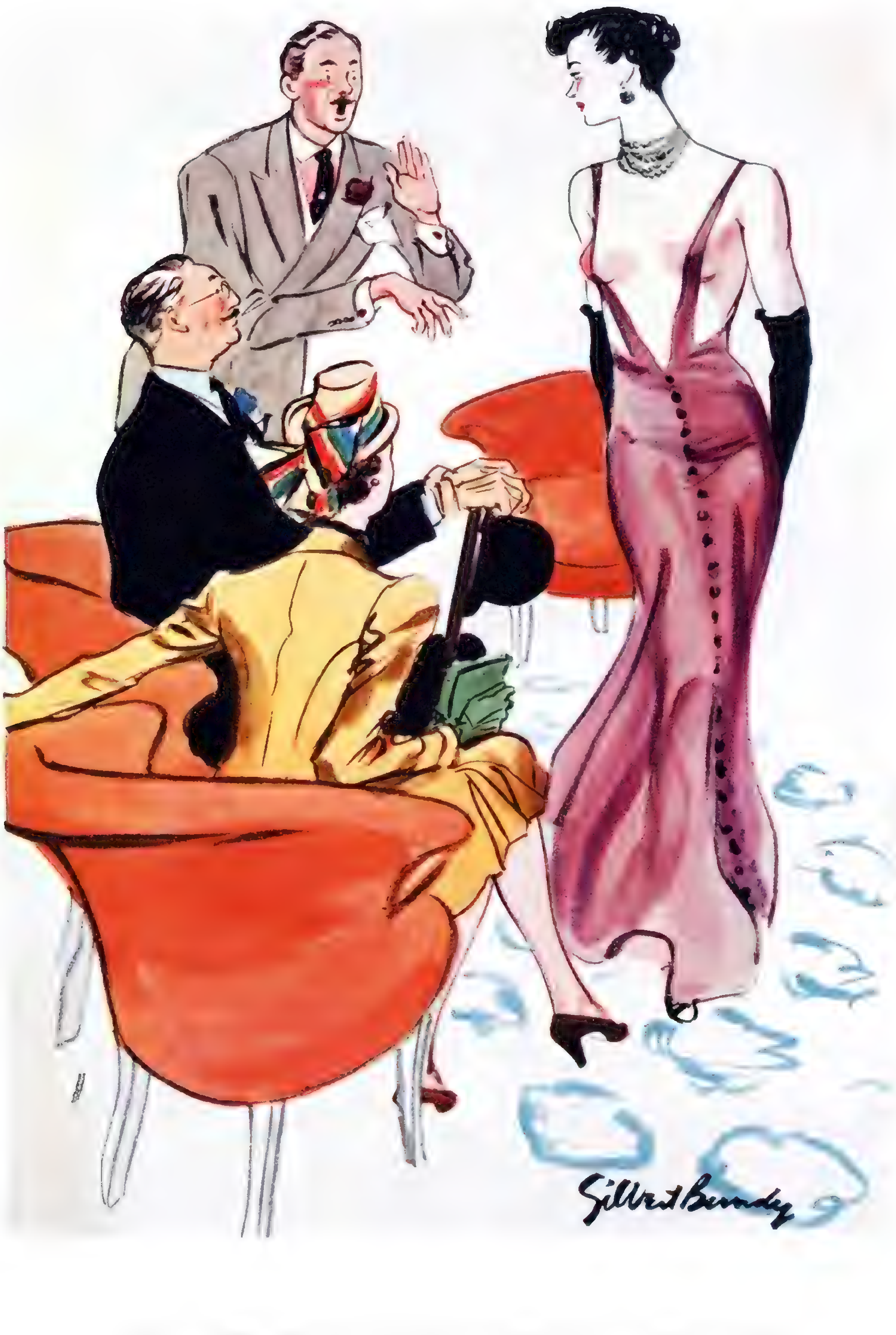
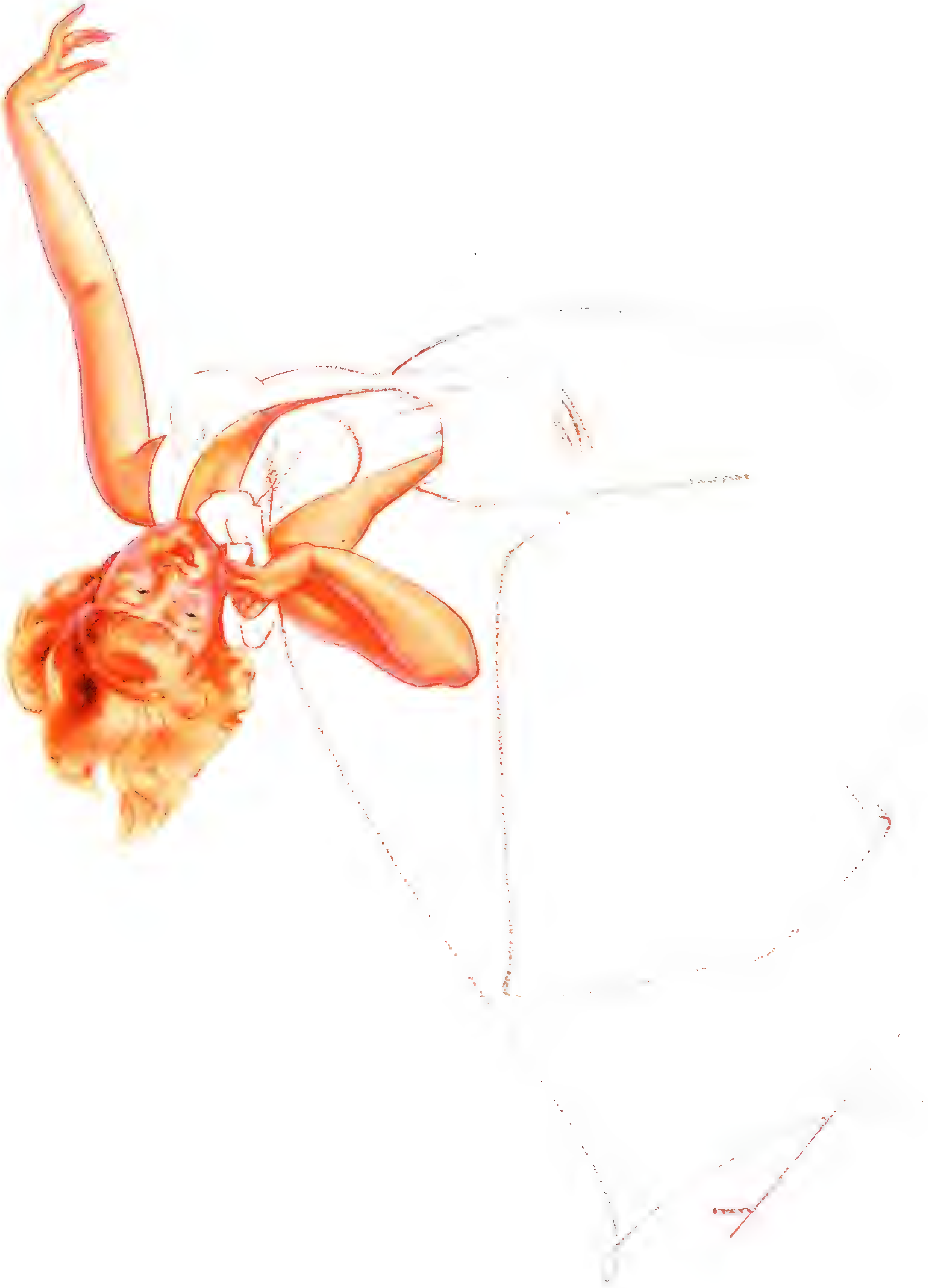



Gilbert Bundy

*"No, no, Miss Balcom—this model buttons up the back!"*



*"Western Union? Send a boy—a big boy"*

# A Case of Conscience

### She was perfectly sincere when she swore to her dying husband that she would not marry again

### by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

• FICTION •

The woman I saw enter my office had a ravishing face, of a grave and sweet beauty. Her charm recalled that of forests and gardens during the days which precede autumn, when the colors are still those of summer, yet here and there a leaf hardly tinged with rust adds to their brilliance an unexplainable, melancholy grace.

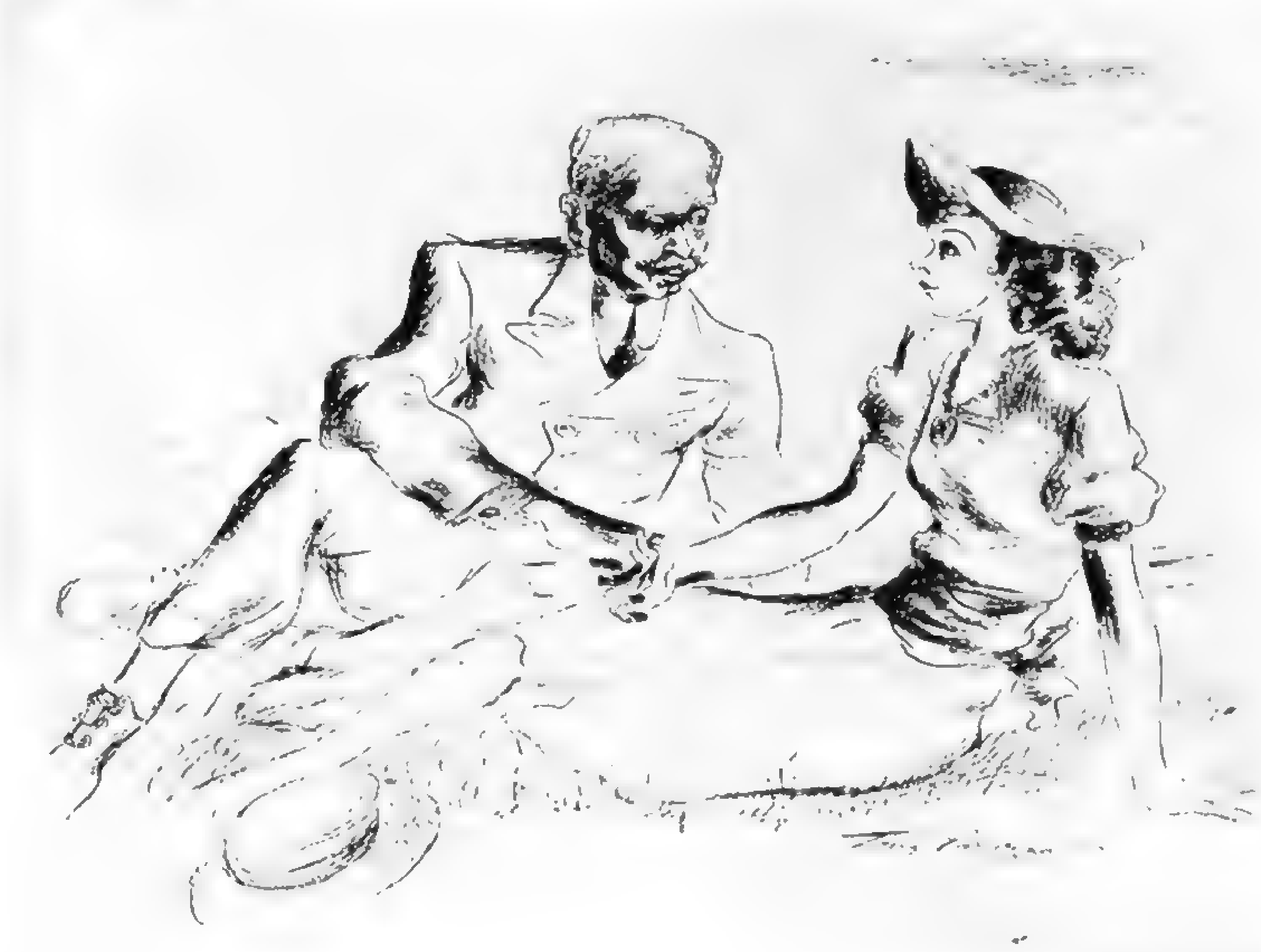
"I apologize," she said, "for coming to tell you of my uneasiness and my scruples. Since I became a widow, I've led my own life, and believed I could see where my duty lay easily enough. Now I no longer know. In my confusion I thought that if my case were submitted to an impartial mind it could judge it better than I. I was told that you would agree to listen to me; this explains my visit."

"What you ask me is not easy," I said. "Every sentimental situation is a question of shadings and details. In the course of a brief conversation could you tell me enough? It depends on you, madame. . . . Try to make me know the people who are the heroes of your conflict. . . . On my part I will try to understand them."

"I will do my best," she said. "To begin with one of these people is certainly known to you, at least by name; it is he who was my husband. Many Frenchmen held him to be an admirable man. He was even more admirable than the public knew. I knew him in my parents' house. He was a great friend of my father and almost as old. Since childhood I had heard him praised, and had heard the story of his life. You know, don't you, that he came from a very poor family, that he made his career in the colonies, that the prodigious results he obtained in Africa and the esteem his character inspired in everyone made him chosen for a directorship in the ministry, and then an embassy? My father used to speak of him with admiration and enthusiasm. When, like so many young girls of eighteen, I became rebellious and nervous it was their most intimate friend my parents asked to scold me. They were stupefied when an irresistible and mutual love was born from these conversations. 'But it is impossible,' said my father. 'Oliver is almost fifty years old. You can't marry someone who in ten or twelve years will be an old man.' These words were naturally without effect and after long and vain discussions, our marriage was celebrated."

"And it was happy?"

"Marvelously happy. I would have to have a novelist's talent to paint this perfect union for you. I not only loved my husband, I venerated him. Never in the fifteen years that our marriage lasted did I see him do a single thing which was not noble and generous. I had become his secretary, and consequently the witness of his public as well as of his private life: both could inspire only respect and affection. There was nothing pompous or severe in him; his character so noble was yet gentle. When the children grew up (we had two: a boy and a girl) their father was a friend to them and a companion in their games as well as an example. Even during the war, when he was working day and night, going sometimes twenty-four hours without sleep, his temper and fairness remained unchangeable. Alas, only I saw him fading from week to week. At the time of the Armistice he was already worn out. Perhaps a long rest would have saved him then, but during the years following the war, he wanted, on the contrary, to take a very active part in the reorganization of Alsace. By the end of 1927 it was no longer possible to have any illusions about his condition."



"You knew him to be lost?"

"Not only did I know him to be lost but he himself had no hope. And now the only weakness I ever observed in this energetic man took place. Oliver had no fear of death, but he loved me (I can say it without vanity after so many years) jealously, fiercely, distractedly. The idea of leaving me was insupportable to him. During the winter 1928-1929, I had taken him to the Midi; one day when we were seated on a rock between Monaco and Villefranche looking at the waves, and dreaming in silence, my husband suddenly said, 'Swear to me that if I leave you alone with the children you will never give them a step-father.'—'How foolish,' I said, 'the question hasn't come up, you are going to recover.'—'Perhaps,' he said, 'but just by chance, you will swear it? I would feel more peaceful.' So I took the oath he asked—I was sincere. I knew he was the most irreplaceable of men, and the idea of calling another my husband seemed inconceivable to me. A few months later he died."

"Your children were then . . .?"

"My son twelve, my daughter eleven."

"Did they love their father as much as you did? Did they feel their loss vividly or, as it often happens with such youngsters, did they quickly forget him?"

"They have not forgotten. Brought up by him during their entire childhood they have acquired a little of his gravity and of his moral intransigeance. And how could they forget him, near me, who lived only to preserve his memory? Each time I have had to make a decision for them I have asked myself 'What would Oliver have wanted?' I have spoken to them so often of our marvelous happiness that they both have formed an idea of marriage that is more than human, and of which I am almost frightened."

"Because you're afraid life cannot bring them what you had the luck to know?"

"Yes, and for another reason too, that I ought to tell you now. . . . For several years I lived surrounded by pictures of my husband, rereading the smallest notes written by him, watching so that his name and work would not be too forgotten, and above all enjoying myself in seeing so many traits that I adored in him reborn little by little in his children. And doubtless my life was gliding on toward the threshold of old age, if the depression, devaluation, and high cost of living had not slowly made life almost impossible for us. I could no longer bring up our children with my widow's pension and my very small income. I looked for work. My husband once made me a secretary. He used to like to say (and I think to believe) that I was a good one. His name, everywhere held in great esteem, was a powerful recommendation for me. Soon a man you know well, whose name I prefer not to mention now, and who is a man of affairs and a man of action at the same time, took me as a collaborator."

Continued on page 152

# Who Will Win the War in Spain?

### Because they lack supplies, the Fascist countries are trying to conquer Spain by "lightning war"

### by LUDWIG RENN

• ARTICLE •

The two parties involved in the Spanish war have to be compared from several points of view before an opinion of their possibilities of victory can be formed. The most important points are:

The condition of the army.

The relationship of the army to the people.

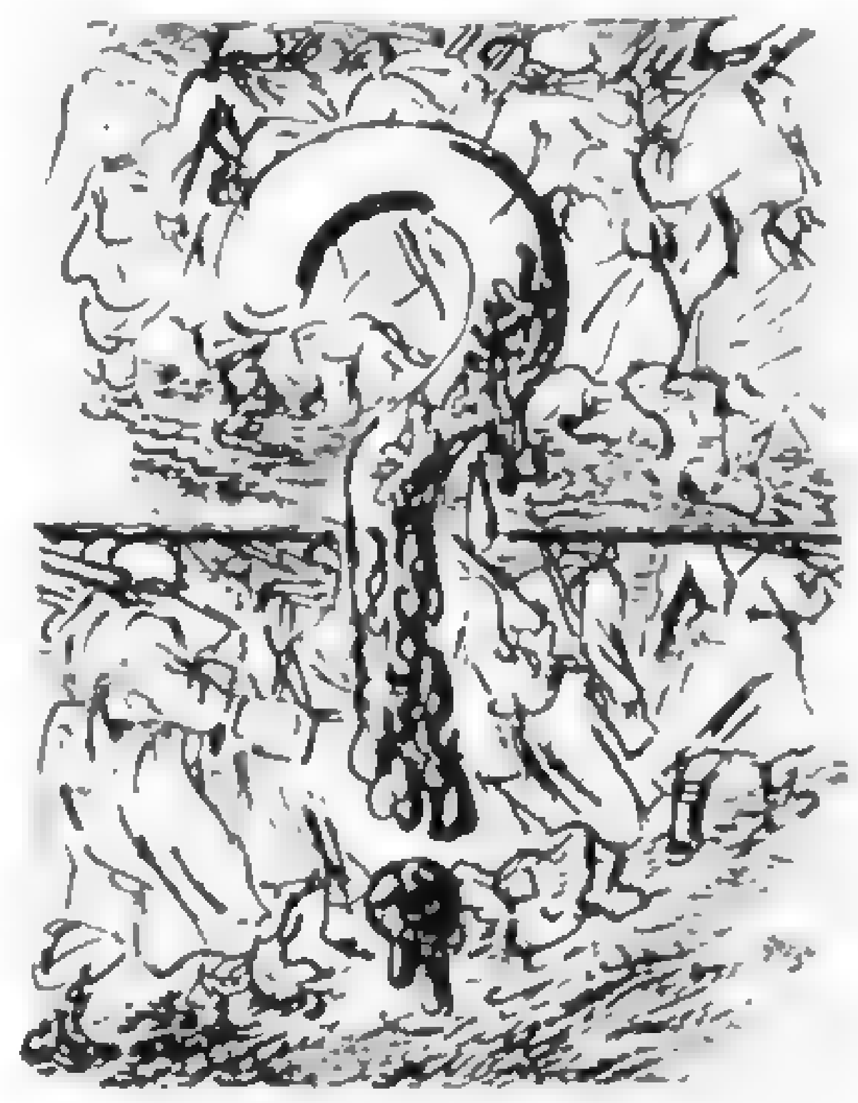
The foreign policy and the economic conditions.

I

At the beginning of the war in Spain it was hardly possible to speak of an army, since the parts of the army were neither united nor at equal stages of development.

In Catalonia the Anarchists, who composed the nucleus of the troops, in the early days stormed the barracks almost without arms and killed the reactionary officers, or took them prisoner. But afterwards, when battle fronts were drawn up, they insisted upon the antiquated form of barricade fighting and the mere defense of villages instead of advancing toward the enemy. They thought that only fighting behind barricades was revolutionary and proletarian. In reality this meant taking the defensive, indecisive tactic, and abandoning the initiative to the enemy.

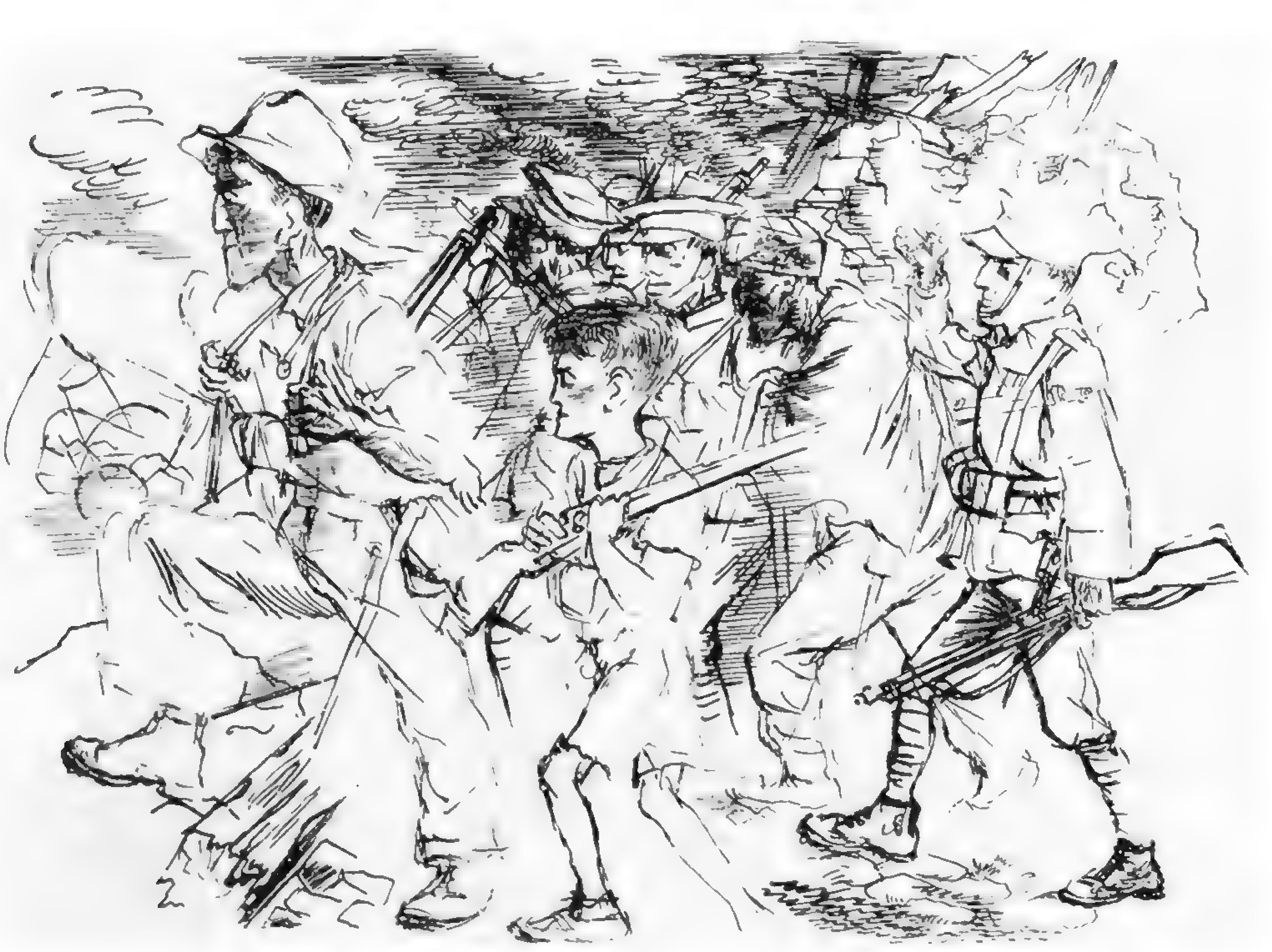
If one merely defends oneself, one does not need much military training beside ability to shoot. Furthermore, how can a party that refuses any kind of discipline use military training? So the Anarchist troops of Catalonia simply swarmed around in Barcelona and didn't do anything. Suddenly the German and Italian volunteers appeared. The Germans formed the Thälmann centuria. That was only a company. They began at once to drill. All Barcelona laughed. "These Germans! Just as in the days of Wilhelm!"



But people also wondered what these Germans were doing, and they flocked to the suburbs to watch the exercises. Each day more people came. One day a whole Spanish battalion, officers and men, came out, beginning to think perhaps it was not so stupid to rehearse a battle. Some of the Anarchist leaders continued to ridicule the Germans, but a few troops followed the example and began to drill.

Unfortunately it was not Anarchists alone who thought discipline superfluous in volunteer troops fighting a just cause. The Communists shared the opinion that barricade fighting was the only one appropriate to them. On the other hand, Anarchist leaders like Durutti, and later Mera, thought discipline absolutely necessary.

One incident alone to indicate conditions in a Communist battalion: In October, 1936, I met in Madrid an old acquaintance, Harry Domela, known for his book *The False Prince.* Every day he came to see me with his old friend, who was a bull fighter—a peaceable, gentle soul—to ask for information about one or another military question, since in their own battalion, which was lying in one of the suburbs of Madrid, they could not learn a thing. The recruits received ten pesetas every day, strolled around and drank. But my friends were very discontented with this sort of life. Domela asked me to do something about it. I told him that he himself must put the whole case before the Political Commissar of his battalion. Domela thought that this would not help, but finally they went to see him. The Political Commissar was very much astonished when more and more soldiers began to fill his room. They asked, at first very quietly, but then more and more loudly, and finally at the tops of their lungs, for more military service, better drill and stricter discipline. He promised to speak about it at once to the battalion commander, and the latter felt the complaint to be directed against him, assuming the attitude of one facing rebellion. He called all his officers, and surrounded by them, received the soldiers' delegation. Here again they began their demands modestly, but closed with great emphasis and energy.

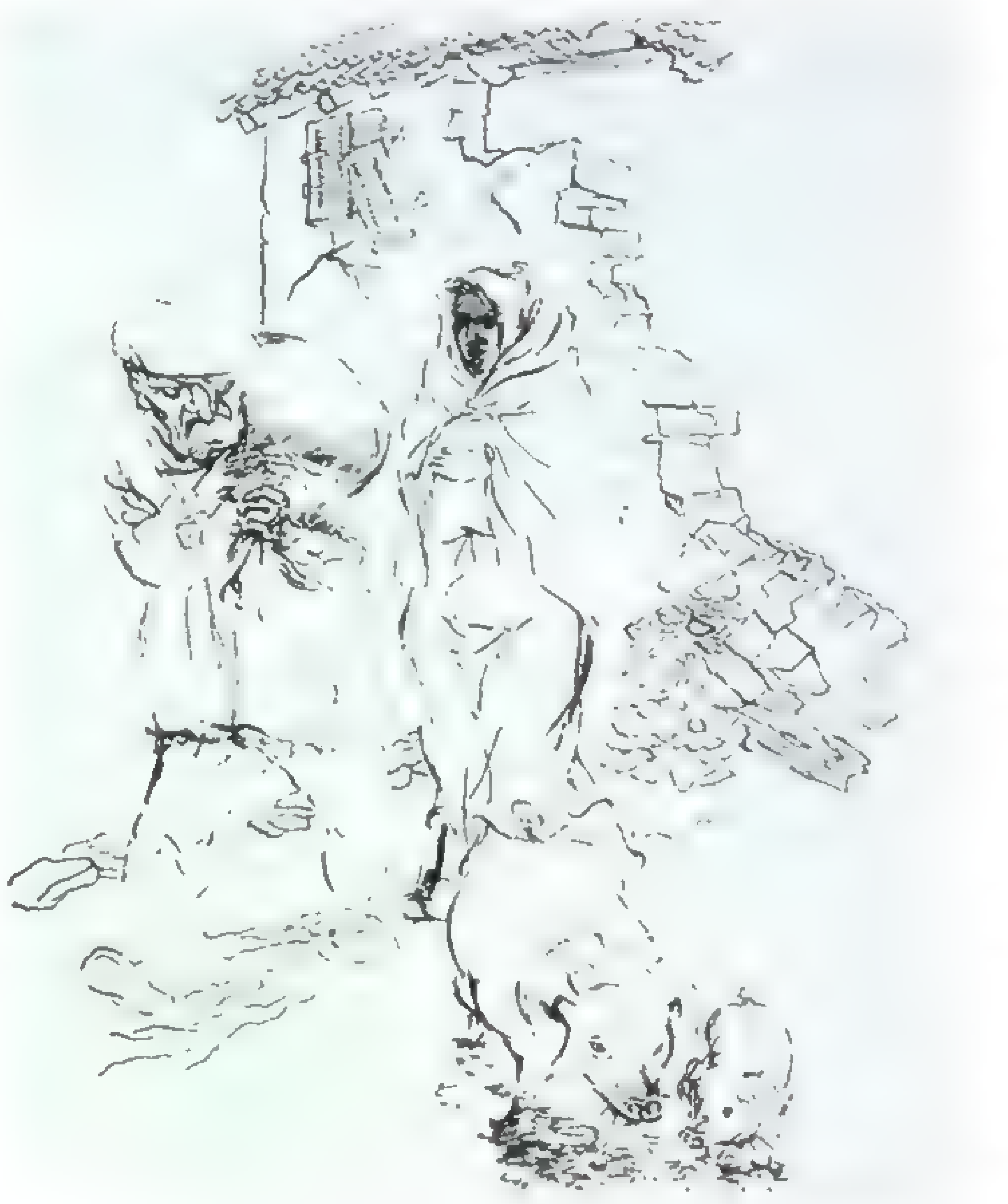


The major was terribly shocked to find his officers aligned with the soldiers, because, as it became evident, he had not the slightest knowledge of military training. He promised to introduce more discipline, and ordered a capable training officer.

At that time I was working at the war commissariat in Madrid, and tried to get some pamphlets published for the untrained soldiers, which would contain the simplest and most rudimentary rules of warfare. I say *tried*, because hardly anything I wrote at that time was printed. In these pamphlets I insisted that during the battle one should be well protected, and showed how trenches should be constructed. To the leading persons in the Commissariat this seemed un-Spanish and unheroic. Largo Caballero was then Minister President and enjoyed great popularity which he has since lost altogether. He declared that the Spanish people refused to creep into holes, and that they would meet the enemy with upright breasts. This declaration almost cost the lives of the entire Republican army. All the warnings of the military advisers were disregarded. Not one experience from the World War was put to use.

The Fascists surrounded the antiquated barricades and captured village strongholds one after another, with ease. The Republican volunteers had no redoubts behind which to find cover from tanks and airplanes. Largo Caballero had coined the heroic phrase and was now harvesting the flight of his troops.

Fortunately, one group recognized the danger, and acted. This was the Fifth Regiment, at first composed solely of the Communist troops before Madrid; this regiment later became the main army which has turned back all the great offensives of Franco, and today fights on all the fronts in Spain.



When, in the first days of October, 1936, Franco was steadily approaching Madrid, the Fifth Regiment tried to defend everything they could, but without success. Then at the last moment the First International Brigade, known as the Eleventh Brigade, was thrown before Madrid, and a few days later the Second International Brigade. This was a daring maneuver, since the Second brigade was wholly untrained. With the remnant of the Thälmann centuria, decimated in a reckless attack, and the volunteers of thirteen nations, I formed a new Thälmann battalion in one morning, and that same afternoon we left by train for the front. Most of these volunteers had never had a rifle in their hands, but with these men we saved Madrid and brought the war to a decisive turn:

The "lightning war" which Hitler and Mussolini had counted upon, was now destined to be a long drawn out campaign.

We saved Madrid with untrained volunteers because they were men who knew well what they were fighting for, and because they were not too young, but had the endurance of maturity.

One day I wanted to send a Jugoslavic group out on patrol. I asked if perhaps one of them could make a sketch of the enemy position. They smiled: "To tell you the truth, all of us can draw." I was astonished and asked: "How does that happen?" "Well, in our group of only ten we have six engineers."

I have given you a picture of our army at the beginning of the war: an army of undisciplined party troops, sacrificing themselves to a false heroism and guided by rules of fighting impossible to modern warfare. In October, 1936, we had no tanks, scarcely any planes, and a supply of arms so limited that infantry men went forward unarmed, to take up the rifles of the fallen. Our ammunition was almost negligible. Today we have a modern army, well equipped, with planes, tanks and the latest anti-tank guns. Today, with the disappearance of the last of the party troops, we have a unified command, discipline, and up-to-date training. And the little war has become a great one.

## II

Also our feeling toward the Fascist rank-and-file has been modified. Hatred on both sides was at first so intense that prisoners were executed immediately. But while with us were solely the anti-Fascist troops, with them, other than Phalangists and Requetes, there were only the Foreign Legionnaires and the Moors who were lured into Franco's army, and who had no idea of humane warfare. Besides, Franco's German and Italian military advisers regarded concentration camps, tortures, extortions and murder as legitimate methods.

At the very start of the fighting we began to propagandize against the execution of prisoners. For, we said, we want to win Franco's soldiers; we want them to come over to our side. But how could we persuade anyone to come over, when they felt that they would be shot. The Anarchists said: "The Fascists are murdering our people—why should we spare theirs?" At first it really seemed as if we were not going to be successful with our policy.

After Franco failed to take Madrid in early November, he resorted to mass recruiting to put new troops into action at the beginning of January, 1937, near Las Rozas to the west of Madrid. From these troops came the first deserters, and they told us something which at first we would not believe: Only after they had shown us their release papers from the prisons were we convinced that they were largely Anarchists, Communists, and other anti-Fascists, to whom the Fascists had put an alternative: either you join the army and fight for us, or you will be shot. Of course they joined the army, but now, night after night, singly or by twos and threes, they came over to our ranks, and during the whole battle brought us reliable information from the other side. At that time, however, desertion had not yet become a mass phenomenon, and after this battle it stopped.

Already in October, 1936, when we worked together at the war commissariat, Gustav Regler had composed leaflets to be dropped from planes behind the Fascist lines. They were printed only in February, 1937. Again the initiative came from us. The Political Commissariat of the Eleventh Brigade, which consisted mainly of Germans, edited these pamphlets, translated them into Spanish, and delivered them to the aviators. At the same time, in the battle on the Jarama, we began loudspeaker propaganda. When we learned from the deserters what an impression our loudspeaker had made on Franco's troops, we decided to let the deserters speak themselves.

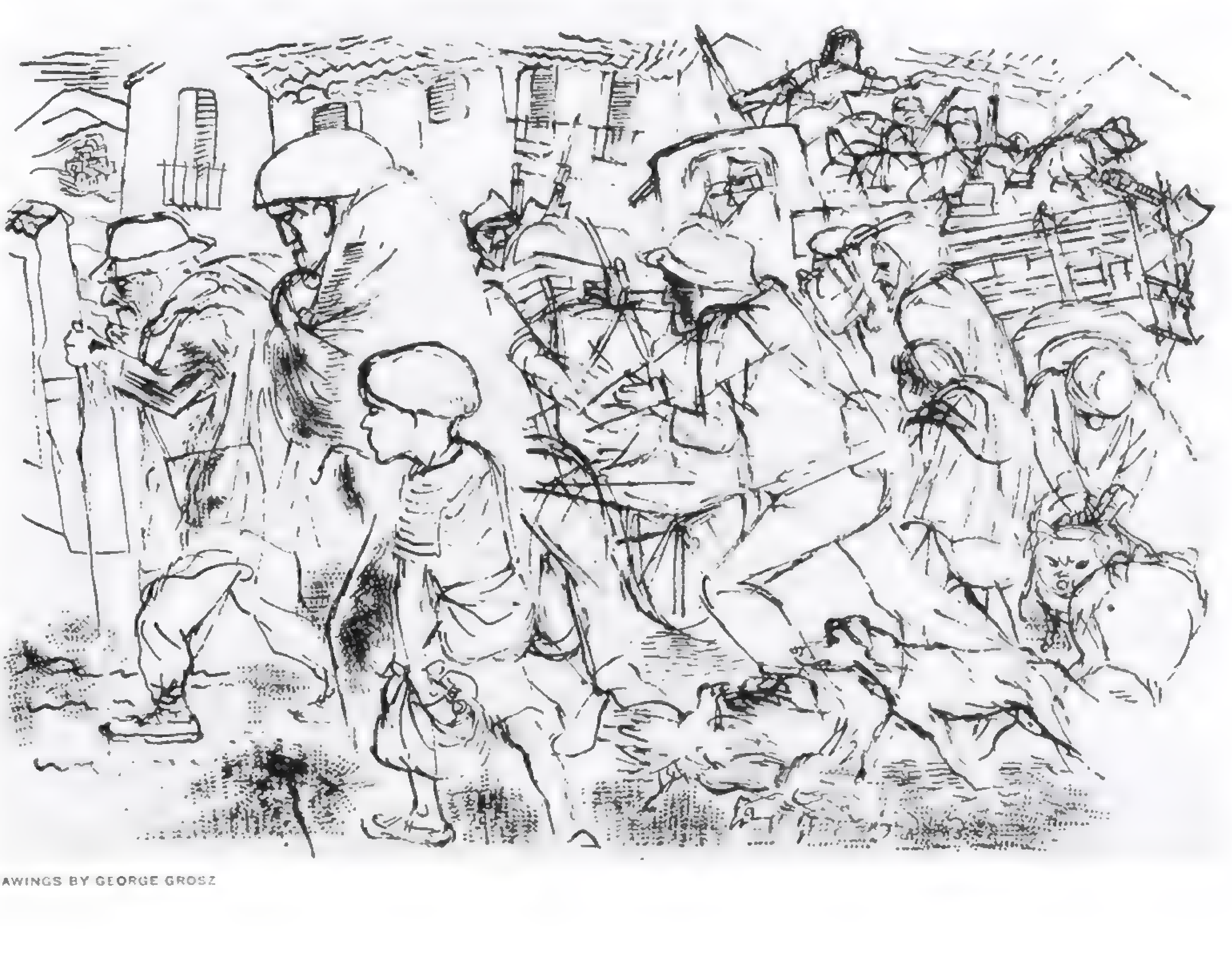
To one of them, who seemed amenable, we tried to teach a few sentences to say over the loudspeaker. But it didn't work. He could not remember them, and they didn't sound right in his mouth. Well, then we would try without rehearsing!

On the night of the first of March the loudspeaker was again taken to the front lines, followed by several autos. In one of them sat our small, slight deserter between a foreign newspaperwoman and a huge German Political Commissar. At first he was very happy and smoked, but then the whole situation began to seem grim to him.

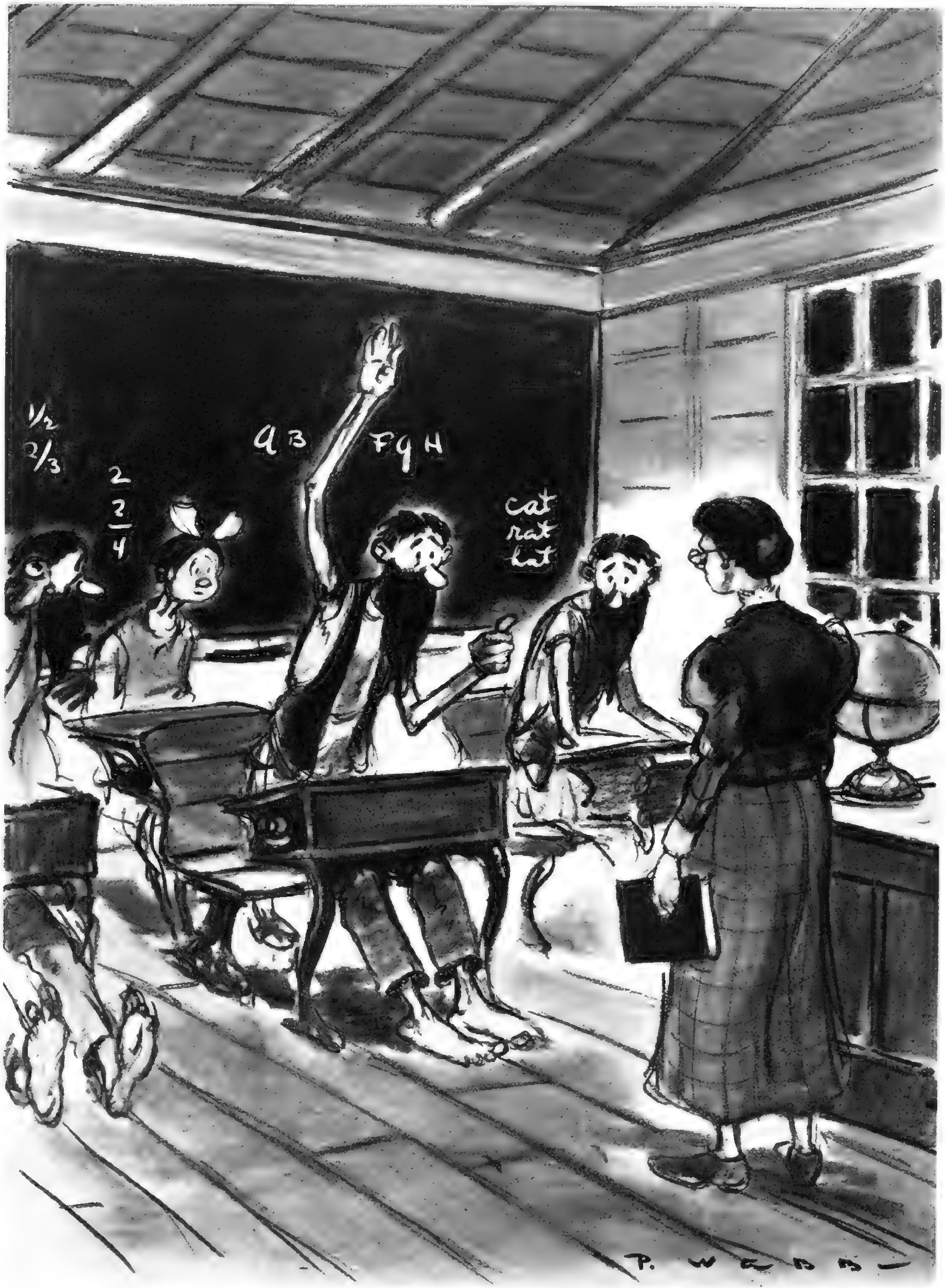
We left the cars. Olive trees stood soft and pale against the sky. Black, there stood the enormous loudspeaker. The deserter knew only that there were strange machines in this car; he did not quite understand what the whole business meant. When we asked him to step into the car, he refused.

We discussed what should be done. Then the newspaperwoman said in obscure bad Spanish: "What do you think should happen to you?" And somehow this seemed to make an impression on him. He stepped into the car, hesitatingly. The operator whispered some instructions to him, and he began to speak haltingly—then he heard his own voice.

*Continued on page 123*



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ


1/2
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cat
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hat
P. WEBB

*"'T ain't me has to leave the room, teacher—it's Jake—he's got a sore arm"*

# Heavenly and Earthly Love

### Each had a mistress who might easily have modeled for the study in contrasts by Titian

### by FERENC MOLNAR

• SATIRE •

Evening. A soft foggy vapor slowly descends upon the Stephaniestrasse, while the lights from the distant street lanterns glimmer from out of the distance. From the city the muffled clatter of wagons sounds as though coming from a heavily carpeted room. Two gentlemen promenade upon the Stephaniestrasse in the middle of the carriage road where the fiacres hastily roll along on a happy, dusty Sunday afternoon.

The First (giving himself credit for being about to say something exceptionally clever): "I am inclined to believe that sensual and spiritual love among women is never equally distributed. Titian is right."

The Second: "Why is Titian right?"

The First: "Because he painted the lovely picture *Heavenly and Earthly Love*. It shows two women. The one is nothing but heavenly joy and peace. The second is nothing but fleshly sensuality. It is thus also in life."

(He puffs deeply upon his cigar as one who has solved a problem. He is proud and happy.)

The Second: "You believe that, really?"

The First: "Yes. I cannot help it. I am a simple fellow and I love luxuriant women. The soulful life is beautiful, as are the pangs of love; yet as far as I am concerned all such folly evaporates from my head when my lips glide over the lips of a woman. Delicately and hot, over a woman's lovely red mouth. At such times I feel as if tiny sparks of electricity were flying from one hot, dry pair of lips to the other."

The Second: "Women train one."

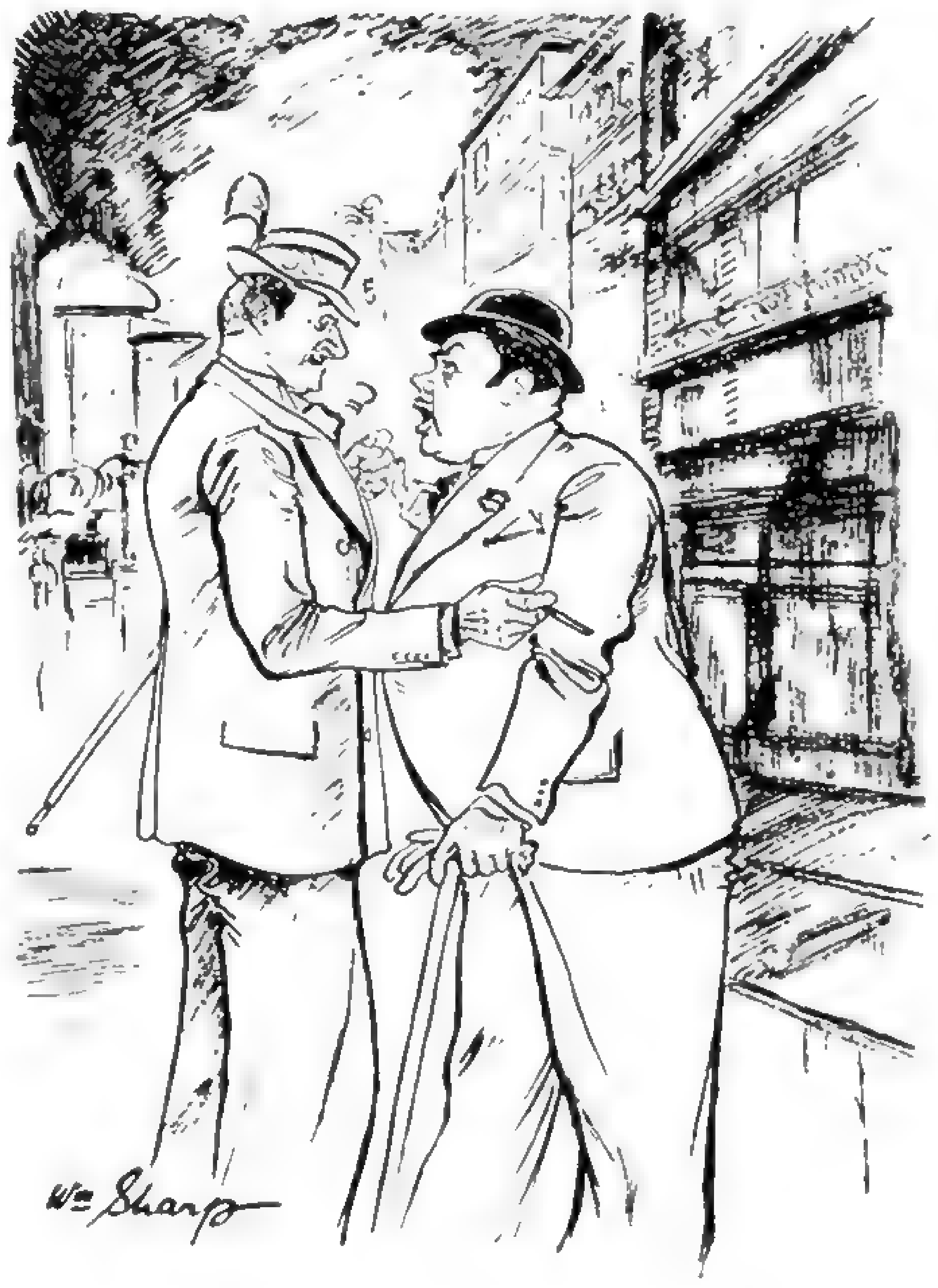
The First: "How so?"

The Second: "A man may be trained for all things. It seems . . . this lady . . . don't be afraid, I'm not the least inquisitive . . . that your lady is a sensuous being. And so you also dream of kisses. My lady . . . don't be afraid, I shall not be indiscreet . . . is very different. I really don't know. Perhaps it is because she is thin; but she somehow managed to train me her way. To recognize spiritual tenderness and joy-bringing friendship as the real basis and meaning of even such sinful relationships."

The First: "Perhaps; yes. A thin woman."

(He resumes smoking, since once more he feels that he has solved the problem upon the basis of natural science. He is well satisfied with himself.)

The Second: "She is refined and timid in love. She has beautiful thoughts. In love, the kiss serves her only as a background for her lovely, delicate thoughts. You will probably think I am just stupid. However, I feel that it is possible to part as brother and sister even after an afternoon spent in the sweetest kind of intimacy. Suffused with a glowing, happy peace and the quiet of an unclouded memory in our hearts."



The First: "There are so many varieties of women! When I leave my lady, I feel like a wild male that goes stalking and bellowing through the forest because some one has torn him from the side of his mate. And she also leaves me as a proper female should. With bleeding lips, a wild longing, an amative hatred and a certain revengeful feeling in her heart. For sensuous love can never be completely satisfied."

(He smokes again for obvious reasons.)

The Second: "My lady could never understand such love making. She should learn to hate and despise me were I to talk in this fashion."

The First: "Mine should laugh at you were she to hear you talk. You know that when you set out to court a woman you try anything. And so I also tried some of those soulful jests. But she stopped me with such vehemence, that I lost all pleasure in that sort of thing for all time to come. Between us two there is never such talk. Kisses, kisses, embraces, burning, seething. To be aroused. To be insatiable! That's it!" (He smokes.)

The Second: "It is astonishing that we two should have met!"

The First: "How so?"

The Second: "Well, because we personify the two extremes. You live the love of the blood while I live the feelings of the soul. Yours is the voluptuous, aroused woman; while mine is the slender, pale woman."

The First: "Well, actually my lady really is not so voluptuous."

The Second: "And mine is not so very slender."

The First: "Mine is rather medium. Not too fat nor too thin. She just appears voluptuous."

The Second: "My lady leans towards the medium. She appears rather slender. Also, she is not pale, but rosy pale."

The First: "Mine also is not exactly chubby-faced. She is rosy. But fiery rosy."

The Second: "It would be great fun to bring these two women together. How would they converse with one another? I have heard of something written by a French dramatist. To go out in a quartet. To dine together!"

The First: "That wouldn't be possible. They may be acquainted already."

The Second: "You . . . The devil! How strange! Perhaps they really know one another?"

The First: "Perhaps they are actually friends."

The Second (with excitement): "Say . . ."

The First: (already half guessing what the other would say): "Well?"

The Second: "Say . . . if you tell me the name of your lady, I'll tell you the name of mine."

(They walk wordlessly alongside of each other for a while and the idea seems to please them both exceedingly. They are at present contemplating whether to reveal the name of the woman in question would be harmless business or base roguery.)

The First (after a long pause): "Give me your hand."

(The Second stretches out his hand.)

(They exchange a long manly handclasp, hard and firm, as their eyes meet in a strange look.)

The First: "Frau Katharine Szabo."

The Second: "How?"

(His eyes stare like those of a mad man.)

The First: "Now it's your turn."

The Second: "How? What? What did you say? What . . . did you say?"

The First: "Frau . . . Katharine Szabo."

The Second (grasps him by the arm): "You . . ."

The First: "Well? Well? What's the matter?"

The Second: "That is also the name of my lady!"

(A horrible silence.)

The First: "Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday."

The Second: "Monday, Wednesday and Friday."

(Another pause.)

The First: "And . . . Sunday?"

The Second (with tears in his eyes): "Who knows?"

The First: "And that is your spiritual lady?"

The Second: "Yes. The slender, pale and soulful lady. The heavenly love. The timid virgin."

*Continued at top of page 111*

# The Conquest of Mexico

### The Senator was so weary of people who understood the real Mexico that he welcomed a talk with Mrs. Morton

### *by* ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •

The long expanse of Lake Chapala is bounded by ribbed grey mountains, primitive villages, and stretches of bleak land, where the cactus is at home. Few intruders come here. In the narrow cobbled streets of the town the only moving figures are likely to be peasants from the countryside, burros laden with firewood or pottery, market-people, strolling musicians, shawled women, and perhaps an occasional drunken cavalier flashing by with silver spurs.

At the edge of the town stands the stucco-walled house of Mrs. Morton, that aged English lady who has lived here for many years and whom the natives have come to accept as one of the natural phenomena of the region, as they accept sun and storm and the Holy Virgin and bandits. Some of the villagers call her a nuisance, for she has given ferocious scoldings to more than one wife-beater; others adore her because of certain small secret benefactions. But they all know that she is part of Chapala now.

This evening she was sitting on her terrace overlooking the plumed garden of palms and the lake whose waters lapped at the foot of her sloping plot of ground. It was a scene of perfect peace. Above the expanse of water the stars were slowly making their appearance in the order of their magnitude, like ceremonious dignitaries entering a vast dim hall of state. With sublime indifference to the fate of man they moved across the darkening sky.

Mrs. Morton's thoughts turned from this tranquil scene to the present-day confusions of Europe; and then her memory swept back to the years of the Great War. Life could never be quite the same again to anyone who had lived through those years.

Her reflections were interrupted by the appearance of her white-clad house-boy Pedro. Noticing that his manner was bustling and important, she decided to tease him a little.

"And what do you want now, Pedro? Can't your household accounts wait until tomorrow? Don't you see that I'm busy thinking? Don't you ever like to do any thinking yourself?"

Pedro did not deign to reply; he felt too sure of his own momentary strategic position. He smiled and produced from behind his back a silver tray on which lay a calling-card.

"A Señor wishes to see the Señora. A very fine Señor! An American—but he looks like a real *caballero* in spite of that."

Mrs. Morton knew that Pedro deeply disapproved of the way she had of making friends with the peasants and fishermen of Chapala, and that he was always gratified when a real gentleman from the outside world came to call. "Very well, Pedro. I will see the Señor."

Pedro hastened away. A moment later a tall figure appeared in the lighted doorway of the living-room and stood uncertain, peering out into the darkness of the terrace.

"Mrs. Morton? Am I to come out there?" a grave voice enquired.

She rose to greet her guest. The card said merely "Mr. Johnstone Harlan Connor," but she knew that he was Senator Connor, an important person and a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. Her old friend Maud Pemberton had written her from the Embassy at Washington that he was about to visit Mexico—"and if he comes to call on you, as I have told him he surely must do, I hope you will not be too busy to receive him." The letter had made her laugh: what did Maud Pemberton suppose her life was like, that she should be too busy to see the Senator? Of course she would see him; she only hoped that he would turn out to be one of those remarkable Tammany politicians she had read of, who have an illiterate Irish accent and several safe-deposit boxes stuffed with money, and numberless indigent relatives whose poverty is urged as an explanation of the boxes.

She saw at once that her guest bore no resemblance to the ideal politician of her dreams. He was a tall spare man, very erect, with white hair, a clipped white moustache and black eyes. His bearing was composed, meditative and shyly amiable—as if he would like to break through the barrier of his own formality but did not quite know how. She liked him instantly, with rather more warmth of feeling than she usually felt toward strangers.

"I am glad to see you, Senator. Please sit in that chair, where the light from the living-room will not shine into your eyes but where I can see your face. I do not like to talk to people whose faces I cannot see."

"Nor do I, Mrs. Morton. You know the old trick, of course—the trick of the lawyer or the doctor or the business man who seats his caller facing a bright window while his own face remains in shadow. I will not talk to such a man! If ever you do me the honor of coming to see me in my office in Washington, you will find that you are seated where an equal light shines on both our faces."

"I like that," she said. "Can you see my face now?"

"Yes." He looked at her, and then let his eyes wander over the panorama of the terrace, the garden of palms, the surface of the lake, and up to the vibrating stars that arched above the dark water. "What peace!" he said. "You have indeed chosen a perfect spot, have you not? Lady Pemberton said that it would be just like this."

She studied the man's face for a moment. There was a look of strain in his eyes and a touch of tragic melancholy around his lips. The thought flashed into her mind: "This is a man who is almost breaking under some intolerable burden." She waited for him to speak.

He said: "Lady Pemberton told me that you know more of the real Mexico than anyone else does."

"Certainly not! How absurd!" she said a little impatiently.

"Thank God! . . . May I smoke?"

"Please do."

He lighted a cigar. "I am so tired," he said slowly, "so desperately tired of people who understand Mexico. I think I must have met a thousand of them in Mexico City. Everyone from generals down to vendors of obscene post cards. And each one assured me that he alone understood the real Mexico. I myself don't understand Mexico"—he passed his hand wearily over his forehead—"but unfortunately it is a part of my serious business to understand it. You, however, are familiar with it, are you not?"

"All I know is the lives of a few simple people among whom I have lived for many years and whom I have loved."

"Ah! And what are these simple people like?"

"Those I know are very superstitious, very melancholy, very secretive people; they wish to be your friends, yet there is a mysterious veil between you. Sometimes their ancient Indian blood will flame up at the most unexpected moments—and then you don't know who or what they are."

"Ah!" he said. "Is the whole of Mexico like that?"

She looked at him a little scornfully. "One might as well say that one understands the whole of life as that one understands the whole of Mexico."

"But you love it, don't you?"

Something in his tragic eyes and slightly smiling mouth, something in his gently insistent voice, made her feel that she had known him for a long time. "Senator, I will tell you anything I can. What is it you are trying to get from me? Don't beat about the bush; just ask me. I bark but I don't bite—and I never repeat private conversations."

He reflected a moment, and then spoke deliberately. "Mrs. Morton, I am, as you perhaps know, a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. I need hardly say that this involves serious responsibilities. Especially in our relations with Mexico." He hesitated an instant, and then went on: "Furthermore, I should tell you that I am a devout Roman Catholic. I was born so, so was I brought up, so shall I die."

She nodded her head in gentle comprehension. Most of the Mexican Catholics were extremely ignorant and credulous people, and it always surprised her for an instant when she encountered a highly intellectual man who shared the same faith. Yet she was well aware that there were many such.

Mr. Connor continued—"As you know, the relations of the United States with Mexico have been dangerously strained at more than one time during past years. There has been a feeling that the commercial rights of Americans in Mexico have not been properly respected and that our government should take a firm stand to protect American interests. But thanks to several fortunate turns of events and to the tact of our late Minister, Mr. Dwight Morrow, we seemed to be on the way to a friendly working agreement. Of late, however, things have taken a bad turn. Outrages of a different nature have been perpetrated here—outrages of the most brutal kind. A good deal of harsh feeling has been stirred up in America—and I don't know where the matter will end."

"You mean the Mexican Government's attack on the Catholic Church?"

"Yes. You see, though the Catholics in the United States are a minority, they are a very powerful minority. And many of them bitterly resent the oppression of their fellow-believers that is taking place."

"I can sympathize with their feelings," Mrs. Morton said. "It must be very disturbing to them, enjoying the complete religious liberty of your own country and seeing their fellow-Catholics across the border denied those rights. But these are personal feelings. How does this affect international relations?"

"In this way," Senator Connor said wearily. "I, in Washington, am nowadays beset by demands from certain portions of the Catholic press, from individual Catholics and from some of our most devoted clergy, insisting that action be taken to end this horrible nightmare of religious persecution in Mexico. Can we permit Christianity in Mexico to share the fate of Christianity in Russia? A few weeks ago, one of the extremists among our very high prelates talked with me for a long time with deep eloquence and emotion; and he sorely troubled my conscience by suggesting that it might be my duty to instigate decisive action and save the Church in Mexico. It was his feeling that this must be done at any cost. 'At any cost!' Those were his precise words; and he is not a man who uses words lightly. He is a careful man."

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"And what did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said that I could give no present reply—that it was a matter of so grave a nature that I did not wish to come to a hasty conclusion. I told him that I would go to Mexico, as a private tourist, and see whether I could learn anything with my own eyes."

"You have honest eyes," Mrs. Morton said. She peered at him. "Have they revealed anything to you?"

"Nothing that I did not know before. The determination of the Government here to destroy the Church seems fixed and unalterable."

She asked: "But just what is it that your Catholic friends are asking you to do?"

"They want me to urge upon the American people that it is our duty to civilization to regard this problem as our own—that we must defend the ideal of religious freedom on the American continent."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean—send in an army and annex Mexico."

"Annex Mexico! Surely you are joking, Senator?"

"Joking? Would to God that I were!"

She paused, and then asked: "And who is behind this proposal?"

"A considerable number of sensitive and right-minded Catholics are behind it."

"And? . . . And who else?" she asked cynically.

He closed his eyes. "Yes, you have guessed what is making me so sick at heart. It is not religious idealists alone who are concerned about the matter. Certain very powerful and utterly unscrupulous oil and mining interests are also behind it; and nothing would suit them better than to have the Church set in motion a wave of American indignation against Mexico. Their holdings in Mexico are vast; and for years the Mexican Government has prevented them from exploiting them. I could give you accurate facts and figures if I had my brief case here—but to speak generally, many millions of acres of their oil and mineral land would be quintupled in value by our intervention. The matter runs into billions of dollars. Do you see?"

"Perfectly," Mrs. Morton said. She was unable to keep the bitterness out of her voice.

"What shall I do?" Senator Connor exclaimed, throwing out his hands in a wide gesture—the only gesture he had used since his arrival. "What shall I do? Tell me what to do! I don't know what to do. I can't bear the thought of this suppression of religion in Mexico; it is a crime against God. Yet I would rather imperil my soul than send a single American boy out to be killed in these tragic hills if the end in view were merely to make money for American speculators. Tell me what to do. I don't know what to do."

His speech failed to move her. She said calmly: "Your rich friends who own Mexican oil can doubtless interpret God's will to you. Don't ask me!"

He did not reply; a wave of pain swept over his face. Immediately she regretted her taunt. She realized that this was a perplexed man, an honest man, probably a poor man.

As if reading her thoughts, he said suddenly: "Of course, you must understand that I myself have no oil investments. I haven't any investments. I have never in my life had more than a few thousand dollars to call my own."

Mrs. Morton suddenly saw this scene as if if were a picture painted by some ancient Dutch artist in days long since past. She ceased for a moment to be a participant and became only a spectator. She saw a white-haired woman of eighty sitting on a terrace between the lamp-light of the living-room and the starlight of the sky—and facing that figure was a spare erect man with grim lips and tragic eyes. It became wholly a picture to her, devoid of immediate reality. She saw the two faces; she saw the two pairs of old lips vividly depicted as if they were actually moving in real life; but no sound came from the picture. What the old lips appeared to be saying were figments of a dream; they could affect nothing. Around this handsomely painted picture, out under the dark dome of

*Continued on page 176*

# The France and Germany of Asia

## Contrasting the imitative Japs with the inventive Chinese, you find they have nothing in common but slant eyes

### by EDWARD HUNTER

• ARTICLE •

EVERY day, somewhere in Manchuria, Inner Mongolia or China, the Japanese and the Chinese are fighting. They have been doing so for years, long before the outbreak of war in 1937, and every indication is that they will continue to do so for years to come. Cables to America only carry the news of the bigger skirmishes or actual battles. Only in the press of the Far East, and not even always there, can this constant bickering be followed.

The average foreign observer just gives it up as a puzzle. The affairs of these people are just as baffling to him as their appearance. "They all look alike to me," he says, and he can no more tell two Orientals apart than two flies.

But that is the same thing that the Japanese and Chinese say about us. "All white men look alike to me," is what I heard everywhere in the Orient.

Yet, it is doubtful if there are any two people in the world with more basic differences, both physical and mental, than the Japanese and the Chinese. Whereas the Japanese is best at teamwork, adores regimentation, and is the Prussian of the Orient, the Chinese is a rugged individualist who shies from strict regulations and is the Frenchman of Asia.

Only by understanding these fundamental differences can the constant Sino-Japanese quarrels become intelligible to the Westerner. There are more differences between the two, although they both belong to the yellow race, than between any two variations of the white race, the Englishman and the Spaniard, for example, or the square-headed German and the olive-tinted Italian.

Among these contradictions is one that has provided the motive power for Japan to meet the white world on its own ground, in everything from industrialization to baseball, whereas the Chinese are still so pitifully behind.

This trait is what psychologists diagnose as an inferiority complex. The Chinese, to the contrary, exhibit all the symptoms of a superiority complex.

The Japanese give the impression of feeling that there is so much to learn, and so little time in which to learn it, whereas the Chinese act as if they are perfectly satisfied with themselves, and don't hesitate to tell you so.

In my decade in the Far East, I never had a Chinese man-horse to pull my ricksha whom I didn't feel considered himself infinitely my superior. Couldn't he quote at least one parable by Confucius? I couldn't. Ergo, how dare I compare myself to him? Physical strength? That was beneath contempt. Material progress? Soulless. This attitude was continuously being brought to my attention. Did an airplane pass overhead and I point it out, the Chinese would look up unimpressed and after grunting an "a-huh," add with a worldly-wise intonation:

"We hire foreigners to make those things. Then we drive them ourselves."

Yet, irrespective of whether I found myself among the working people of Japan, or the leaders of Japanese economic and social life, they would watch my every movement and constantly question me as to why I acted thusly and thatly. Timidly perhaps, they would ask me to explain everything out of the ordinary. Then, if they felt it was something they could use, I would be sure to see them do it or hear them say it when the next occasion arose. Pride never was permitted to interfere with the accumulation of knowledge.

Rarely would I meet a Chinese, however, who would submit to what he regarded as the humiliation of asking a foreigner for information. He would rather do without.

"We wore silks while your ancestors were throwing coconuts at each other," he'd say.

The different caliber of the Japanese and Chinese military machines is due in no small measure to this contrast.

The trait that impresses itself first on most visitors to the Far East is the Japanese genius for teamwork, and the Chinese instinct for individualism, both pursued to their logical, rugged extremes. As a result, while I lived out there, if I had a task that required the co-operation of two or more individuals, I soon learned to choose Japanese. If it were something that one person could do, but only with initiative and quick thinking, I found that the Chinese were more apt to succeed. Man for man, I found the Chinese were quicker on the trigger of thought, and more versatile, but the Japanese were infinitely superior when it came to group action.

As individuals, the Chinese impressed me as equal, if not superior, to any other people. They are such individualists, though, that when two of them get together, unless they are related by blood, they are as liable as not to subordinate what they are doing to stabbing each other in the back. That's what has happened to the Chinese nationalist movement since a generation. It's why the business corporation is virtually nonexistent in China. There are countless family enterprises, but when partnership is extended beyond kin, a scandal or bankruptcy invariably results.

I have sat with highly-placed Chinese discussing this. In friendly conversation, they were often the first to stress this national weakness. "What ails China," they would say, "is that we don't work together." When I next would hear of them, they would be fighting each other tooth and nail, with corruption and the pistol, irrespective of the effect on their country and the fact that it helped keep China divided at the very moment unity was most needed.

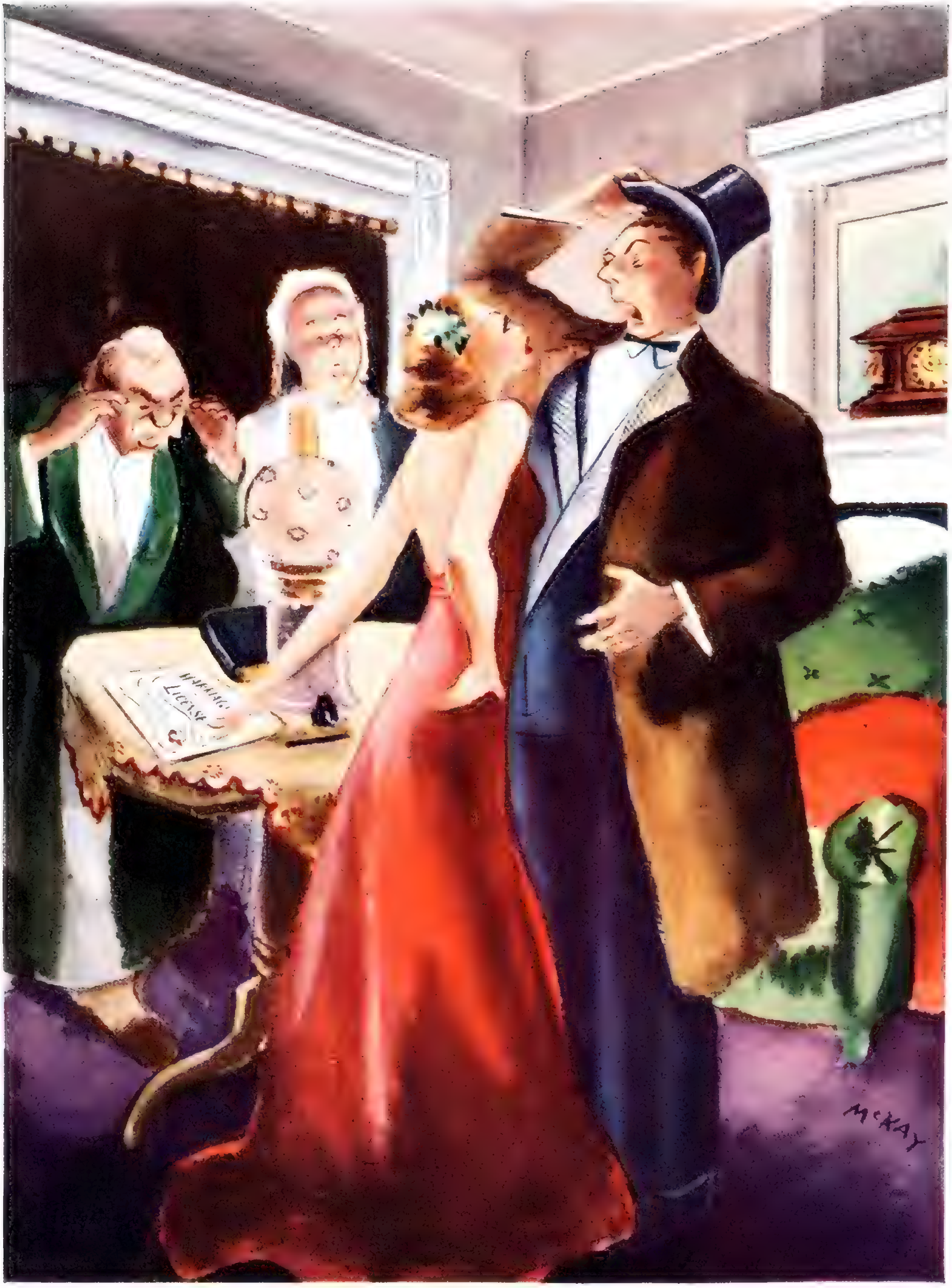
Not so in Japan, however. Here they just naturally seem to gather in groups to fulfill their purposes. Anything that has to do with teamwork is sure to meet favor. Baseball immediately became their most popular sport. The group requirements of army service are keenly enjoyed as well as excelled in.

But they've never been able to win any huzzas in aviation. That is because it is quick, individual thinking that is required there. The pilot of a plane doing a tail spin hasn't the time to take out his book of rules, or to

*Continued in center of page 181*

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

DSC


MARRIAGE LICENSE
McKAY

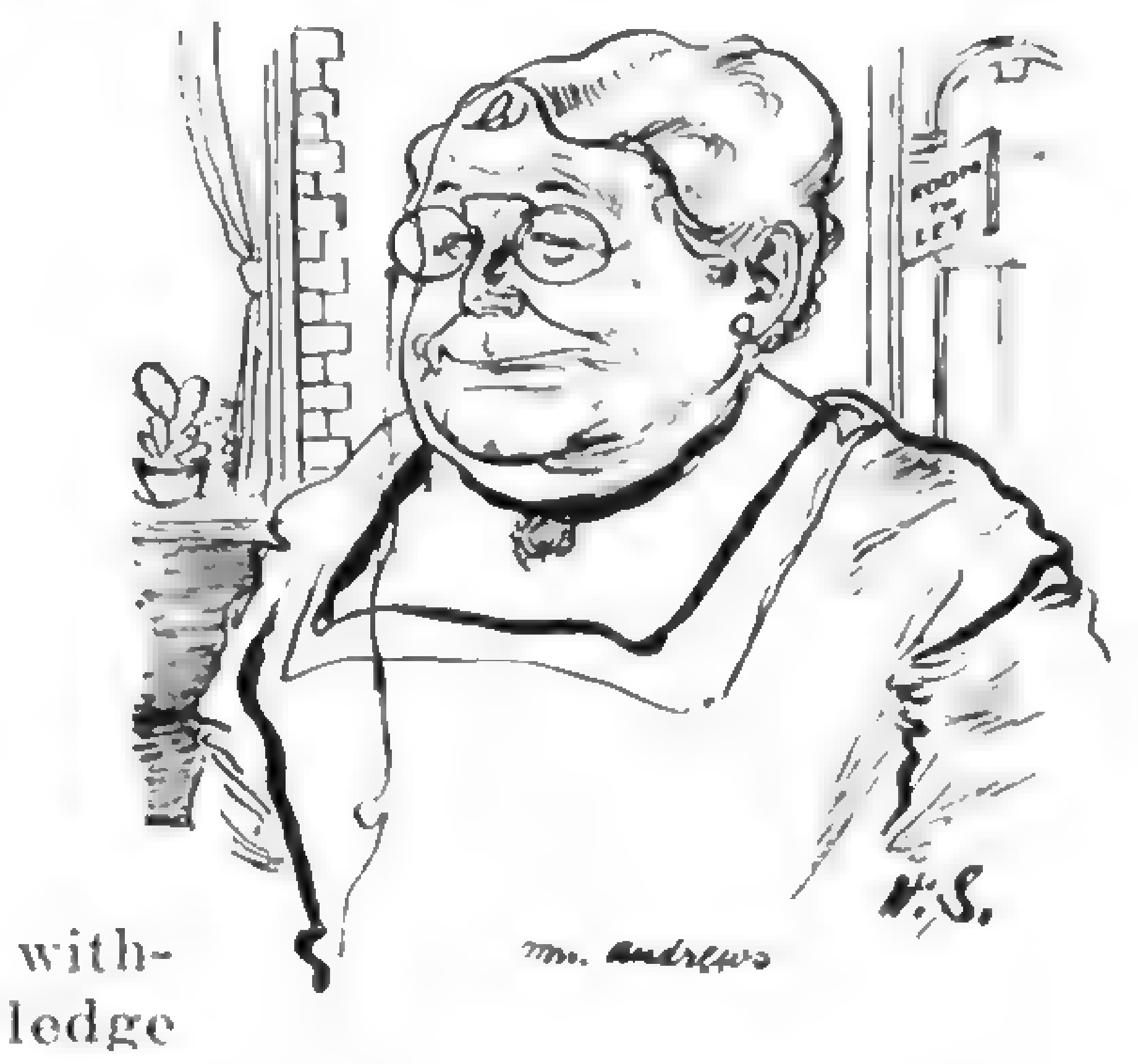
*"What do you say we sit down and sort of talk this thing over, first?"*

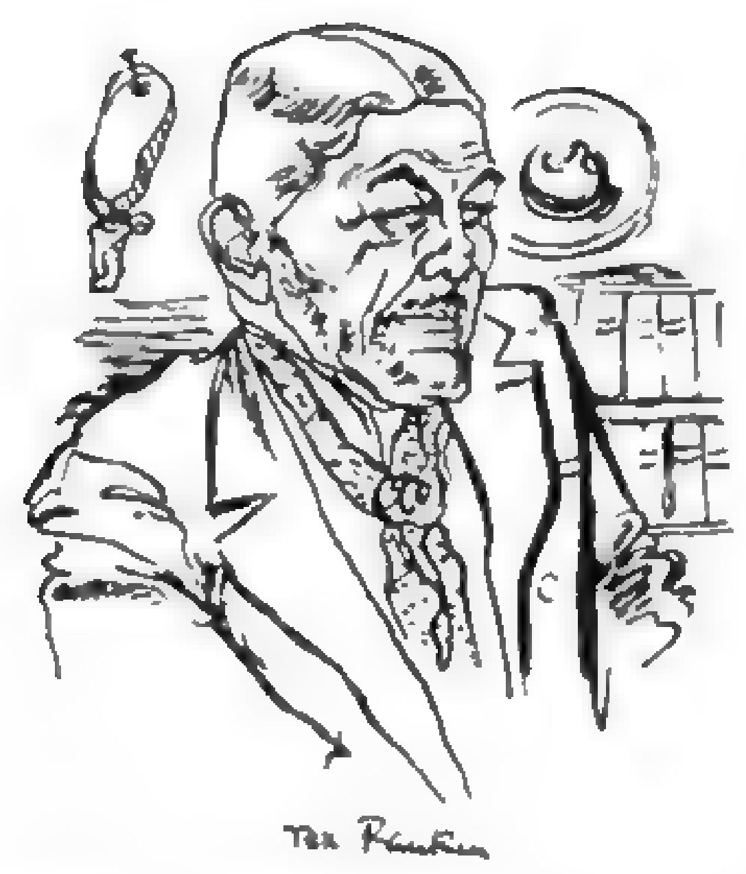
# Mrs. Andrews' Rooming House

### It was somehow her destiny to shelter the homeless and the lost, the unloved and depraved

### by LOUIS PAUL

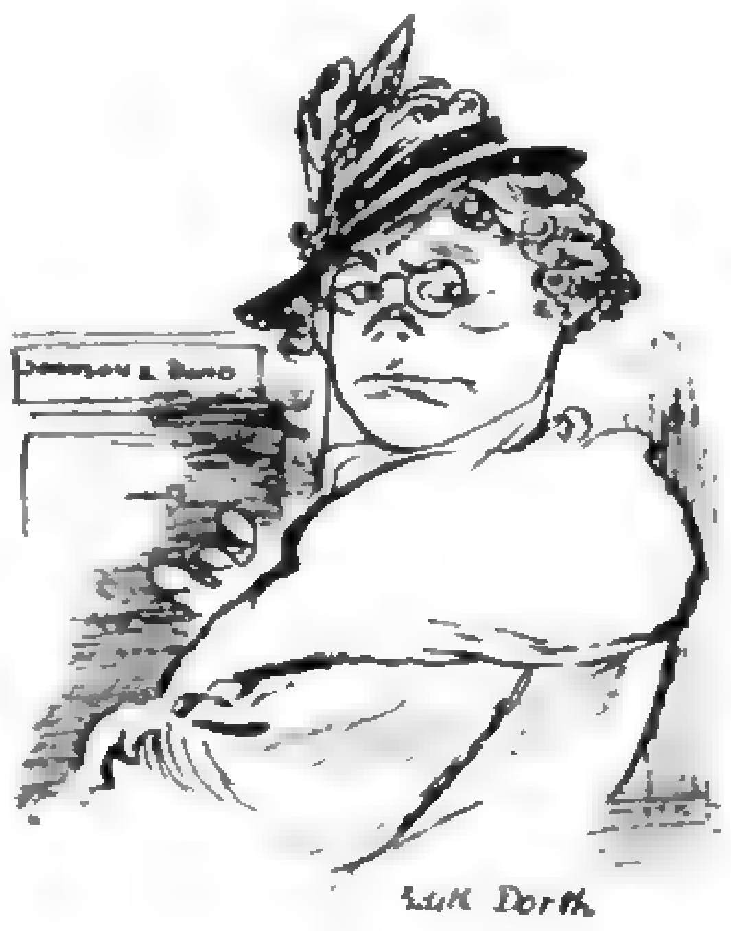
▪ FICTION ▪



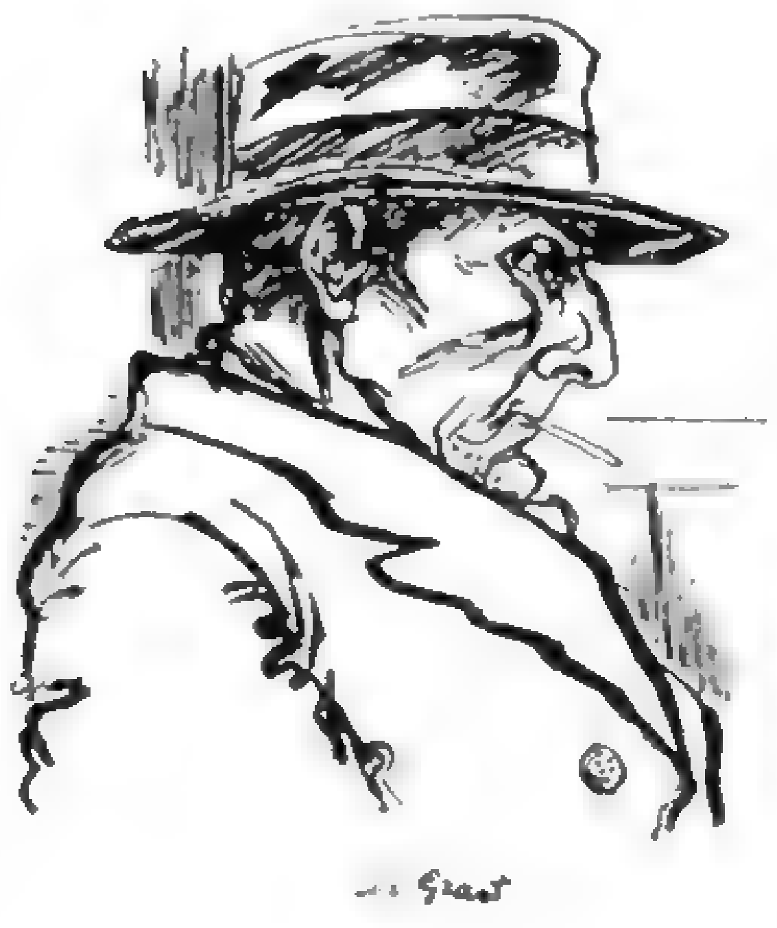


Radiating apparently from the axis of Mrs. Andrews' rooming house the city of San Francisco rose in waves of drab streets and puzzling avenues. Beyond, in further waves, its ancient brown hills seemingly crowded the earth back into counties and states, still radiating. America and all of Europe and finally the whole world—the oceans, too, and the night and the sky above and the mystery of the stars—found themselves in pattern with this arbitrary focal point.

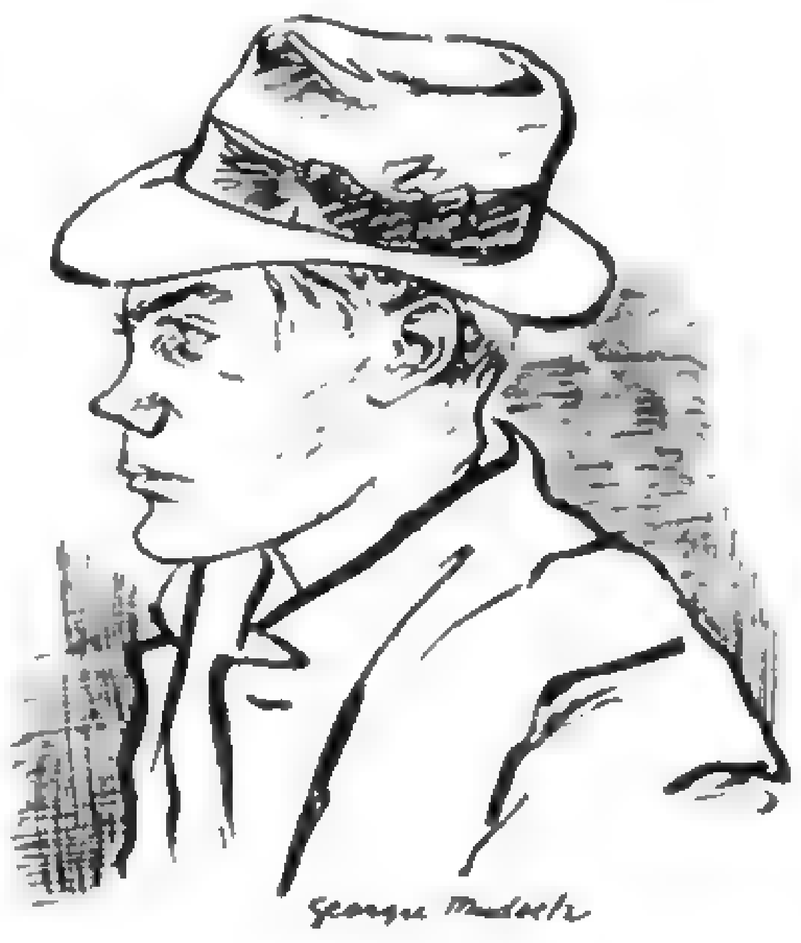
The white city, with its rambling streets, its hills fog-wrapped and populated with flimsy dwellings, its dervish trolleys and frontier complex, meant nothing to Bill Matthew. He had a headache. Without the headache he might have been able to explain the reason for his being in San Francisco; time had stopped once in St. Louis long enough for him to hear Miss Jeanne Eagels pronounce, in Sadie Thompson's accent, the name of this city. San Fran Cisco—like that. He vaguely thought a city with such sonorous syllables might hold something for him, Bill Matthew. Another day, when two freights approached, one rattling east, one west, Bill had swung himself inside the latter, recalling the voice of Miss Thompson pleading with the Reverend Davidson not to send her back to San Fran Cisco. Even without the headache, however, he couldn't have recalled why he'd been in St. Louis. Or why he'd been in Los Angeles two winters ago, in New York that time, or in Seattle, Salt Lake, Chicago.



Bill had no one to lie to, so he told himself it couldn't have been in search of work. Work was so entirely incidental to wandering. People Bill didn't understand—factory superintendents and editorial writers and women and sweating laborers—made a great point, each in his particular fashion, of exaggerating the virtue of work: the slave defending the master. No, it couldn't have been employment Bill had sought in these hulking dirty cities. A job was a negative thing, an admission of fear of starvation. He was starving now, indeed. But his misery was uncontaminated by fear.



The writhing agony of his pounding skull was another matter. It was an immediate, an insufferable torture that could be relieved by two five-grain tablets of aspirin. Starvation was the sacrifice he made to the gods of his destiny; a headache was the imposition of some damnable fate, and he was unprepared to solve the problem of securing even penny-cheap medicine. The white city, picturesque in its sea-green cradle, meant nothing to him. He immured himself in the ineffable ugliness of his coffin-like room, rent unpaid for two weeks past, and dreamed helplessly of relief. He cursed the dead Miss Eagels her fantasy of syllables, her footlight chimera, and the purposelessness of a universe in which the socialization of medicine was still to come. . . .

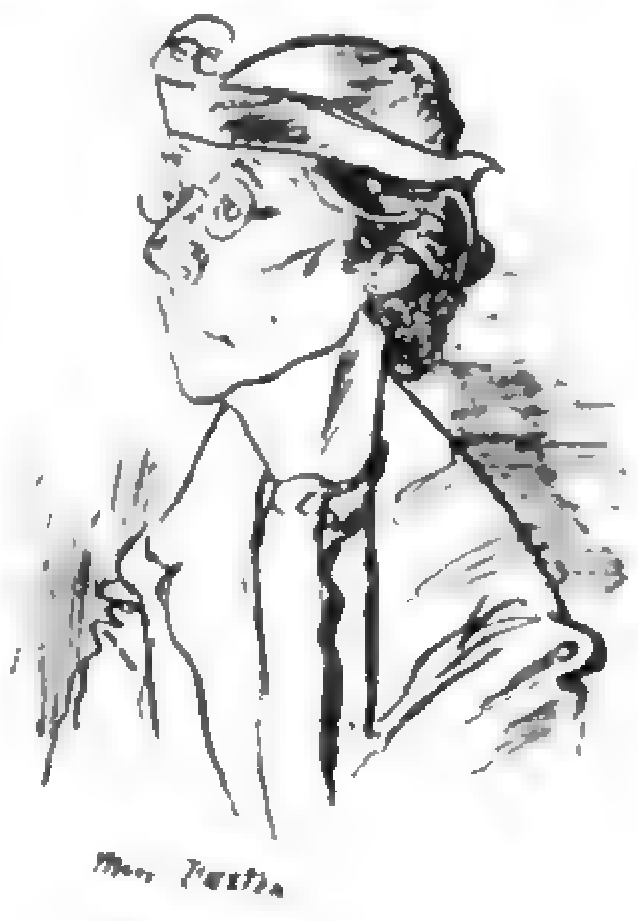


Miss Buxton had been expecting to get a steady job for the last five years. If Miss Buxton had had a cynical mind she might have thought of herself as possessing a genius. This genius was the gift for existing, of maintaining life in her body. The money she was able to earn wouldn't have kept a prolific correspondent in postage stamps. But then, if Miss Buxton had been a cynical woman she would have killed herself some time ago. Instead she expected to get a steady job almost any day. At the moment she was typing envelopes two days a week for an advertising agency on Market Street. She lived directly above Bill Matthew, but her room looked more like a bandbox than a coffin. It was horribly pretty.

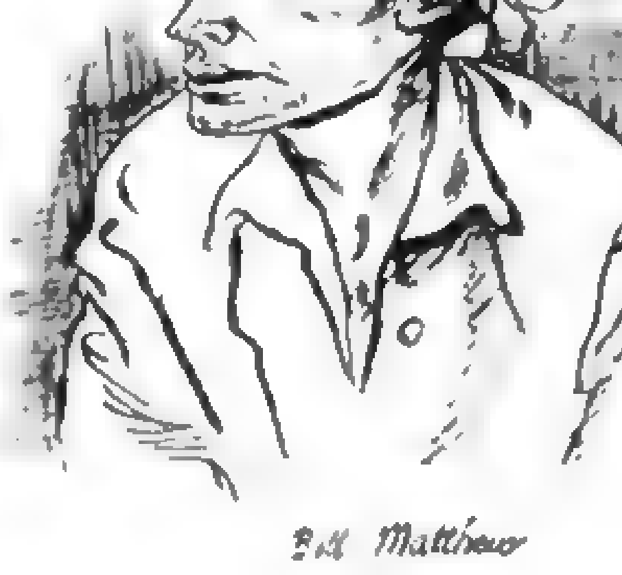
Five years ago Miss Buxton had come to San Francisco from a small town named Three Willows in Arkansas. Her mother and father had died of ptomaine poisoning one winter night. She was chilled and saddened by the enormity of this tragedy, but the grotesque fatalism of the optimistic human being came to her rescue, and she told herself that it probably was God's will. Miss Buxton sold the diminutive house and farm for half a pittance and took a bus to San Francisco. She was struck with the city's fairyland quality, but the horse-faced women in the employment agencies received her applications with wrinkled foreheads. She couldn't do anything.

Blandly, without knowledge of the amazing difficulty of sustaining life in an economy which demands use for money, she haunted shops and offices, nighttimes pounding out the *asdfg ;lkjh* on a despondent machine, she thinking all girls were typists in large cities. Five years ago. Miss Buxton could now type only a thousand envelopes a day, but she managed to live on the five dollars a week this labor earned.

She never wondered why she existed. It was the human thing to do. She did not ask herself why she existed in San Francisco instead of Portland, Maine—instead of Chicago or St. Louis or New Orleans, Louisiana. She did not question the way of the universe, or the future; she merely expected. Miss Buxton didn't envy the rich, she didn't envy the eternal mountains or the loveliness of a star-studded sky or anything else. Men did not notice her. She was neither ugly nor pretty, but an organism of self-renewing optimism. She fed on her own ceaseless movement, like the sea. No one knew Miss Buxton. . . .



The old man, whose name was Rankin, sat reading manuscript. It was yellowing, wrinkled, amateur manuscript, untidy and ink-smeared. Some of it was typewritten, some in huge scrawling pen wriggles. But it was manuscript.



Tired of following the sense and narrative of his writings, he let the words on the sheets drop from his eyes while he still stared fondly at the thick pile of pages, stared fondly, fascinated, at the product of his imagination. These contained the surest splendor on earth. Here, caught and set down, he lived again. Forever, into eternity as, time-enslaved, men died and rotted. The image of himself dead was vague in the presence of these magic words, words that went into the unfathomable past and brought back a living, breathing glory. Wonderful, oh very wonderful. He trembled at the majesty of his accomplishment. The ague of his years, the deadness of his senses, the teary blurs that washed away his vision, the loneliness that bit more deeply into his flesh than the pains of his disease, were as nothing when he thought of

*Continued in center of page 153*

# A Raid on Nantao

## There was only the soft moaning of those on the outskirts of the mob who were not hurt very badly

### by CALVIN STUART WHITE

• SEMI-FICTION •

We flattened against the wall to let the troops pass.

From the railway station they streamed in two brown lines down opposite sides of the narrow, cobbled street, each line closely hugging the shelter of the eaves. In their loose-fitting uniforms padded out with cotton they looked like animated mattresses and because they all wore gym shoes there was no sound of marching feet.

Only the colonel walked down the middle, bucking a blue denim tide of refugees that ebbed the other way. Several hundred of them were trudging on to board the train the soldiers had just left and the colonel cursed and shoved his way through. Now and then he got in the clear, looked at the sky and shouted something at his men.

A soldier who rubbed by grinned wolfishly.

"Na-kwa-yings!"

Three foreign devils grinned back and saluted.

"Chiang Kai-shek, we are here," said the fellow from the Melbourne *Times*, talking in that down-under cockney accent.

"Let's get out of this," said the International Press.

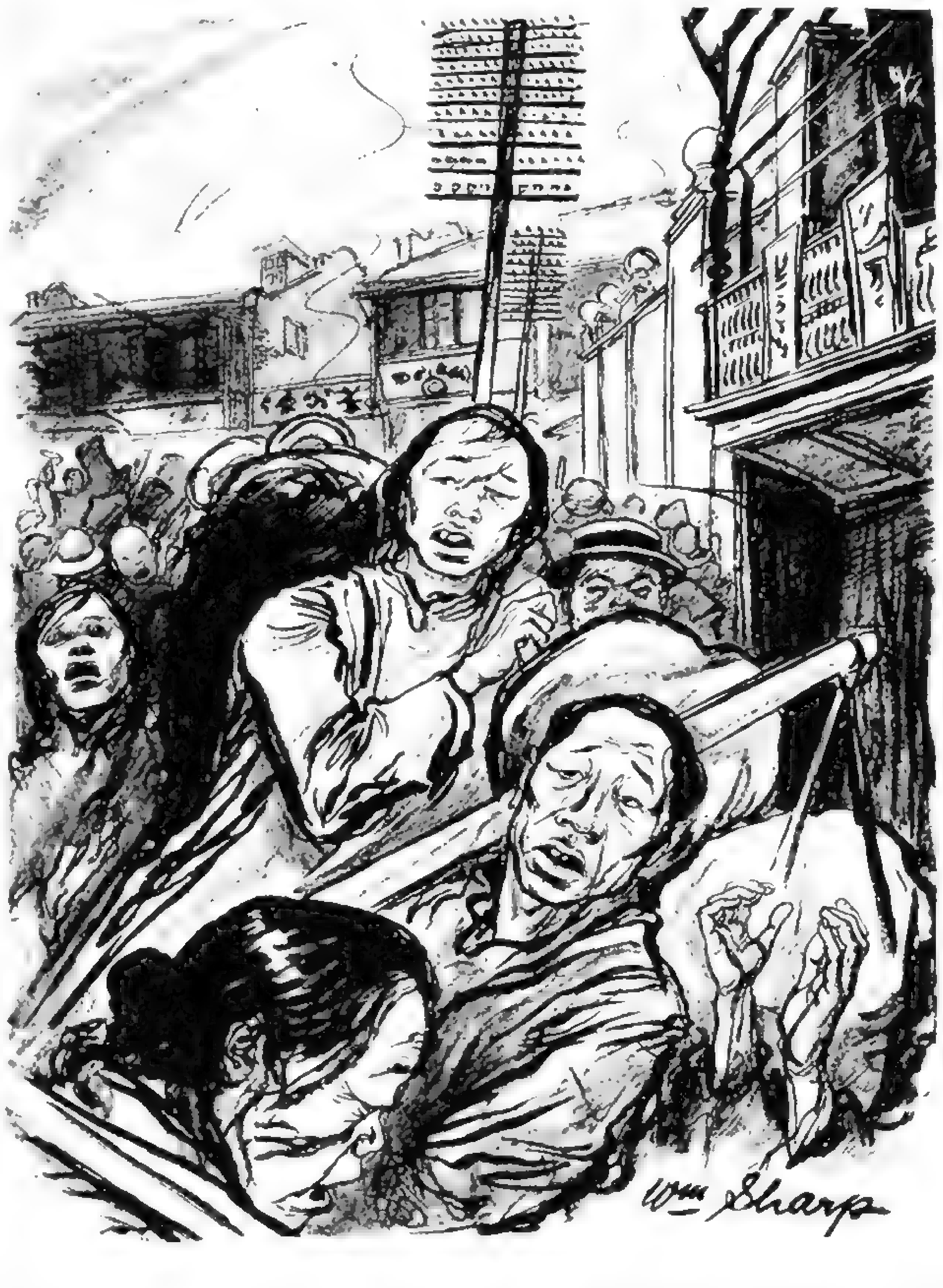
But by then we could see the end of the column of soldiers and the refugees were thinning out so we waited where we were. Presently the street was empty. The last of the troops disappeared in an alley at one end and the refugees climbed up the steps to the station platform at the other.

The sun flashed again on the windows of tiny shops and on the big gold and red characters on signboards. A Buddha-bellied old curio dealer stood in his doorway, giving us the appraising look of a well-fed, diffident highwayman. In his window a sign in English said, "Coming in and looking, please." Behind us was a length of soiled white wall with a moon gate, one of those nearly round entranceways with an iron grilled door, where a cat curled up in the shade and went to sleep.

There was the irresponsible squeak of a Chinese fiddle, playing whisper music in the endless pattern that never leads where you expect it to. A baby squawled. The smells of bean cake, steaming rice, hot samshu wine and high meats floated by, cut now and again by the sharp, bitter odor of a latrine.

Old China. Never a war. Maybe one of those old-fashioned kind that everybody liked, in which the soldiers went to the front bearing teapot, umbrella and birdcage and the big army just awed the little army into defeat. But not an honest-to-God war. There was only a poster there on the wall to remind you that this old China was dead and gone, a poster showing the face of a thin, pale little man with a long jaw and flashing eyes, Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang Immovable-stone. The Leader.

A captain came marching all by himself in the direction the troops had taken. He was a young fellow with rimless glasses and a tight-fitting, very well pressed uniform and when we saluted him he smiled a wide, porcelain smile.



"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon."

"You enjoy a walk, yes?"

"Yes, we enjoy a walk."

We all laughed politely.

"You are fond of outdoor sport?"

We simpered.

"And you," the Melbourne *Times* put in, "you have only now arrived at Nantao?"

"Yes, yes. We have only now arrived at Nantao."

A handful of slack-chinned kids and loafers gathered around the captain. He cleared his throat.

"Our native place is Kwangtung Province."

"Then you have come many miles to fight the Japanese."

"Yes, we have come many miles."

"Do you think China will win the war?"

"Please to excuse me?"

"Will China defeat Japan?"

"Yes, thank you very much."

We heard a buzz in the sky and all looked up.

"Here come a couple of the bastards." Even while the International Press was saying it we could see that they were sloping in a long dive straight for us. We jumped so that we all four knocked together. Then the captain ran for the moon gate in the white wall and we followed.

An anti-aircraft gun sounded from the end of the street where the soldiers had gone. Blam blam blam blam blam.

Five bursts and it stopped, then five bursts again. The cat that had been lying in the gate ran out as we skidded in and sat down. It was a good wall, six feet thick, with the gate cut low enough so that there was plenty overhead. The anti-aircraft kept up but between bursts the roar of the two planes came louder.

The captain's glasses were hanging from one ear. His English was gone now and he panted to himself in Chinese. The International Press fellow was hugging his knees and shaking and the Melbourne *Times* was cursing softly while I went through my pockets to try to find my wallet and after I found it and held it in front of my eyes I put it back in my pocket again without wondering why I had been looking for it. The roar was loud and steady now.

None of us heard that first bomb hit.

The concussion made the wall sway and everything went white. For the space of a pulsebeat all time and existence ceased. Then the roar came again as the two planes pulled out of their dives and with the roar a returning consciousness. We sat frozen, so far beyond prayer or even terror that we were half smiling at each other.

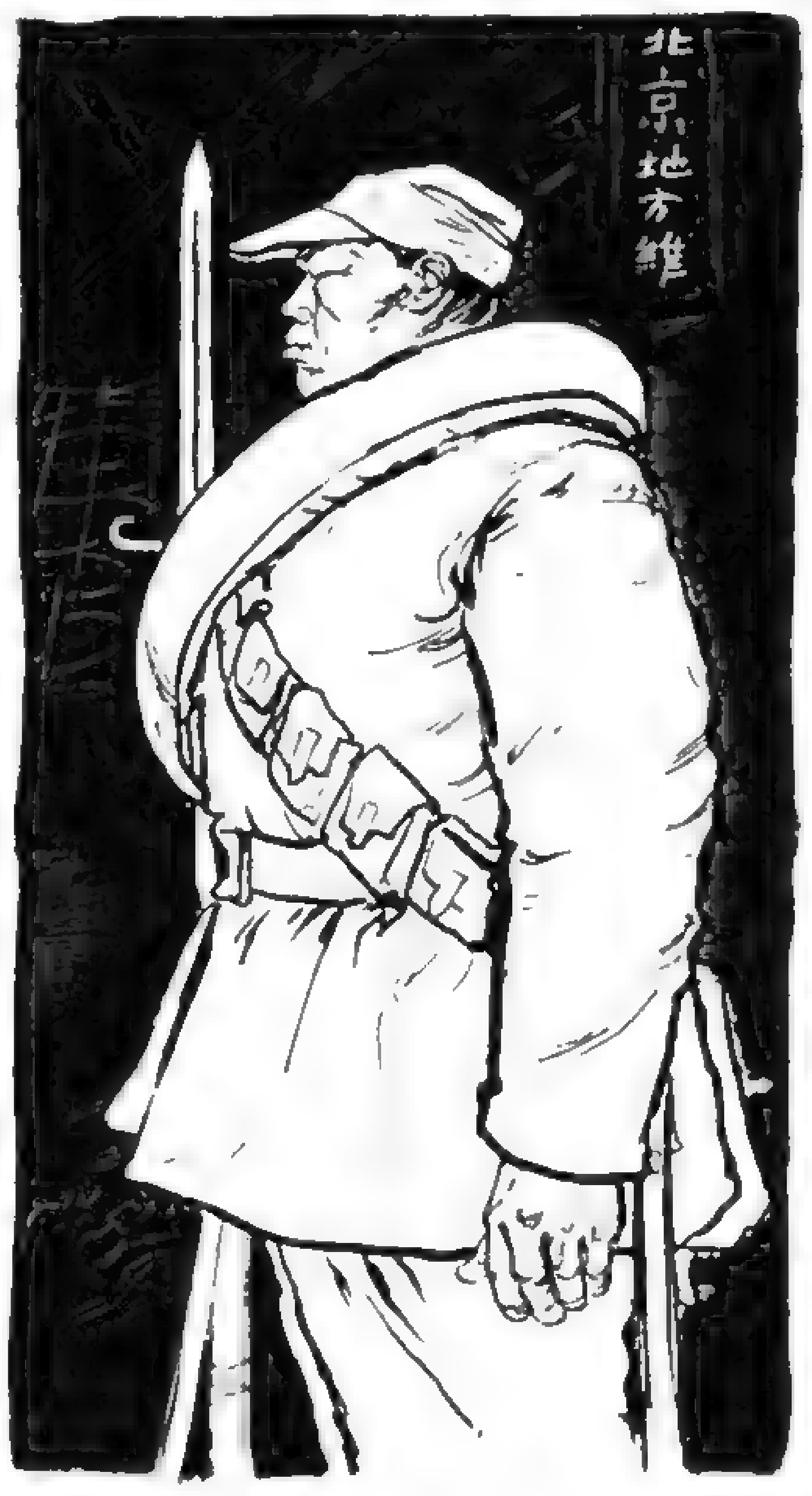
The anti-aircraft, with machine guns doing an obbligato, began again and with it the scream of a diving plane and this time we heard the crash, so heavy that a twinge shot through the eardrums and left the brain aching. Somewhere along the street was the clunk of falling bricks, the crunch of tearing timber and the tinkle of broken glass. A few tiles from the wall above us rattled to the pavement.

The Melbourne *Times* was grinning like a ghoul, as he leaned forward confidentially.

"It's the station," he whispered. "They haven't found the troops and they're whamming the station. They just got the tip that Chinese reinforcements are arriving."

There was another crash, farther away. The noise of the planes grew fainter and the anti-aircraft and machine guns quit. The captain put his glasses on straight. He fished out some vile Chinese cigarettes and we smoked. Then we could hear the drone of the planes faintly, circling high up, taking a look-see.

Should it be another bomb? Or a batch of those leaflets that begin, "O brethren, why should innocent thousands die?" Sometimes they forget which the general ordered first and they drop them all at once. A surprise package with something hard wrapped up inside.



We heard a car jounce around the corner and come nearer with the clanging of a bell and howl of siren. Then the shrill agony of tires and a fire engine swerved into the curb right in front. The firemen hopped down and swarmed in on top of us. The one who had been ringing the bell had hit it so hard that the clapper had fallen off and he stopped to pick it up before coming in.

The firemen muttered a few zia zia noongs and other apologies for crowding. One of the planes skimmed low over the street to take a look at the engine and the noise died as it went away but still we waited. The Melbourne *Times* laughed.

"Say mates, wouldn't you hate to be found dead in one of those rigs?"

The firemen were tricked out in brass helmets with red plumes, blue Norfolk jackets studded by many brass buttons, red pants and cavalier boots.

"Just the same," the International Press said, "these guys are on the job. Out to the station almost before the Japs quit bombing it. Somebody should buy the Chinese army uniforms like those. They'd mop up Dia Nippon for sure, hey captain?"

He poked him with his elbow and the captain flashed his porcelain smile again and said yes, yes. There was no sound of planes now and the firemen stuck their heads out and looked up. A fat one with walrus moustachios waddled out and got behind the wheel, waving to the others to come on.

"Hump it," said the Melbourne *Times*. "Here's where we catch a lift."

We jumped on back and grabbed hold of the brass railing. The captain was left brushing the wrinkles out of his uniform. We hollered "so long" and saluted as the wagon pulled away and he stood at salute there in the moon gate.

"Viva le Generalissimo," the International Press yelled. "Viva le Three Peoples Principles."

When we skidded up to the station we nearly hit a rickshaw that was just going away. In it was a Chinese girl about nine in a cotton nightgown. As we ran up the steps I saw her eyes were very black and bright in the grayness of her face and her lips were half parted in that fevered way.

The station was still smoking. The tin roof over the platform shivered a little and so did the rails where they wriggled up goofily as though they were trying to climb over the two gaping craters. But already black flies freckled the halves and quarters of people and the arms and legs that were strewn along the platform and the tracks. Near the craters the scattered flesh was in small pieces and coated heavily with yellow, while farther away it came in bigger chunks more nearly natural color.

The wounded were sitting or half lying among the corpses and the piles of entrails. There was no sound except the soft moaning of those on the outskirts of the mob who were not hurt very badly.

Then two babies began to cry. They were bundled up in pink silk with bright embroidered bibs and boots and little pigtails down their backs. They looked like the dolls you see in shops in Chinatown at home except that they were bawling. They were unhurt and sitting on a stone bench in front of the waiting room and between them their mother was sitting holding them tightly, one in each arm. Her head had been blown off.

An old man with a scholar's beard was sitting on the concrete floor. He was rocking back and forth slowly and holding a bloody ankle and moaning. Then he rocked forward again and fell on his face and you could see his whole back had been torn away, so that even the liver and kidneys were hanging out.

A moon-faced boy about twenty with a stomach gushing blood cried softly to himself and slobbered and tried with wavering hands to pick up coppers that had been blown out of a dirty bag in his hand. Then he reached too far, sighed and slumped over.

Right in the middle of the crowd a young farm woman dressed in gray cotton clothing was laughing.

She was sitting in the center of her bundles. Her hair was blown up around her face and where one ear should have been there was only a mass of blood. Her hands were picking at her dress front and she was looking straight ahead at nothing and laughing. Her husband had been cut in half as though by a big cleaver and his partly naked upper half was propped against her knees with his head thrown back in her lap while his legs and hips in their blue pants lay flat on the ground a few yards away.

Already the heavy, sweet stench of human dead hung in the air and more flies were coming in clouds.

A bony, red-eyed dog sniffed at a pile of guts until a Boy Scout kicked him hard in the ribs and he ran away howling.

Now there was much shouting and walla-walla as Red Cross men and Boy Scouts began carting away the wounded and the dead that were not too blasted apart, while the firemen connected up their big hose and washed down what was left.

The whole place steamed and everybody choked and put handkerchiefs over their mouths.

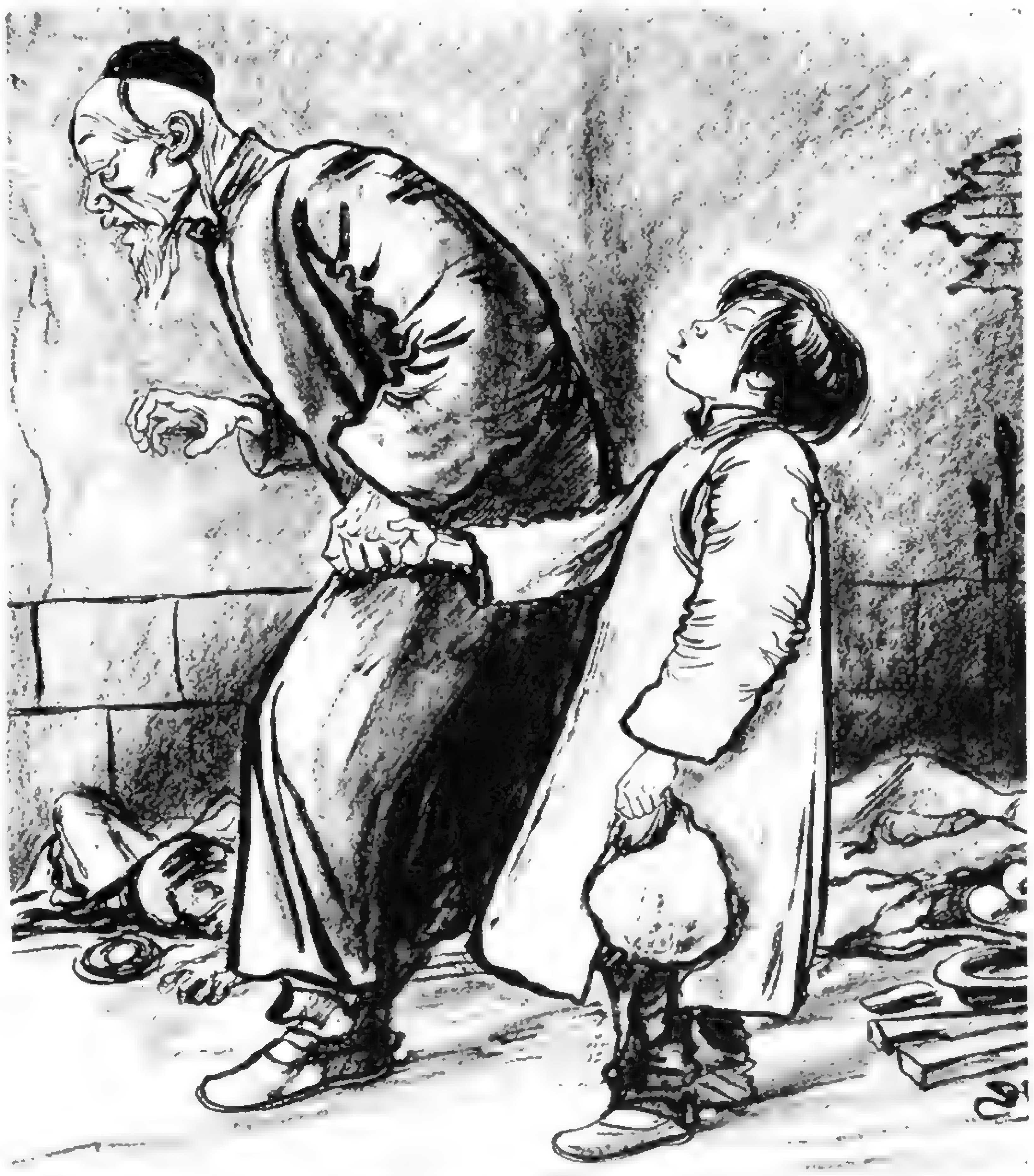
I went down to the street, trying not to cough because I was afraid if I did I would vomit.

The little girl in the rickshaw was back again and her rickshaw coolie was hollering and waving his arms at a policeman. The policeman hollered back and then they both hollered at the little girl but she didn't answer. The coolie shrugged and they wandered off.

The firemen were finished now and were piling back on their wagon so the three of us jumped aboard.

Through the early evening dusk we bumped back down the cobbled street with the bell and siren going. Once we crossed sharply to the opposite side to avoid hitting a rickshaw and looking around I saw it was the little girl.

Her coolie was walking now, not running, and he was shaking his head and muttering to himself. ⵌ



# A Place of Refuge

### What could be worse than to watch a gal land such a beautiful muskie and then discover she has no soul?

### by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

You dudes—said Wentworth—give me a decidedly localized pain.

You chaps—said Wentworth—with your coeducational week ends from the time the trout season opens until the shooting is ended, provoke only my pity.

So you're going up to the Pere Marquette Friday, are you—said Wentworth—and take the girls along? Why add that? It's a corollary, isn't it? Of *course*, you're taking the gals along, just as you took them to Saskatchewan after hunkies and to Key West deep sea fishing and to Georgia after quail.

Always, every place, they're going along in these unregenerate days. They've muscled into every sport they've ever heard about. They've taken to the pastimes that used to be man's own until the few of us who still think of ourselves as masculine, as men were intended to be masculine by the Power that made the first of us, have just one place to go and one thing to do.

What is that thing?—asked Wentworth. I'll tell you what it is. I'll tell you the place a man can still go and what he does when he gets there, both in due course, but your question interrupts a thought, even a thesis, I might say.

It's this infiltration of woman's interest into man's prerogatives I'm talking about and let me generalize for just a moment. Time was when man had abundant sanctuary; time was when man had plenty of escape from woman. He could mingle here and there only with men, think, talk, act, feel like a man. He had business, he had the professions; he had the arts and the sciences, even, almost to himself. He had golf and tennis and politics and profanity and barrooms and barber shops and look at him now!

The women took this hunting and fishing thing right in their stride. They never missed a beat—said Wentworth. They swallowed it hook, shells and footgear until there isn't a field sport you guys can name that has escaped feminine exploitation. And mastery, too. That's the hell of it. The gals have gotten good—judged by dexterity and ability to kill—at a lot of things which should be man's own.

Now, I'm not selfish in this. You've never heard me crab about the numbers in competition when I found a stream fished out or cover pounded to death or a marsh so ringed with blinds that you couldn't coax in a single with fifty callers. It's not that I'm crabbing about. It's not the numbers, I insist. That is another story.

This complaint is something else. It's deeper. It's essential for man to have something left by way of work or play that belongs to man alone. Denying it is like depriving him of a required vitamin in food.

And this thing, the chase, was man's by ordination—said Wentworth stoutly. Since that morning of all human epochs when Ab or Ug or whatever you'll call the first man crawled from his cave to take the trail of a dinosaur after an egg for breakfast, the chase was man's province. And thanks to this emancipation of women there's just one fragment of it left to him.

Yes, I'll get along to that—he said after the pause—but first I must resort to parables to get over to you the thing that gripes me and which is not, as I have said, the competition for trophies but the invasion of a sphere crammed with nuances and overtones forever and inherently closed to female understanding.

My complaint is concerned with a spiritual matter, if you understand; a thing of the soul; a . . . well, a feeling for which neither this nor any other language yet has adequate words.

Hence the parables—Wentworth said.

I go back no further than last evening for the first. I was at Phil Clement's for dinner last evening—he said. Rather a party at Phil's last evening. His daughter had friends in and Phil asked me for a special reason as I shall attempt to make clear. He needed me, in short, because his new Bilkins rod had arrived the day before and as soon as we'd finished the meal he and I had gone to his study and sat there with his Bilkins.

You hadn't heard of that rod or what happened? No? Well, it is news. It's tremendous news. Even the rod itself—let alone what happened to it—was colossal news.

You know, a rod builder doesn't do the perfect rod more than once in his life. Same length, same weight, same windings and all, no two are alike. Alike for some, possibly, but not for the initiate. Like grains of sand . . . or violins; each with its characteristics.

Now, into this particular rod must have gone decades of trying. Into it must have gone not only years of training and judgment but heart and soul and love and understanding and I'd gamble that the man who did it used not only these but burned offerings as well.

That rod—said Wentworth—made my mouth dry when I took it in my hands. That rod—said Wentworth lowly—made me think of John Keats and Grecian urns, which may sound silly but isn't. That rod . . . Well—he said curtly—it's no use trying. That was a *rod!*

We were sitting there alone, I say, talking very little. First Phil would hold it and then he'd let me hold it. You don't say much in a spot like that. Not if you're a man who has known the love of trouting. That rod talked to us, sang to us, smiled at us. That rod stirred all the things in us that women can never experience because they're born females. It was like being in a Presence.

And then—said Wentworth—the kids came upstairs. They trooped past in the hallway. The door was open and one little red-headed trick looked in and stopped. Her gown was green; the green of oats coming into head and I'd found myself watching her at dinner. As I'd watched her there I never dreamed . . .

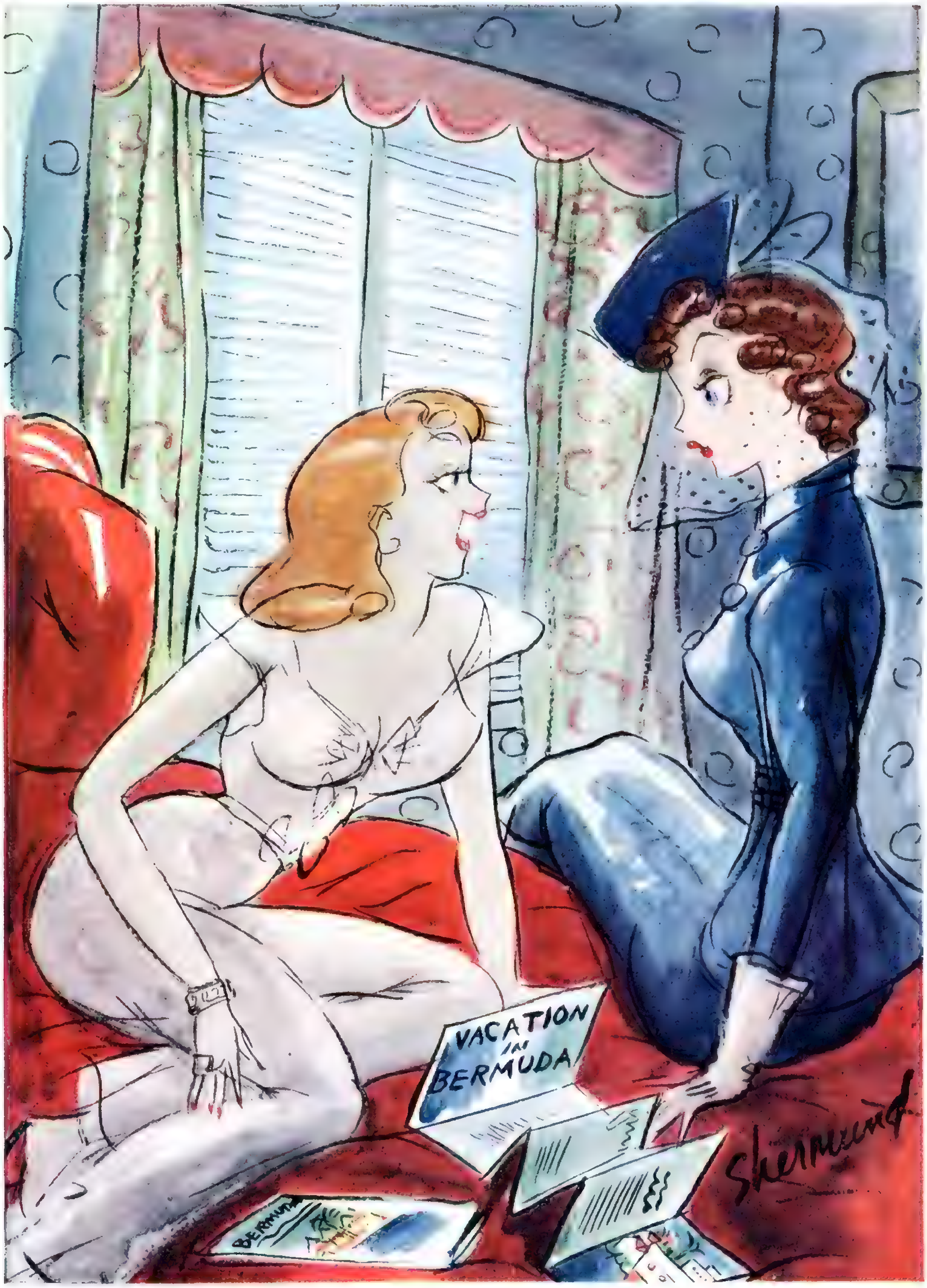
Well . . . "New rod?" she asked in a husky voice and came in and took it out of Phil's hands.

Took it out, my friends! Without being asked. Without even asking! She reached for it and grabbed it and held it in hers.

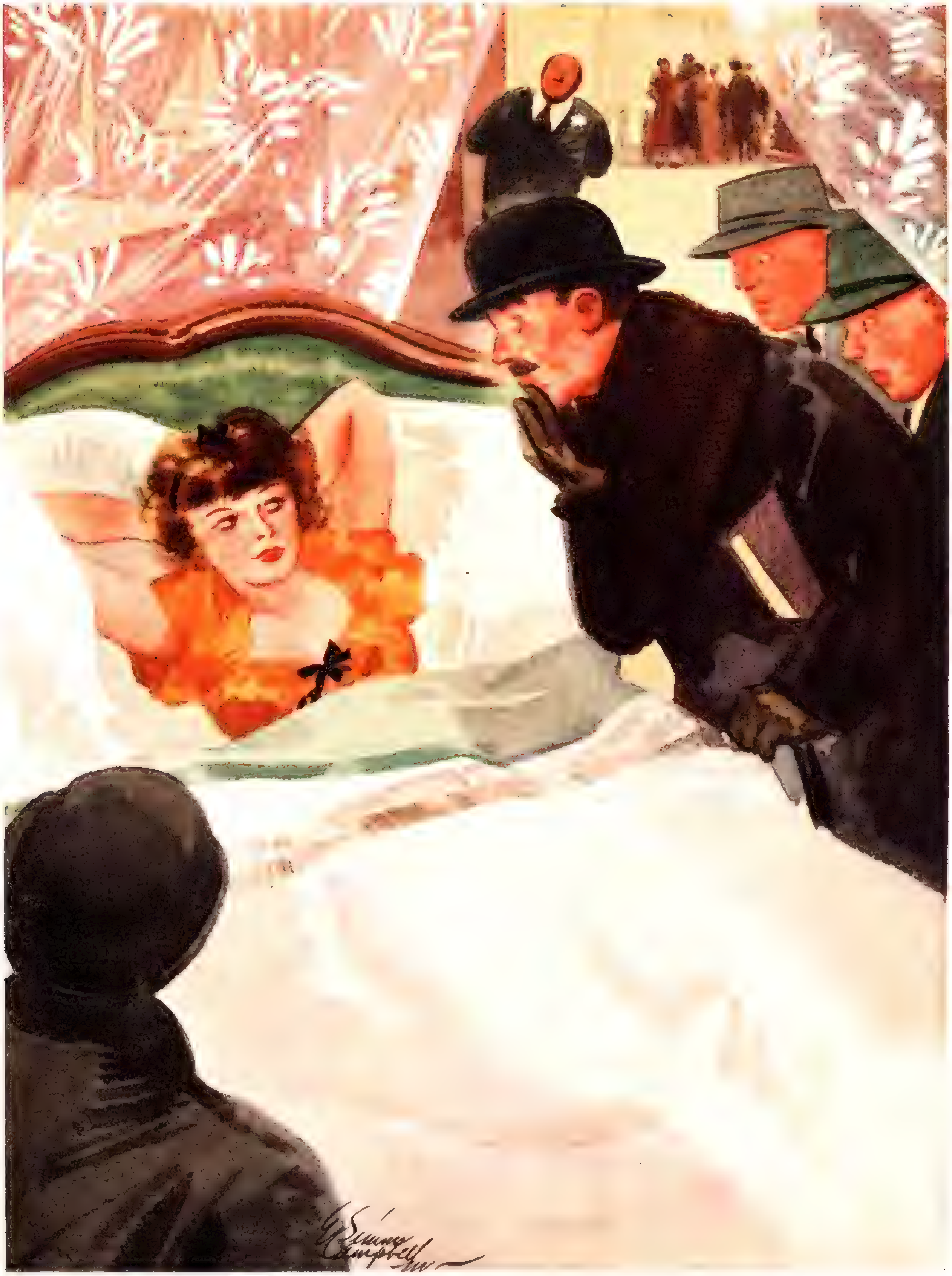
Now, the significant point is, this little red-head is a killer on streams. Twenty-one, I'd say, an only child, and her father has made the best of it, being a crazy fly fisherman. She took an eight-pound square tail from the Moise last year. When she was just a tyke she'd killed a six-pound brown on the Boardman. She'd won a prize in a national contest for her rainbow from somewhere in the Yellowstone country. She'd killed fish that anybody would envy but . . .

She took that rod out of Phil's hands and said Peachy! She said *Peachy!* sneered Wentworth. She took that sublime, that

*Continued on page 128*


VACATION IN BERMUDA
BERMUDA
Sherwood

"Mr. Kilroy is going along to help me run away from myself"


E. Simms Campbell

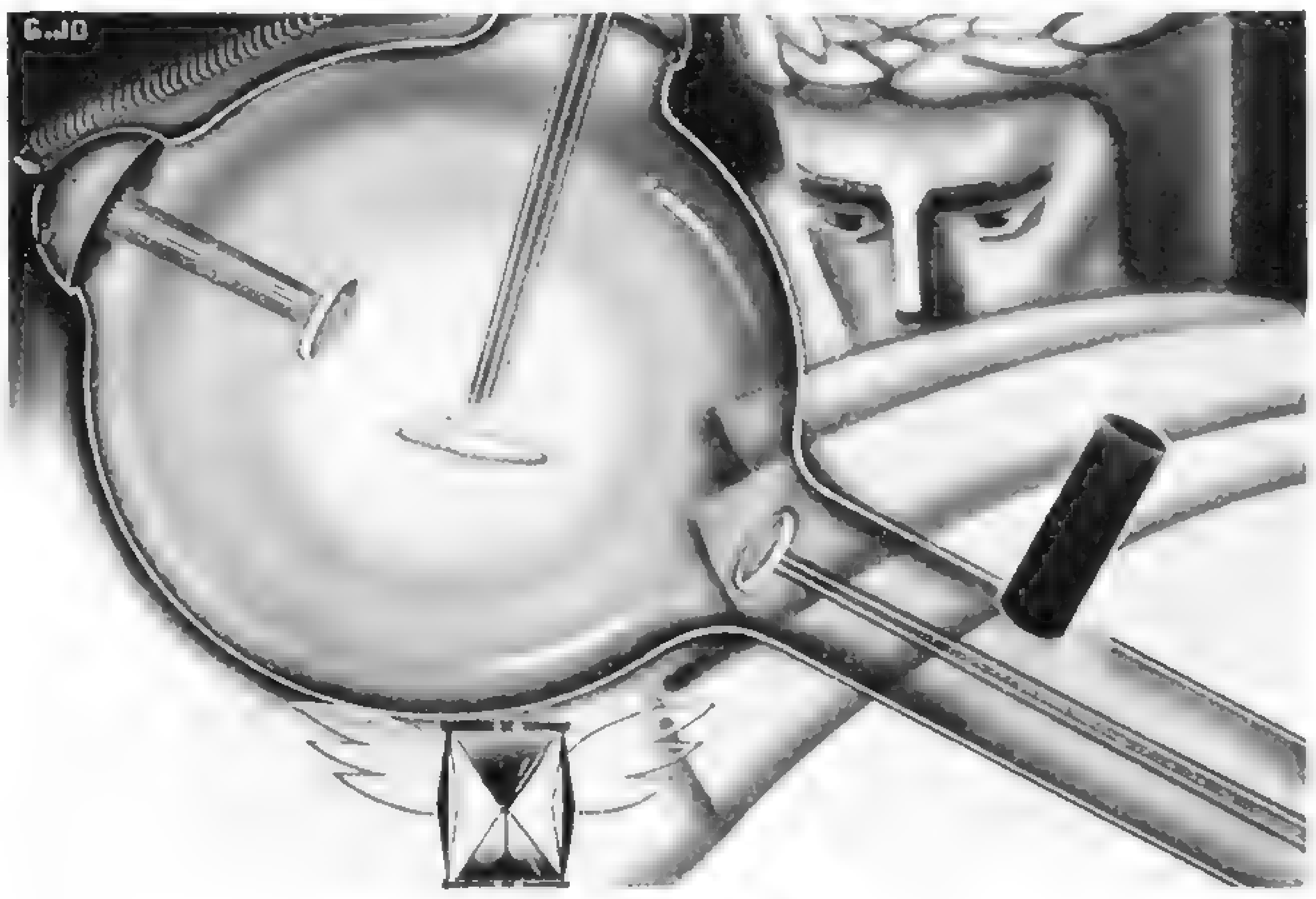
*"The salesman will tell you gentlemen about the beds—I'm just a decoy"*

# This Cancer Business

### Attempt to dispel the unreasoning phobia which surrounds it, making smart people pushovers for quacks

### by CHARLES WILLIAMS, M. D.

• ARTICLE •



If there's any one exhibit in the whole medical menagerie with which the average gent cares not to tangle, it's this Cancer business. No other human ill that I know of is viewed with greater dread and alarm; just the mere mention of the word is usually sufficient to create a subdued hush in any jernt or slow the fastest moving party down to a walk. It seems to be the five-star final, the *ne plus ultra*, in fact the very last word among the things that cause people to break out in goose pimples and cold sweats. This widespread malady rates the tops as medicine's number one bogey man not only because it tallies about a hundred and fifty thousand victims annually and is next to heart disease the most frequent cause of death, but also because it is apparently on the increase and chooses its victims regardless of station of life, habits or occupation.

The outlook, however, is not nearly so gloomy and hopeless as most people would have you believe, and contrary to the general opinion, if you play according to the rules, you have a far better chance than the proverbial celluloid dog chasing the asbestos cat. It is axiomatic that we fear most the things we know the least about and often times reputations for *Schrecklichkeit* sort of evaporate in the thin air once they are dragged out in the open and the sunshine of truth turned on. Don't get the idea now that I'm underestimating this Cancer hombre. With his record he couldn't help being a mean nasty dodo and to make matters worse, he's surrounded by such henchmen as Ignorance, Superstition, Fear and Quackery, all of whom are tough enough customers in themselves, and whose presence makes it all the more difficult to get at the head man. But, if you will hark your memory back a few years, perhaps you can remember when such gentry as Machine Gun Kelly, Dillinger, Karpis, Baby Face Nelson and other killers were terrorizing the Middle West with their depredations and seemed to be supermen immune to capture and punishment. Then came the day when the Director of the F.B.I. decided it was time to play for keeps with this vermin, so he turned on the heat, and started out on the warpath with that grand outfit of his. Well, sir, you saw what happened—the self-styled whirlwinds became gentle little zephyrs: the heroic Robin Hoods of the tabloid newspapers were shown up to be just a mess of ordinary yellow tripe, and all wound up in their proper places, i.e., cold storage or learning good manners in one of Uncle Sam's safety depositories. So also the only way to run Cancer and its allies off the farm is to bring them out in the open and show them up in their true colors because nothing foul can long exist in the presence of enlightened public opinion.

It's always been considered good strategy to find out all you can about the other side before launching an offensive, so if you're interested in serving a hitch with an expeditionary force against one of mankind's most vicious enemies, grab a chair and light up, and we'll see what the Intelligence Branch has to report before we go over the top. Perhaps the first thing we should clear up is the confusion of terms that surrounds this nasty mess and your attention is now invited to the word "tumor" from the Latin *tumor*—a swelling. In a restricted medical sense it has come to mean a swelling occasioned by a new growth and is the name given to the various humps, lumps, and bumps which appear in or on your person and which serve no useful physiological purpose. The medical term most generally applied to them is "neoplasm"—so from now on whenever you run across the terms tumor-neoplasm or new growth, remember that they all mean one and the same thing. These new growths can be located in any segment or organ of the body and can arise in any type of tissue and it is therefore possible to have a tumor or neoplasm anywhere along the line between your shiny pate and fallen arches, either inside or outside the body. These new growths, regardless of location, are named after the type of tissue from which they arise, hence a muscle tumor is called a myoma, a bone tumor an osteoma, a fat tumor a lipoma, a fibrous tumor a fibroma and so on. Always look for the ending "oma"—that will give you the necessary clue toward understanding what is being discussed.

Tumors are a lot like folks you know, and the big majority of them are good citizens who mind their own business and do no harm. Others are outlaws who are conducive to great evil. New growths in the first category are called benign or innocent tumors; in the latter class they are referred to as malignant or harmful tumors. Now let's look at some of the characteristics that make one type little or nothing to worry about, while the other is the cause for grave concern. Benign tumors are generally slow growing, they tend to remain more or less circumscribed and encapsulated, do not infiltrate surrounding tissues or organs, very seldom if ever endanger life, do not spread to remote parts of the body and in general cause but little difficulty except that their size may at times make them a bit awkward to lug around or they may be unsightly or their close proximity to some organ may cause it to function improperly. There's no use to lose any sleep over this type as clean surgical removal winds them up for good and all and they do not tend to recur.

Malignant tumors, on the other hand, are just the opposite. They grow rapidly and instead of remaining encapsulated they bust out of the corral and invade and infiltrate surrounding structures. They obey none of Nature's laws and a particularly devilish faculty of theirs is the spreading to remote parts of the body by a process called metastasis, whereby small segments of the tumor are carried by either the blood or lymph channels into neighboring or remote glands and organs. Generally the glands, which act as filtering stations throughout the body, are the first stopping places for these metastatic fragments. At the new site, these segments again propagate, grow and infiltrate much like the original neoplasm and the tumor tissue tends to displace the normal tissue of the organ involved, causing various derangements of the body processes. The demands placed on the body by this parasitic growth and its far reaching tentacles later lead to malfunction of the vital organs, profound weakness, severe anemia and great prostration.

If you're on your toes, you should be hep to the fact by this time that Cancer belongs to this latter class and the word as used here refers to the entire array of malignant growths as they all have several characteristics in common. And now, before we proceed, let's be sure that you know what Cancer really is. Remember it's not a contagious disease like measles or scarlet fever, not an infestation of the blood stream with parasites as occurs in a disease like malaria, not an infection of a definite organ as occurs in pneumonia, nor a breakdown in function as a result of

Continued on page 185

# Strong in the Arms

## A Yorkshireman born and a Yorkshireman bred: Strong in the arms and weak in the head

### by ERIC KNIGHT

• FICTION •

POLKINGTHORPE BRIG isn't such a big place, even as villages go; but by gum, it can produce men.

In fact, for a place its size, as you might say, it has produced more famous men, in a manner of speaking, than any other place in the world.

For instance it has Sam Small, who once voyaged all the way to America and by his cunning managed to come back home safely to tell all about it. And then it's got Ian Cawper.

Ian Cawper is really famous. He's the biggest and strongest lad in all Yorkshire—which means, of course, all England. For everyone knows that inch for inch and pound for pound a Yorkshireman's worth two from any other county—especially Lancashire.

Of course, Ian's a little thick in the head; but they don't hold that against a man much in Yorkshire. And, true, he's a fearful man to see when he's angered; but that's very seldom. Most times Ian is pleasant enough and affable enough. Whenever there's anything heavy needs lugging in the village, the folk always get hold of a bairn and say: "Run up Ian Cawper's cottage and tell him there's summat here that nob'dy but him can do." Ian will come down, generally carrying the bairn on his shoulder, and after they've explained to him carefully what they want, he'll move or lug or lift whatever it is, such as a walnut bureau or a boulder or a cart stuck in the mud—and very pleasantly he'll do it, too.

But there's a thing or two about Ian that fair puzzles the older people in the village.

To come right out with it, the fact is that Ian doesn't look much like any other Cawper that ever lived, not even as far back as old Capper Wambley can remember. True, the Cawpers have always been a strong breed, so he takes after them in that. But Ian is a blond, blue-eyed lad, while all the Cawpers before him were very dark—so dark, in fact, that Ian's father was known as Black Cawper. Ian's blondness couldn't have come from his mother's side, either, for she's a Motherthwaite, and the Motherthwaites are a darkish clan.

It's fair puzzling, indeed it is, and that's the truth, as the village people say. Naturally, they don't say it when Ian's around, for Ian Cawper's a fearful man when he does get angry, and could break a man in two with his bare hands if so be he wished.

But people do talk once in a while, and one night Sam Small got talking down at the Spread Eagle. What his story means, you must judge for yourself. As to how true it is well, Sam Small's as truthful a Yorkshireman as ever blew the foam off four or five pints of good ale in an evening.

Ian's father, Black Cawper—so goes Sam's story—was a big strong man who was ready to fight, feast or wrestle at the drop of a hat. He wasn't as big as Ian has turned out to be, but he was shrewder than Ian will ever be. And he was more given to sudden tempers and to daring other men and showing off his strength.

Black Cawper was a favorite chap up on the moor on Sunday afternoons. For then, as now, all the men of the village would meet up on the moor to show off feats of nimbleness or strength, or to ask each other puzzling questions and riddles, or to bet on their dogs. They'd run their whippets, or hold terrier contests by putting their tykes in a barrel with a score or so of rats to see how many the dog could kill in sixty seconds. And sometimes, by lucky chance, they might meet a bunch of men from another village who would be looking for a bit of a fight. That's the way it's always been on Sunday afternoons.

Now on this Sunday afternoon about twenty-five years ago, so Sam Small says, a stranger came cutting across the moor who seemed by his speech to be from over Malton way.

They asked him if he'd like to fight, and he said no; they asked him if he wanted to buy a dog and he said no; they asked him if he'd like to wrestle or run a race for a bit of a side-bet and he said no. They had just about concluded he was a pawky sort of chap until he said that if it were a matter of knerr and spell, by gum, he'd be willing to back himself roundly to the tune of a few shillings.

Now if there's anything the lads of Polkingthorpe Brig pride themselves on besides fighting and dogs, it's their skill at knerr and spell, a game requiring strength, speed and judgment. (Many years ago this game drifted from Yorkshire up into Scotland where, in a much deteriorated and simplified form, it became known as golf.)

So when the stranger said he'd play, he was rapidly taken up.

It turned out, however, that this lad was nobody's mug. He was a lanky, lithe chap with a click to his wrists when he swung that sent the ball sailing champion distances. One by one he took the money away from the Polkingthorpe men until there was only Black Cawper left, and the light was beginning to fade.

"All or nowt in a final match," Black Cawper offered.

The lad said it was so for his pile of sixteen shillings, and he put up such a mighty ding-dong battle that at the last stroke Black Cawper needed the wellnigh impossible score of 262 to tie, 263 to win. But Black Cawper only laughed and flexed the muscles in his big arms and spit on his hands. He tapped the tip-up smartly, and when the ball rose into the air he wrapped the springy club round his neck and swung. He hit the ball fair just as it was beginning to fall and belted that dobbie a giant clout such as the men there had never seen before. Away the ball went, screaming away in a straight, rising line. Up it went, away and over a far hilltop, out of sight.

Black Cawper laughed his hard laugh.

"Two hunned and sixty-three," he offered.

This meant that if the stranger could reach the ball in less than 263 leaping strides, the score counted to him. If he couldn't, it counted to Black Cawper who thereby won the match.

The Malton lad looked up at the hill and shook his head. He was a fine judge of distances, and knew he couldn't reach the ball in the required number.

"Tha's t'better lad o' t'two on us," he said and conceded the game. They shook hands and paid off. The matches were over for that day.

"Well," Black Cawper said, "now let's off and find ma dobbie."

But the men all shuffled their feet and coughed and spat.

"Nay, Black," they said, "us'll away and meet thee later down at t'Eagle."

Then Black Cawper laughed, for he knew why they were backing away as they looked at the bleak hill, now rapidly sinking back into the evening darkness. For over that hill was Wada's Keep.

Most everyone in Polkingthorpe Brig had seen Wada's Keep—but not after dark.

You went up there in the daytime—a bunch of you together, of course—and even then it was bad enough. If you had courage, you went right up to it, plunging through the bracken and stumbling over rocks. For the land there was no longer flat moor, but rocky and broken into strange crags. You kept on, being wrapped deeper in the lonesomeness and barrenness of that place. And when you got there, you didn't dare to talk. All you did was stand by the Keep whose stones were damp and green with their ancient age. At least 1200 years old it was—that's what the schoolmaster said the day he went up there. He talked about Saxon defenders and cromlechs. That word cromlech, it made it worse, it did.

No one needed to talk of things like that when you could stand there in that silence and look at the round tower and its walls made of mighty boulders that no human hands could have lifted into place. But those boulders had been nothing for Wada, the giant. He'd lofted them up into place as nicely as a mason these days sets in a little brick.

You knew the awe of that place when you stood there thinking things like that, standing in the land where no living thing moved as far as you could see down on the wide stretches. You smelled the dust of the dried bracken and against it the damp smell of stones in unused places, and then you'd hear the fearful, lonesome cry of a peewit, and at that you'd shudder and start home, walking quickly and more quickly—all of you. Until you came over the moor and could see Polkingthorpe again, and then you slowed down and laughed and pretended you'd never walked fast with the terror of unknown things breathing on the back of your neck.

And that was the terror all the men felt that Sunday afternoon when Black Cawper faced toward Wada's land and said he was going there in the dusk. He laughed in his hard, bold way, and said:

"Would ye leave a lad find his dobbie alone?"

They rocked on their feet and coughed and spat. And then Black Cawper blazed into one of his sudden tempers—Cawper's mad higs, the men called them.

"Bagow," he roared, "that's ma pet dobbie and Ah'm not off to lose it. Ah'm bahn up theer, and what's more, one on ye's cooming up wi' me to bear witness Ah showed no fear. Here, Sam Small, tha'll coom wi' me."

"Nay, not me," Sam said, stoutly.

"Tha'll coom when Ah say," Cawper shouted. And he jumped over and caught Sam by the scruff of his neck and slung him over his shoulder.

"Here, let me dahn, Black," Sam pleaded. "It's ma tea-time, and Mully'll be mawgier nor owd hell if Ah'm late."

Black Cawper paid no attention to Sam. Instead he swung about and faced the hill. He shook his knerr-and-spell club and lifted his head and shouted:

"Now giant! If so be as tha lives in them hills, clear out o' t'road! For here cooms Black Cawper, and w' a witness to boot!"

But when he said that from the skyline came a quick glow of light and then, far away, the distant rumble of thunder. And as the watching men drew in their breath sharply, one of the dogs lifted his head and howled in a manner like to curdle your blood. Then, like a flock of birds that obey an unsounded signal, all the men turned about, and a mad charge of men and dogs went stampeding off down to the village.

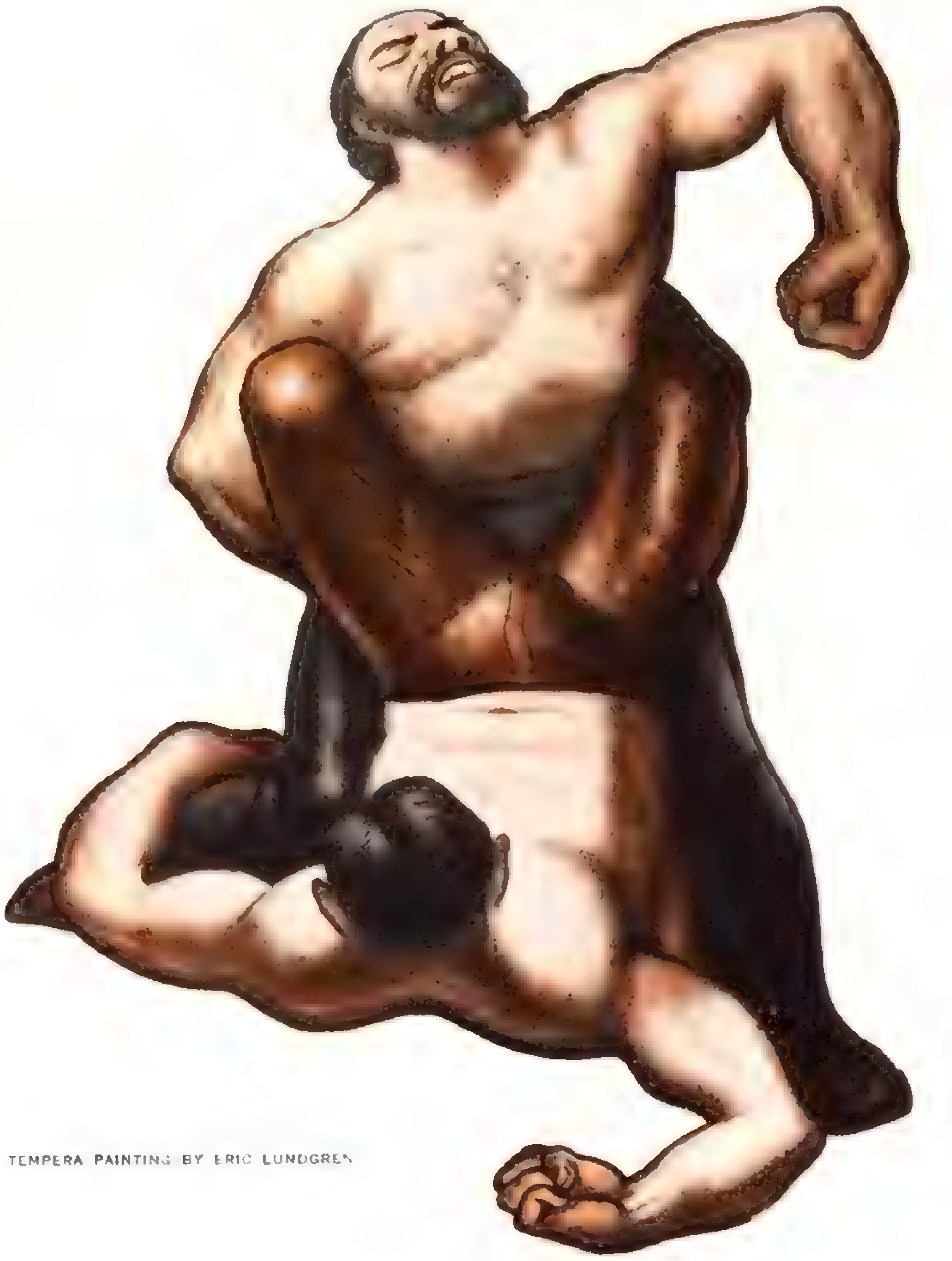
When they were gone Black Cawper stood a while, and then, slowly, one foot stamping down before the other, he started up that hill with Sam Small over his left shoulder and his knerr-and-spell club in his right hand. At the top of the hill he lifted Sam to the ground.

"Now lad," he said. "Us'll find ma dobbie. And tha'd better stick close to me: because t'owd Nick hissen knaws what maught grab thee if tha tried to run hoam alone this time o' neight."

He chuckled deep down in his chest, but Sam only shivered. He glanced around fearfully, Sam did, and resolved not to be left alone that night if he could help it. So he followed close behind Black Cawper and they kicked at the tufts of grass and pulled aside clumps of gorse as they looked for the ball. But nowhere was a ball to be seen.

"O' course it's not here," Black Cawper said. "It maun ha' gone far and away down into t'valley here. For surely it were the championest clout a lad ivver give a dobbie."

So they went deeper and deeper into the country, following the line the ball had taken as best they could. But no ball could they find.


TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Now lewk here, Black," Sam said at last. "No man can say tha hesn't dared to hunt, but it's pitch black now and we'll noan find it in the dark. Sitha lad, let's coom up tomort morn and lewk for it."

"Us has gate to be at t'pit and digging coal by dawn," Black said, "and Ah'm bound Ah'm off to find ma dobbie toneight. There'll be a gradely moon out soon."

"Nay, coom away, Black lad," Sam coaxed. "Just think, Black, it's supper time and there'll be a nice fire i't'fireplace, and a fine, steaming pot o' tea, and some hot toasted scones or muffins, all swimming in butter; or a pikelet or two and some sliced ham, wi' a wedge or two o' nice cold pork pie—or happen a bloater, all fried to a turn. Tha likes bloaters, Ah knaw . . ."

"Nay," said Black.

"Eigh, but happen there'd be a gert big foaming quart o' fine beer. Wouldn't a like a mug o' beer that'd mak' a chap smack his lips and . . ."

"Nay," said Black.

"Not even if, happen, somebody were to stand thee that quart o' beer?"

"Nay!"

"Not for a quart o' beer? Not even if Ah were to say outright it'd be me what stood the price on it for thee?"

"Ah said nay," roared Black Cawper. "Ah've said Ah'm off to find ma dobbie, and find it Ah will—if it tak's all neight, and no matter whose bailiwick it chances to be in."

Right when he said that Sam shivered, for Black's great voice went rolling out into the darkness and rumbled up into the crags, and like an echo came back a voice that boomed like a peal of thunder, saying:

"Be this what th'art looking for?"

At that moment there was a lifting light and the rising moon shot from behind a ragged cloud. Black and Sam, standing stock-still, looked out across the rocky hollow and saw a man standing on a flat crag—a great, well-set-up lad he was, with a blond beard that shone in the moonlight.

For a long time they all stood without moving and the moments passed. The first sound was when Black Cawper laughed his bold laugh.

"Tak' this," he said, and he thrust his club into Sam's hand. Sam heard him drawing in his breath through his nose, drawing it in and filling his chest so that it expanded, wider and wider. Then, with his head thrust forward and his arms hanging wide from bent elbows, Black Cawper took the first step forward. He kept on steadily, evenly, his metal-shod clogs coming down regularly as he went forward, step by step to where the man waited.

Poor Sam's belly turned over with terror, but he felt that this was no time for a lad to leave his chum, even if he died for it. So he scrabbled along behind Black, gripping the club firmly.

Cawper went on until he reached the flat rock where the man waited with his legs far apart and his thumbs hooked lightly into his waist-belt. Within an arm's-length Black Cawper halted and took the same position—his feet planted apart and his thumbs resting inside the waist of his corduroy trousers. Thus they stood and looked each other up and down slowly and carefully, not saying a word.

Sam waited in fear as the minutes passed: for although Black Cawper was a well-set man, the bearded chap was bigger by almost a foot.

They said no word, and when the time was done Black Cawper turned and picked up the dobbie that was shining on the ground. The way he did it was a dare-devil way, for he turned his back completely on the other man as if he scorned him. It was a bold contemptuous thing to do, and Sam gripped the

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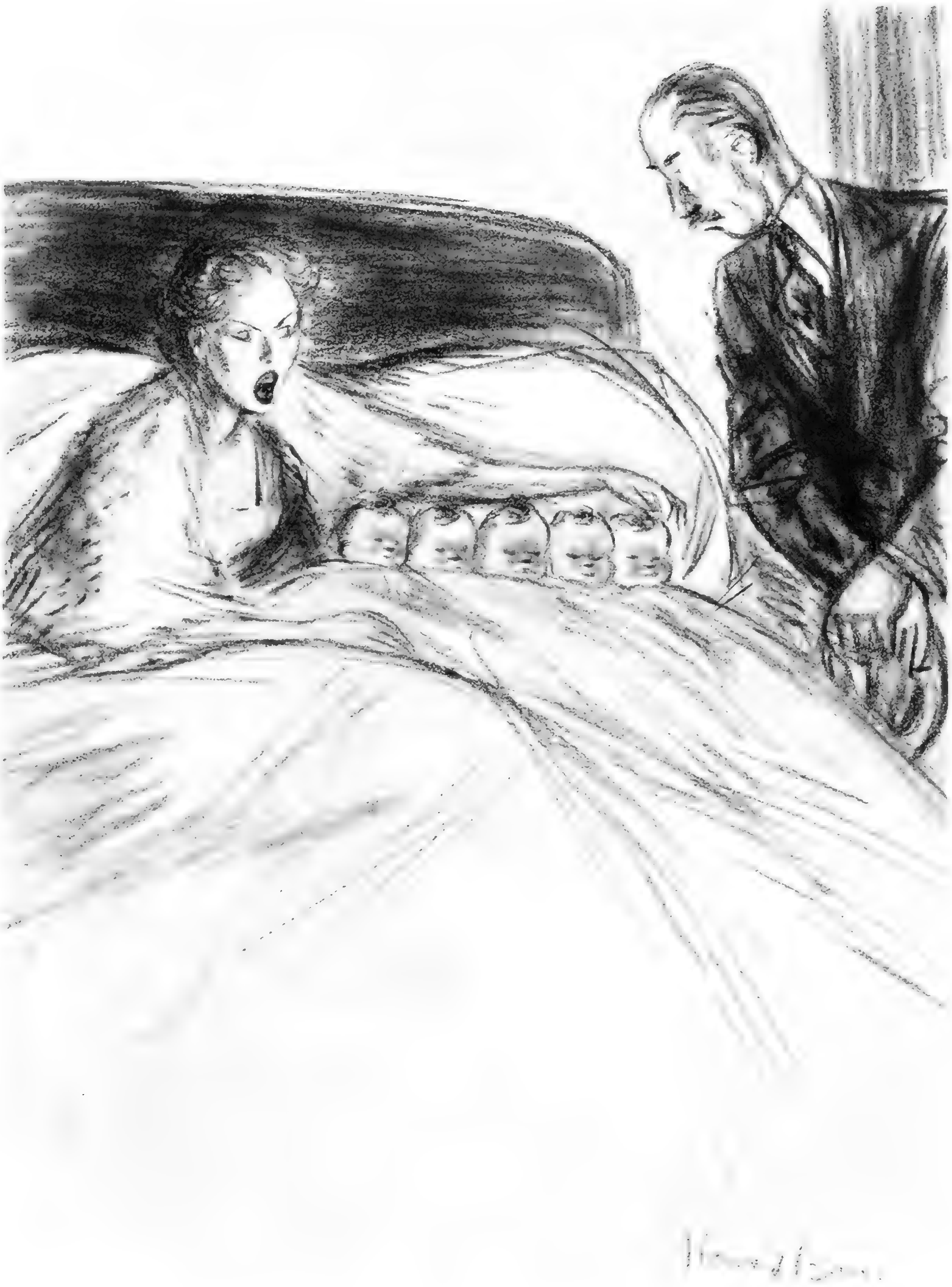


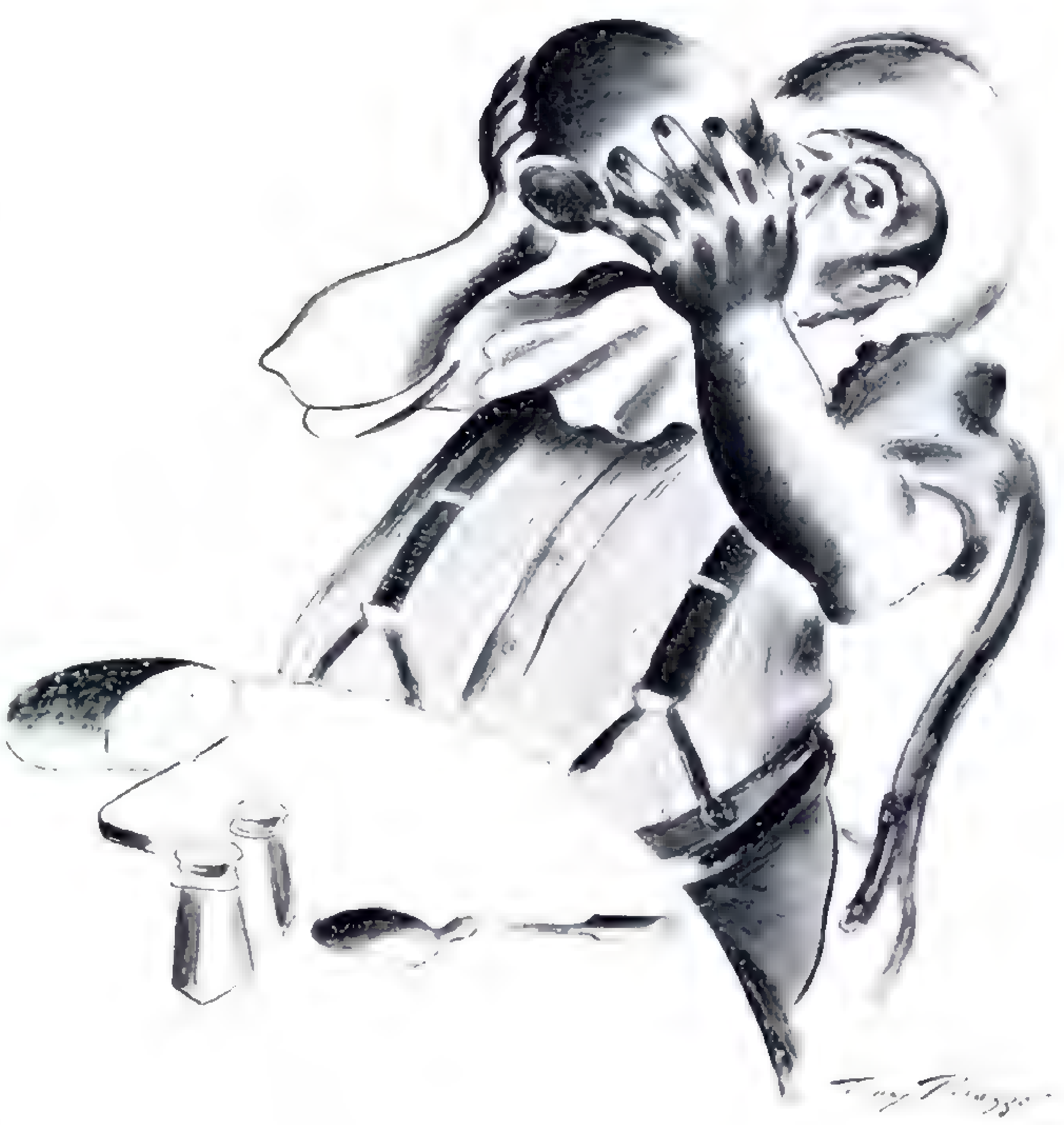
*"I hope you're satisfied! You were so anxious to save on the income tax"*

# No Salt Pork

**The crew couldn't let no furriner out-eat them, and they planned to set Bowleg Bill down to a chowder**

## by JEREMIAH DIGGES

• SATIRE •



ALL of us makes mistakes in this miserable world, but there is gawd-damned few what gits as much hell for 'em as a sea cook.

Them long-bellied Yankees on a Gloucesterman bound for the Banks can do more galley-growling over one little cockroach than you will hear ashore if you was to sarve up a live rat in the Governor's soup.

There is only once that I slips up in my figuring, and this is when I am going cook on the schooner *Agnes, Mabel, and Becky*. What with my onions late gitting to the wharf, and with pinworms in the hoss-beans, and what with maggots in this and black ants in that, I clean forgets to order me a junk of salt pork!

Now, the greenest cabin boy knows you cannot build a chowder fit to heave to the sharks without you put a junk of salt pork to it. But I don't larn of my mistake till we are down to the east'ard and setting out trawl.

And there on the Banks, you can kiss a butcher's hand* and call it lilies, but you don't git no salt pork.

Well, I goes to build a chowder, and I sees my mistake. So I makes up a tasty duff, and I makes up a lovely red flannel hash, and I prays and I hopes and I cooks for the boys elegant. And there might not be nothing said about a chowder if it ain't for a whacky bird we have shipped this trip by the name of Bowleg Bill.

He is a specimen which stands rising eight foot in his sockfeet without a store collar to hold his head up, and he carries an appetite at all times like a goat with two fathoms of tapeworm. I hears he was a cowhand in Wyoming, but if he was, I don't see how Wyoming kept no cows.

Every five minutes he comes below for a mug-up, and the rest of the time he spends crouching over the companionway, ready to spring at me the minute I blow the dinner whistle. And all the time he is eating, Bowleg keeps up a steady squawk about the mess.

"It hain't like home, boys," he says, while he gaffs up the last four pounds of meat in the pan. "Back in old Wyoming, the fellers don't pick over their grub like a herd o' daggone cowbirds follering up a wagon-train." And he heaves a sigh which sends half the dishes over the starboard guards and winds up: "But I reckon it evens up in the long run. A man works up closer to an appetite out there on the plains."

Well, I am a sea cook, and I can take a kick so long as it is placed civilized and well aft, but the crew of the *Agnes, Mabel, and Becky* gits tired of this kind of talk from a lubber, and one afternoon they come to me, fetching down a whole bait-basket of codfish.

"The gas is leaking out of this long furriner from the wrong end," says Sam Linnel, who is elected to sarve as sea lawyer in the case. "He is a thorn in the flesh where none of us fellers uses thorns. So we have decided to set down with him to a chowder."

Now, there ain't no inland furriner—I do not care if he comes from the shoalest flats of Wyoming or the upper-topgallant knolls of Colorado—nobody, I say, what can stow down a chowder to keep abreast with the crew of a Gloucester vessel. And you may take my word for it, the boys on the *Agnes, Mabel, and Becky* is gawd-damned able with the long spoon!

So they are figuring to set a pace for this big cowhand and keep him to it till he has got to hoist distress signals, and then they will sock it to him—which is a lovely thought if the Lord sees fitten to provide his children with the chowder. But here am I, without a junk of salt pork, and at this moment I am feeling like one of them steers which Bowleg Bill says he has triced up in Wyoming - caught without the goods.

"Mike Oakum," I tells myself, "you might as well go up on deck now and heave yourself overboard. If you was to sarve the boys a chowder without a junk of salt pork to it, you will wish you had drownded yourself in peace!"

There is only one other way to go ahead and build the chowder and pray to Gawd that he will make it rain little pigs. So I goes ahead, and I builds and I prays. And while I am biling the potatoes, I pictures me a small white headstone, which reads on it:

Here lies the bones
Of poor Mike Oakum
In the shape they took
When his shipmates broke 'em.

And while I am scaling the fish, I prays harder, but still it don't rain no little pigs. And I cuts up the onions, and I prays harder yet, and I puts in the vinegar and the saffron, and salt and pepper, and now I am praying severe enough for heaven to hear me through a six-inch plank. But not one pig comes down, nor his little brother, nor his hocks, nor nothing in a pig's assortment. And all this time the boys are hollering down to me to hurry along the chowder. So there's nothing left but to put the whistle to my mouth, and I pushes my heart to one side and gives 'em the dinner blow.

Down they come like a school of sharks, with Bowleg Bill first in line. But I ain't dished out the chowder yet. And when they have all set down, I winks to the boys, and I turns to this cowpuncher, and I says:

"Bowleg, the talk of them shipmates of yours back on the ranch puts me in mind of a thing that happened to me up in the fur North, while I was on an Arctic expedition. The Eskimos up there is like that too—willing to eat most anything." And I gives the boys another wink, and I starts spinning a yarn.

*They are a great people, the Eskimos. When we set out across the ice, we fetched along rations of milk chocolate. But one day I meets a party of Eskimos which has jest killed a seal, and they invites me and my interrupter—feller who knowed their talk to set down to mess with them. But one of 'em looks at me and mumbles, and shakes his head, and the others laugh.

"He says Eskimo eat seal," my interrupter tells me. "White man eat milk chocolate."

This makes me mad, and I says: "Tell 'em I will eat anything they will."

They eat seal raw, and one of them grin-

Continued on page 135

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*This ain't what you could do, but I writes what I writes and then I gits hell for it.

*This here is me talking—talking pert while I winks to the boys and keeps 'em out of that chowder. But I don't keep Bowleg Bill out of it. He starts right in, taking on a cargo while I spins my yarn.

# Uncle János' Devotion

## The villa was possessed of the devil, and his employers could never have managed without him

### by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

FICTION

The house György Mosonyi had bought was in a suburban section of the city, among the hills on the left side of the Danube. It was very pretty. It stood on a hilltop, surrounded by young saplings. It had all the conveniences of the city. Central heating. Besides electricity, there was gas in the kitchen and in the bathrooms. There was a *souterraine* for the servants' quarters and a spacious attic. A cellar. In the young garden a doghouse, a poultry-enclosure, a glass-paned greenhouse, and a woodhouse. Everything that is necessary for a house which is not in the stone-wilderness of the city.

The sun shone on it freely, and from the first-floor balcony there was a beautiful view toward the valleys of Buda, scattered with villas. György Mosonyi and his wife did not mind that the neighborhood was unfrequented. There were vacant lots all around. The nearest store was a grocery in the best provincial tradition, with a bell on the door, in the window spools of cord and fly-dotted stars formed of packages of Flóra-candles. It was in the building occupied by a summer restaurant called "The Green Hunter."

"At least we are going to have peace!" said the woman. "As for guests, only those who like us very much will ever come out here. Or those for whom we send the car. I like this quiet. This primitive, rustic atmosphere. I have to laugh when I think of it: we'll have to arrange our life and affairs exactly as if we were living in the provinces!"

"In a certain respect this neighborhood has an American look," said the man. "Grass, vacant lots for sale. A filling station. Pneumatic-advertisements on the fences. There is even a small auto-repair and service shop only half a kilometer from here."

The Mosonyis were nice, cultured people. Full of trust and good will, ready to love their new surroundings. The woman was already dreaming of how beautiful the garden would look when the young saplings had grown up.

"This is the ice-cellar!" explained the concierge to his mistress, as he acquainted her, bragging, with the treasures of the court.

This concierge the Mosonyis had bought together with the villa. He lived down in the basement, in the narrowest, darkest hole. From his window the smell of mold and bitter pipe-smoke streamed. He had spent the whole winter alone in the empty house. God only knows who cooked for him, who cleaned his room. He didn't have anybody; he didn't own anything. The architect, who had built the villa during the great real-estate boom, had hired him as a kind of watchman to stay in the uninhabited building, to see that the fence and the window frames were not stolen by wandering beggars.

The concierge was called Uncle János. He was sixty and a bachelor. According to his contract he was entitled to stay down in the basement until May. In the beginning it seemed as if the new owners would put him out. They had a man of their own whom they were planning to put in his place.

Uncle János realized that within two months he would have to strike camp. But he wasn't angry. He helped with great devotion in the humdrum of the moving and furnishing. With his dry humor he made Mrs. Mosonyi smile quite a few times.

"You know what?" said the woman during the third week, "let's keep Uncle János. He is a very nice, usable old man. Then, it wouldn't be fair to take his bread away from him during such a terrible era of unemployment. The house is big. We ought to have some kind of gardener anyway."

György Mosonyi had a few objections:

"I can't stand his pipe. The smell that comes up from his window reminds me of a wolf-den!"

The woman defended Uncle János:

"What would you expect the poor old man to smoke? Egyptian cigarettes, like you? As for his chamber, we'll have it aired and calcimined. I don't understand you: would you expect this ragged old man to have the appearance and clothes of a movie actor?"

Thus, Uncle János stayed in the villa. He was clever and silent. In his peasant face, in his long, gray moustache, in his sly eyes there was something captivating. He knew very well how to make those upon whom his livelihood depended, like him, and how to evoke respect from anyone whose position had approximately the same level as his. It didn't take long for him to become the house's "Uncle János." The bashaw of the basement, the kitchen, and the court. He became a respected old gentleman, who would often send the white-capped chambermaid to the store for tobacco, and who had earned even his master's love to such an extent that Mosonyi would send him down every afternoon a *Regalia Media* cigar with the butler.

When, after the house had been furnished completely, the Mosonyis gave their first great dinner in the villa, it was proved definitely that Uncle János deserved the love and affection of his employers. Precisely in the middle of the dinner, all of a sudden, the lights went out in the whole house. The whole thing was totally unexpected. One lady was just saying to her neighbor:

"Please, Henrik, would you mind passing me the tomato salad?"

At the "please Henrik" the platinum thread of the bulbs turned pale red. And at the "tomato salad" it was pitch dark. Dark as Hades. A frightened silence for a few seconds. Then the guests began to laugh.

The lady of the house said, annoyed:

"It must be a short circuit. It will be mended in no time."

But nothing was mended. The darkness grew. The embarrassment spread. They began lighting matches. The chambermaids were running up and down impotently; the cook was cursing in the kitchen. The master of the house felt his way to the wall, and, stumbling through the dark rooms, tried all the switches. It was all in vain. The lights didn't go on. And the telephone seemed to have gone wrong at the same time with the lights: they couldn't even call an electrician.

The lady of the house began to cry nervously. Her guests tried to cheer her up. They started telling jokes. Professor Zakariás referred to the happy Middle Ages when houses were dependent upon reliable wax candles. A jocose old gentleman made a motion:

"Since it's so nice and dark anyway, why don't we play postoffice?"

Thereupon it became light immediately.

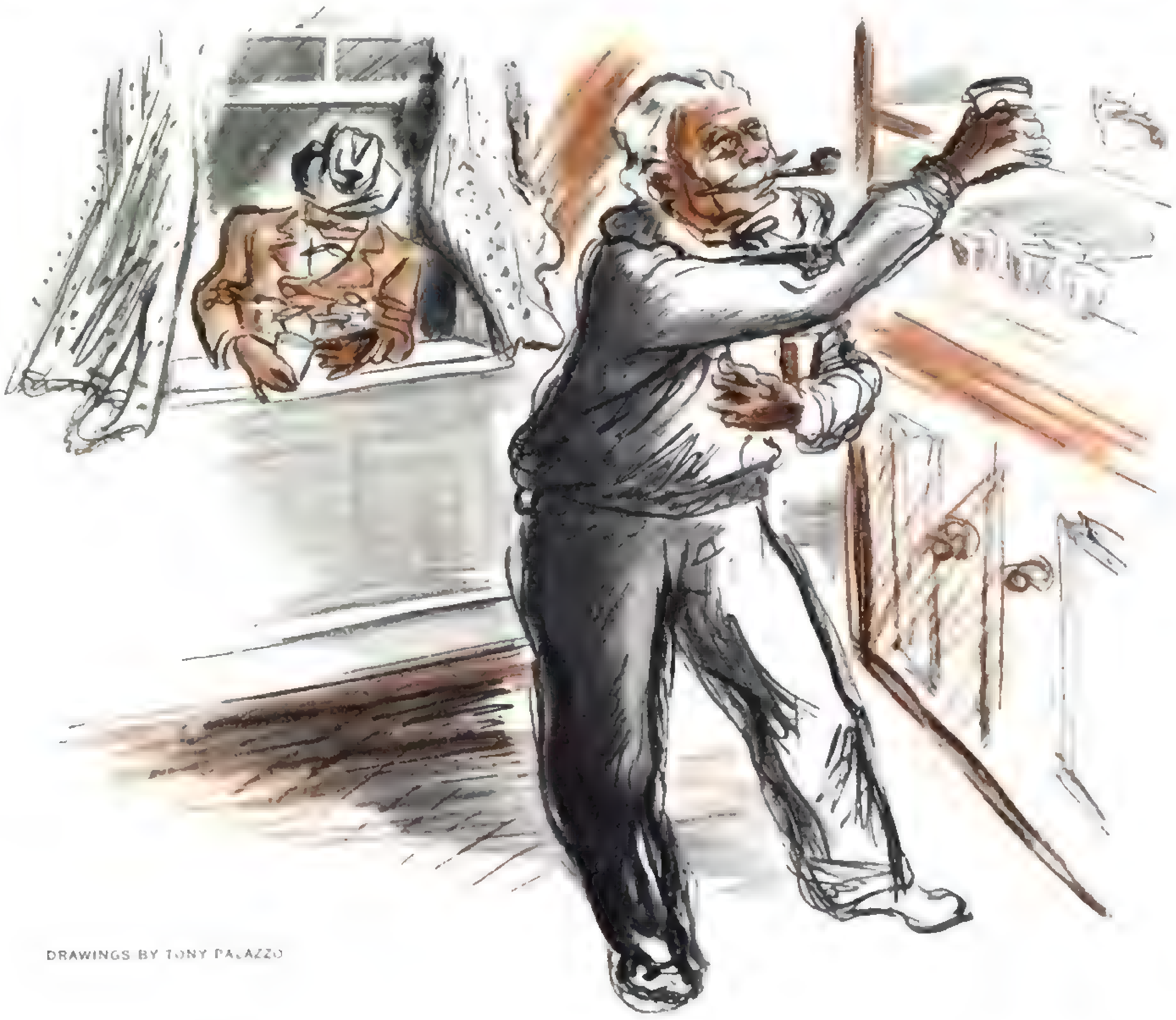
The bulbs shone in all the chandeliers.

The butler announced dutifully:

"We had to rouse Uncle János. He went down to the cellar. It was he who fixed it."

"Hurrah for Uncle János!" the guests shouted. The lady of the house glanced at her husband just as if she wanted to say: "Well, wasn't it a good thing that we kept Uncle János? Isn't he a man of gold?"

Five minutes later Uncle János himself appeared on the scene. He was just as he had got out of bed. He had only his topcoat on; the legs of his long white underwear showing in their full splendor. His elbows, his shoulders were all white with plaster and covered with cobwebs. One could see what a tough job he must have had on his hands in the cellar. He saluted the gentlemen respectfully. He bowed deeply to the ladies. Expertly he gave a version of what had happened. There were wires in his hand and a monkey wrench. He went into the study at once, and fixed the telephone, too. After half a minute they could hear the merry ringing of the apparatus.



DRAWINGS BY TONY PALAZZO

Uncle János marched triumphantly through the empire dining-room in his long underwear. He was muttering to himself. Something about modern tradesmen. Who just charge a lot of money for their work but don't know a damn thing about anything . . .

He took his leave with a proud "I kiss your hand!" He closed the door behind him. The lady of the house looked after him warmly, and made up her mind that she was going to give the old gent a special reward of ten *pengös* on the following day.

It must be conceded that Uncle János was always receiving smaller or larger special rewards after this. Because the villa, as if it had been possessed of the devil, was always full of trouble. The stove pipes in the kitchen would spring a leak, filling the whole house with acrid, suffocating smoke. The pipes in the bathroom would crack, saturating the ceiling below with water. The wind would break the windows; the keys would get lost. During a period of two weeks there would be ten short circuits. And Uncle János would see to everything. The little defects he would fix himself. If the mishap was of a more serious nature, he would know just where to find the right electrician, bricklayer, or locksmith. He would bargain with the men wrathfully and coarsely. It was a joy to see how he would fight for the interests of the house to his last breath.

"He is worth his weight in gold!" thought the lady of the villa, and watched Uncle János adoringly from the terrace as he toiled around the hotbeds, his white hair gleaming in the setting sun. She even shouted to him:

"Don't exhaust yourself, Uncle János! It's getting dark! You can do that tomorrow!"

Uncle János stood up. He looked toward the terrace with his small, sly eyes:

"It's never too late for me when there's work to be done! Don't worry about me: I can stand work!" he answered proudly.

They gave Uncle János a raise in his salary. His master gave Uncle János two worn, but still very usable, suits of clothes. Uncle János received a present of two kilos of virgin tobacco. The butler was ordered to keep Uncle János's pipes in good condition. Uncle János even got a gift: a brand-new pipe, the head of which was a carved running deer, and from the cherry-wood stem of which a green tassel dangled.

Uncle János richly deserved all these gifts because not a day passed without his rendering the house some kind of service which he would not have been obliged to perform in his capacity as concierge. He was a flower of devotion and inventiveness.

One night a whole flock of chickens was stolen from the poultry-enclosure. Uncle János covered the whole neighborhood, and on the third day returned with half of the lost stock.

He whispered to his mistress with a wink of the eye:

"I stole back these sixteen somehow. But after this we'll have to be more alert. This is a tough neighborhood; it's full of sneak-thieves. And if they steal something it's no use to go to the police: they can't help us. Because these scoundrels are all in cahoots. They are all thieves!"

Uncle János was right again. The winter fuel was fast disappearing from the woodhouse. Hardly a day passed without a theft. The cook swore that if it was going to keep on like this, by December they wouldn't have enough fuel to scramble two eggs.

After the wash something would always be missing from the linen drying in the attic. One or two sheets, a pillow case, dishtowels.

Mrs. Mosonyi began suspecting that the neighborhood was not quite as idyllic as she had imagined it.

She even asked Uncle János whether it wouldn't be a good idea to hire a detective who could nab the thieves as they sneaked into the house.

"There's no need for a detective here!" answered Uncle János wisely. "A good, fierce watchdog will do. I've been telling the master for a long time that we ought to buy a *puli!* Bad men stay away from the house in which there's a tough dog loose in the court!"

It was Uncle János who finally got the *puli*. It was a cheap dog; it had cost only forty *pengös* altogether. Uncle János even bought him a collar and a leash. The dog would not obey anybody but him. Once he even bit the butler when he tried to play with him.

The time passed. Uncle János's power was growing apace. His master and mistress were getting fonder and fonder of him. Thus, Mrs. Mosonyi had at first become very angry when the cook accused the old man of stealing about thirty jars of preserved fruit from the pantry.

The whole thing happened because she had a toothache. She couldn't sleep. Suddenly she heard some noise in the pantry. She got up and peeped through a crack in the door. Well, she saw Uncle János in the pantry—how easy it must have been for a Jack-of-all-trades like him to open that simple lock!—passing out the jars through the window to a man with a cart who stood in the court.

"Why didn't you shout?" asked Mrs. Mosonyi, enraged.

"I was alone. It was night. You were at the theatre. The butler was sleeping with the chauffeur in the garage. The two chambermaids had gone to the cinema. I was afraid they would strangle me!" explained the cook, and cast a worried look in the direction of the door. What if Uncle János had been listening there, his ear glued to the keyhole!

Mrs. Mosonyi didn't want to believe a word of it. For, if what she had just heard was true, the whole imaginary statue which she had built of Uncle János in her unsuspecting love, would collapse. But still, she authorized the cook to keep watch on the old man in deepest secret. Frankly speaking, she was hoping that the investigation would vindicate Uncle János, and that she would be able to chastise the fat Róza for her jealous accusations.

But it didn't happen that way. The servants, who had long been suffering under Uncle János's tyrannical sceptre, all swung into action, and, after two weeks of sly detective work, they produced definite proof of the fact that Uncle János was not the angel of the house, but rather its devil.

It was he himself who had cracked the pipes, who had destroyed the stoves, the telephone, the electric fixtures. It was he himself who had stolen the fuel, the sheets

*Continued on page 111*

# Ten Dollars a Head

**The steward assured the first-class passengers that they would be rid of the Haitian deckers in just two days**

## *by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

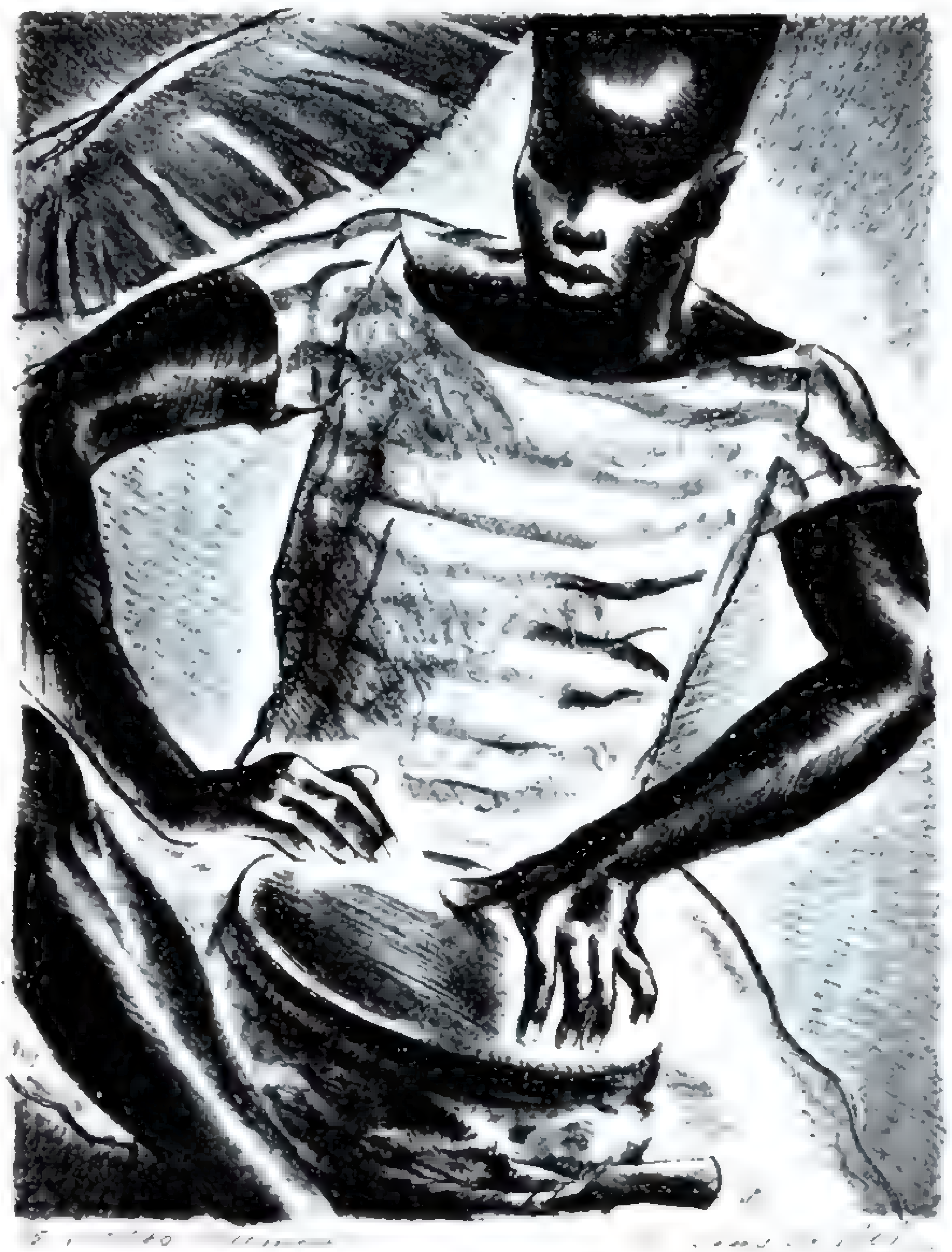
• ARTICLE •

Southeast of the Gulf of Mexico, in the Atlantic Ocean, lying between Cuba and Puerto Rico, is the island of Haiti. To many people it is just another West Indian island, somewhere off the coast of Florida, where, from time to time, reports have filtered into the daily papers that two thousand, three thousand, ten thousand Haitians have been slain by their Dominican neighbors. One reads it, yawns, rushes through the Chinese-Japanese war, the civil war in Spain, the latest doings of Hitler and Mussolini, and then settles down to the really serious business of the market reports, business in general, and/or the Sex-Mad Fiend Slays Tiny Tot feature.

*Of course you know that this island* was the first land Columbus sighted in 1492, that here was the home of the buccaneers and pirates, the coast of the Spanish Main where Sir Francis Drake and the great Henry Morgan plundered, the land that inspired Robert Louis Stevenson to write *Treasure Island*, the land where three black slaves, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines, and Henri Christophe, rose to be generals in the French army, with a handful of African slaves defeated the greatest army Napoleon could send against them, and established an island kingdom that vied with the courts of Europe in pomp and circumstance; that on this tragic island, nurtured through centuries by the bones and blood of thousands of slaves, the color line has run together in master and slave, wife and mistress, mulatto and black, bastard and king, an ungodly intermingling of French, Spanish, Indian, and African, each hating the other, and now all lying together these hundreds of years somewhere beneath the virginal mountains of Haiti, this land where nature has been most lavish and most cruel, where mountains and streams and vegetation have vied with one another in arraying themselves in tropical splendor, where the knife, the sword, and gun have always ruled, and where rapine and murder were the handmaidens of all who wished to possess this island of Hispaniola.

Her breasts the long rolling ranges of blue purple mountains, her thighs the irregular contours of white washed sand, and her womb the smoldering sanctuary of revolutions, spouting forth kings and dictators, presidents and generals with the regularity and ceaseless beat of the ocean's tides. That was Hispaniola four hundred, three, two, one hundred years ago, and today . . . perhaps she is smoldering again.

The present-day Haitian, whose color is frequently copper, runs from pure black, the heritage of Africa, through all the racial hues to white, the heritage of France. The Dominican, who is a decided mulatto, runs to a swarthy white in coloring, the heritage of Spain. The Dominicans retain all of the Spanish influence, have no desire to speak French or to be classified as Haitians, and are as color-conscious as Puerto Ricans, the white ones intermingling only with their brothers of like color. The Haitian élite are *café-au-lait* though white in coloring, speak only French, have no desire to speak Spanish or to be confused with Dominicans, and in some respects are as color-conscious as the Dominicans. It is interesting to note that all of the upper classes, and there are only two classes on the island, the HAVES and the HAVE NOTS, are mulattoes or very nearly white in coloring. These two peoples, the Haitian and the Dominican, living on the same island and sharing only its geographical confines, are separated by a hazy borderline that runs zigzagging across the island from north to south. They profess the greatest amity toward each other, their respective presidents having met only a year ago at Ounaminthe (Wana-mant), a wild section of the country to the north, and exchanged felicitations over the boundary line.



*Clipping: December, 1937*

From the Associated Press: The killings of Haitian workers occurred when the Dominican government, after revoking permits to Haitian laborers to work in the Dominican Republic's cane fields, ordered a group of Haitians to be expelled from Dominican territory.

*Notes from a Sketchbook*
*Saturday, May 29, 1937*

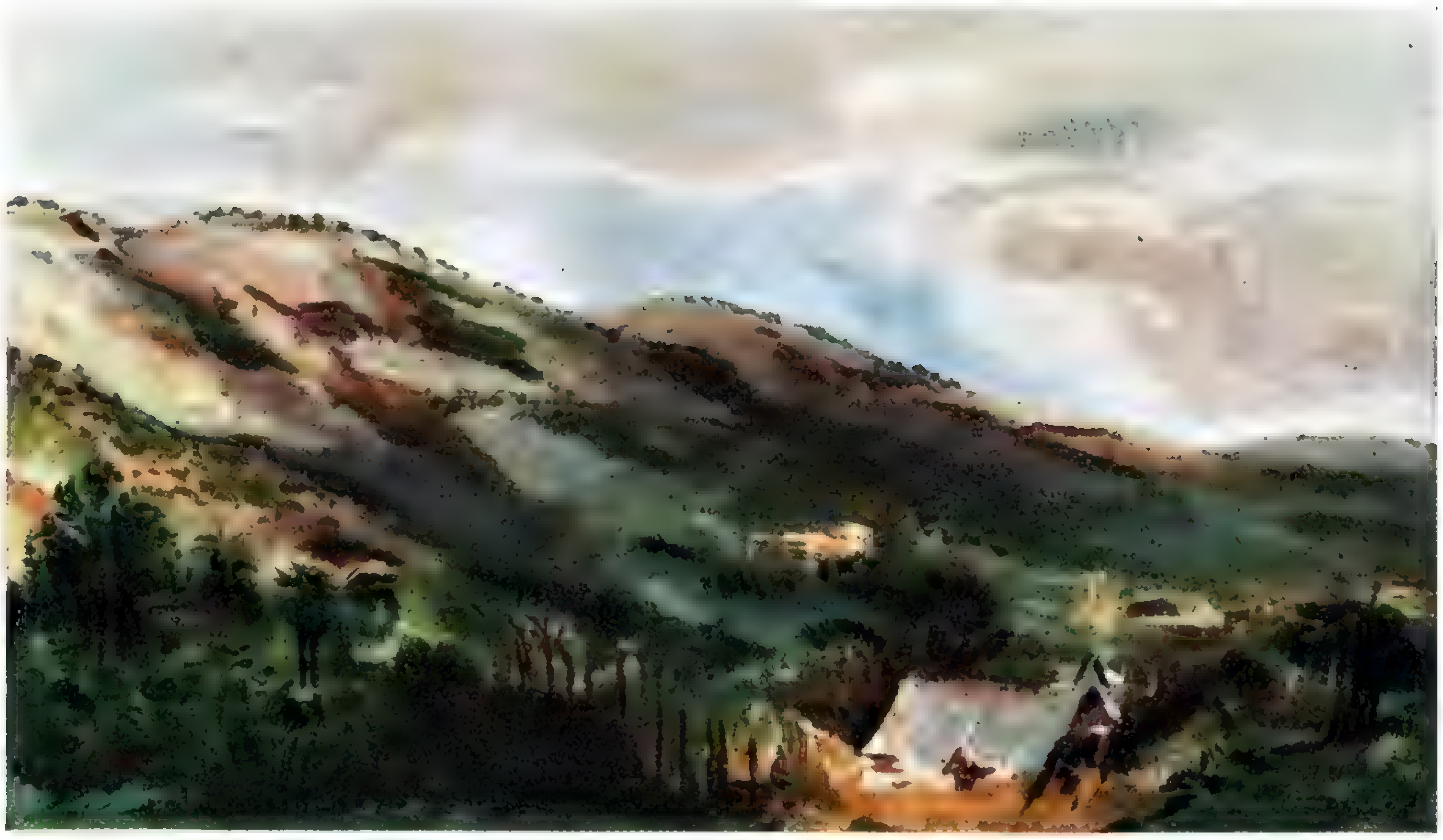
Tonight we are in the little port of Santiago de Cuba, where Teddy Roosevelt fought and, with his Rough Riders, took San Juan Hill. All day our boat, a little third-class inter-island steamer, has been taking on coffee, coffee to go eventually to France, we are told. We expect to sail for Port-au-Prince, Haiti, sometime tonight, although there seem to be many conflicting stories concerning the exact time of our departure. All day long at the docks small groups of people, Haitians, by their appearance, have been gathering together and going to an unused narrow-gauge railway track and there, with all of their possessions, it seems, just sitting down and waiting.

My wife and I left the boat about nine o'clock that evening, having been definitely informed that we could not possibly sail before midnight, as the boat was taking on deckers. Deckers? I was stupid about deckers. Connie informed me that it is a common practice in the East Indies and Orient to take on as many people as can occupy deck space on a boat or as many as the captain's conscience will allow. A stupid thing to do, I thought, and dismissed the whole matter. I was very anxious to get a large mahogany tray for which I had dickered with a fat Cuban dealer earlier in the day. Having arrived at no mutually satisfactory price, I had given up in disgust, returned to the boat, and now we were returning once again to his stuffy little shop. We would haggle all over again, and this time he would get his price, as the boat was leaving in three hours, and I did want that tray.

When we returned to the boat, the tray firmly tucked under my arm, the narrow-gauge railway track was teeming with people. They looked like refugees, refugees from any country, who were poor and who were being deported. If you have ever seen groups of very poor people, of whatever race, huddled together, your heart goes out to them. There is a dumb helplessness about them that makes you wish you weren't so helpless. The mate said these were the deckers. The captain said these were the deckers. Two Dutch commission agents who were in the cabin adjoining ours said, "Look! Those are the deckers." We went to the rail and looked over.

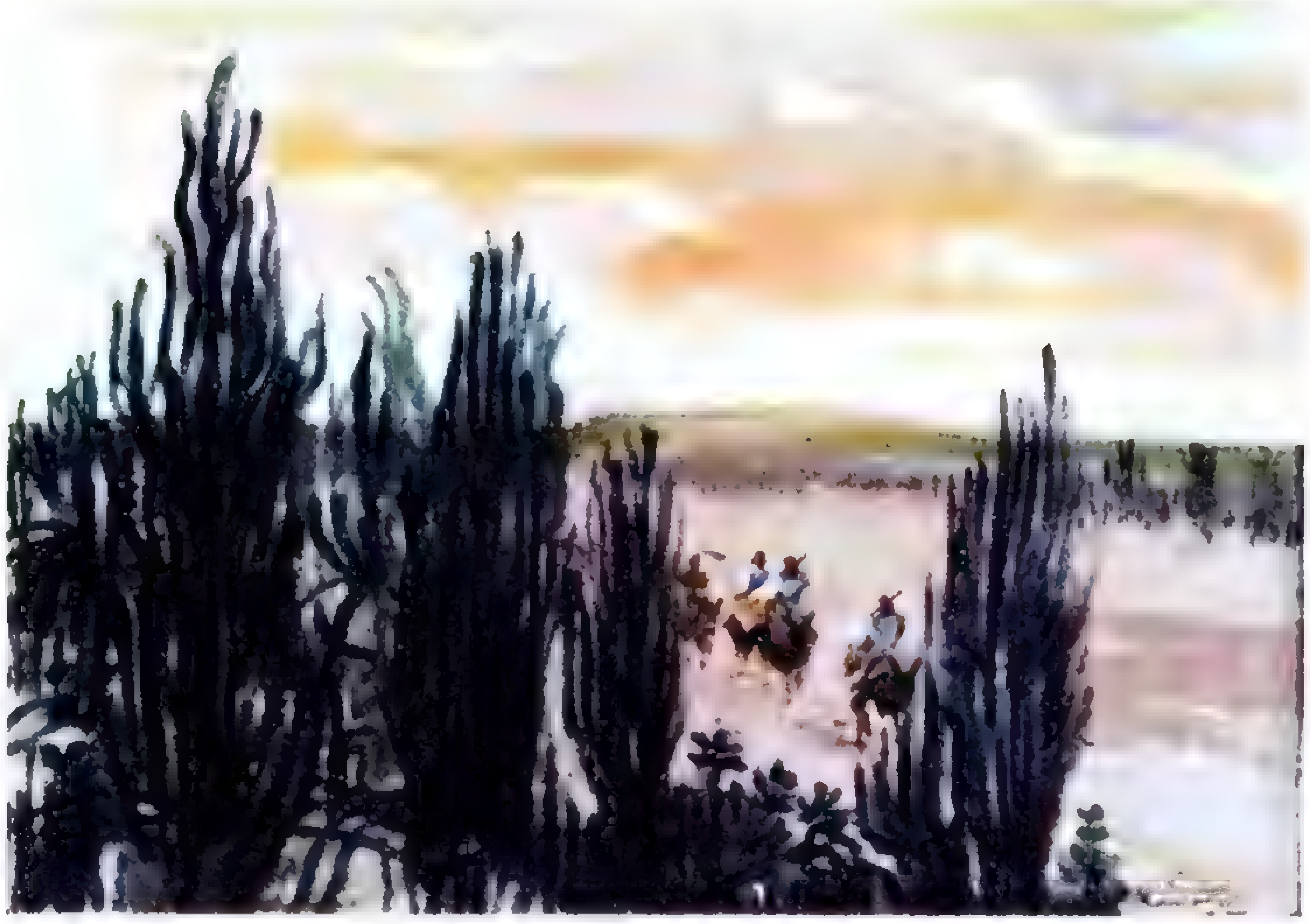
A mother was feeding her baby. An old woman was pulling some clothes from a

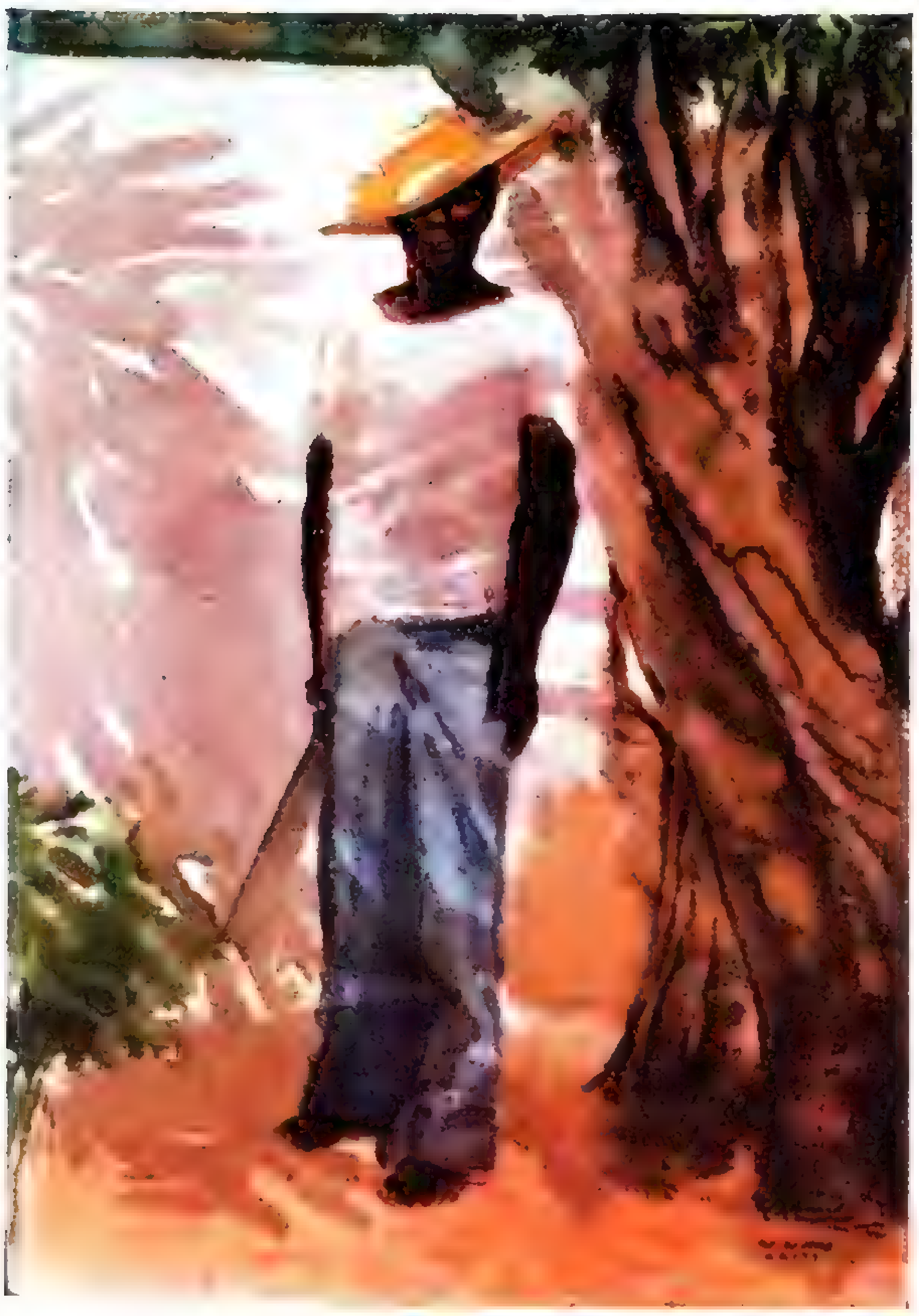
*Continued in center of page 205*

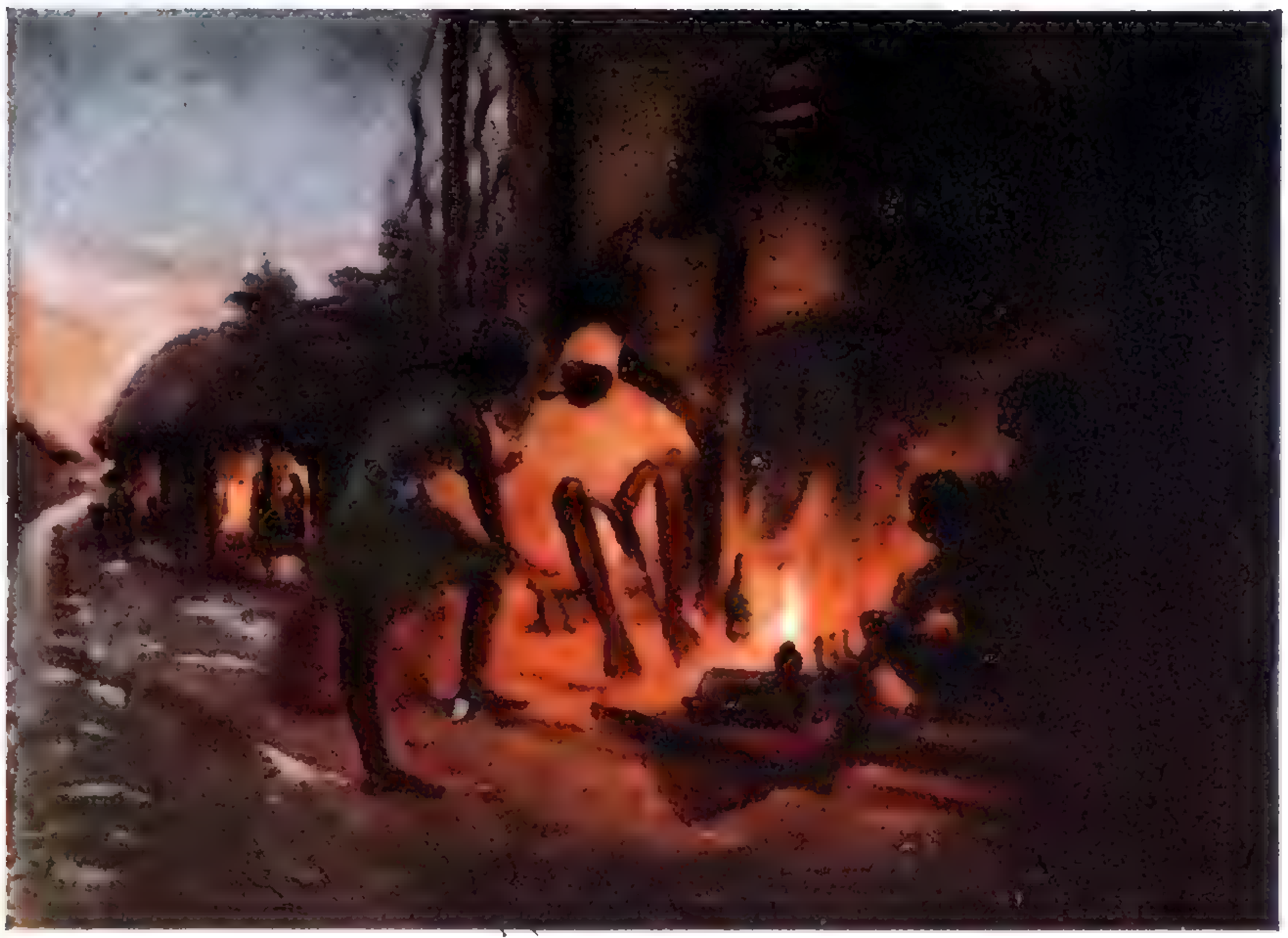

MOUNTAINS OVER PORT-AU-PRINCE

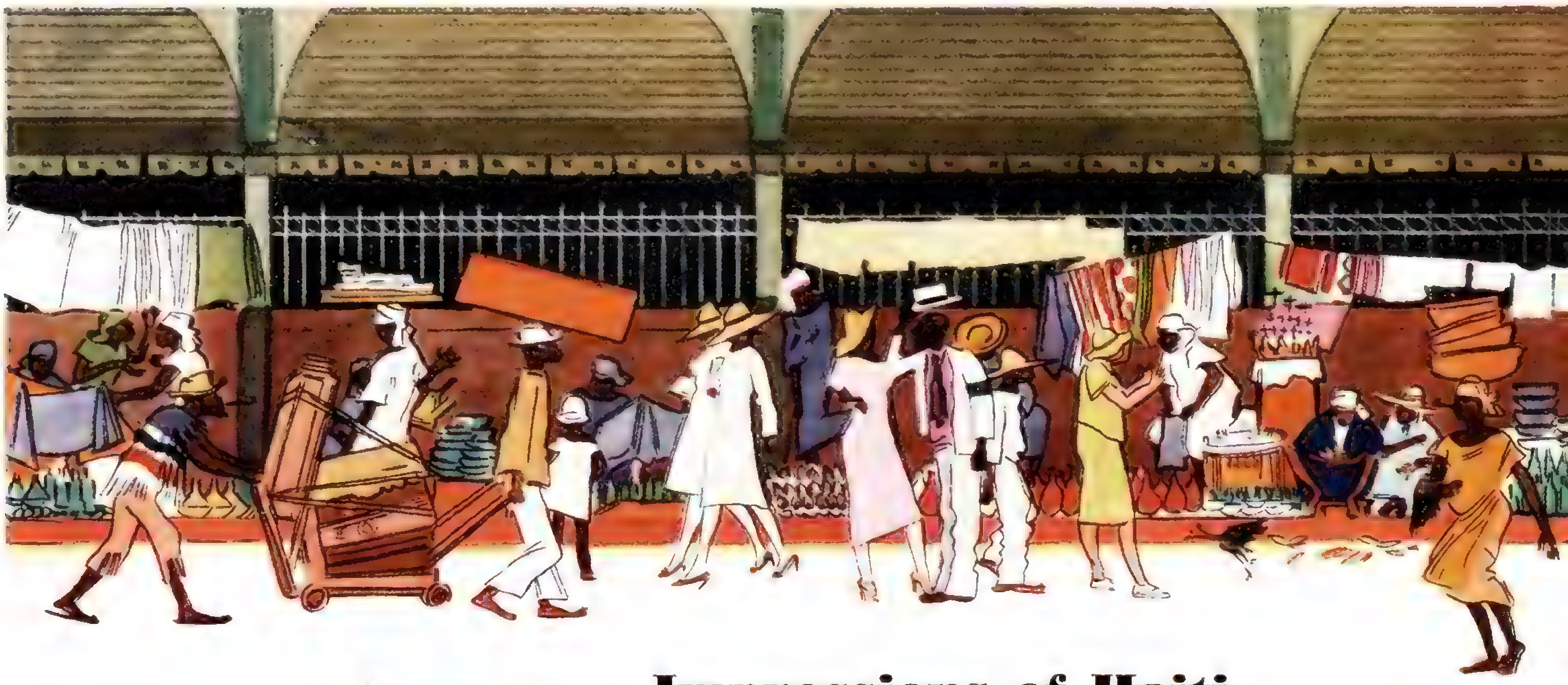
# A Portfolio of HAITIAN SKETCHES

### *by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

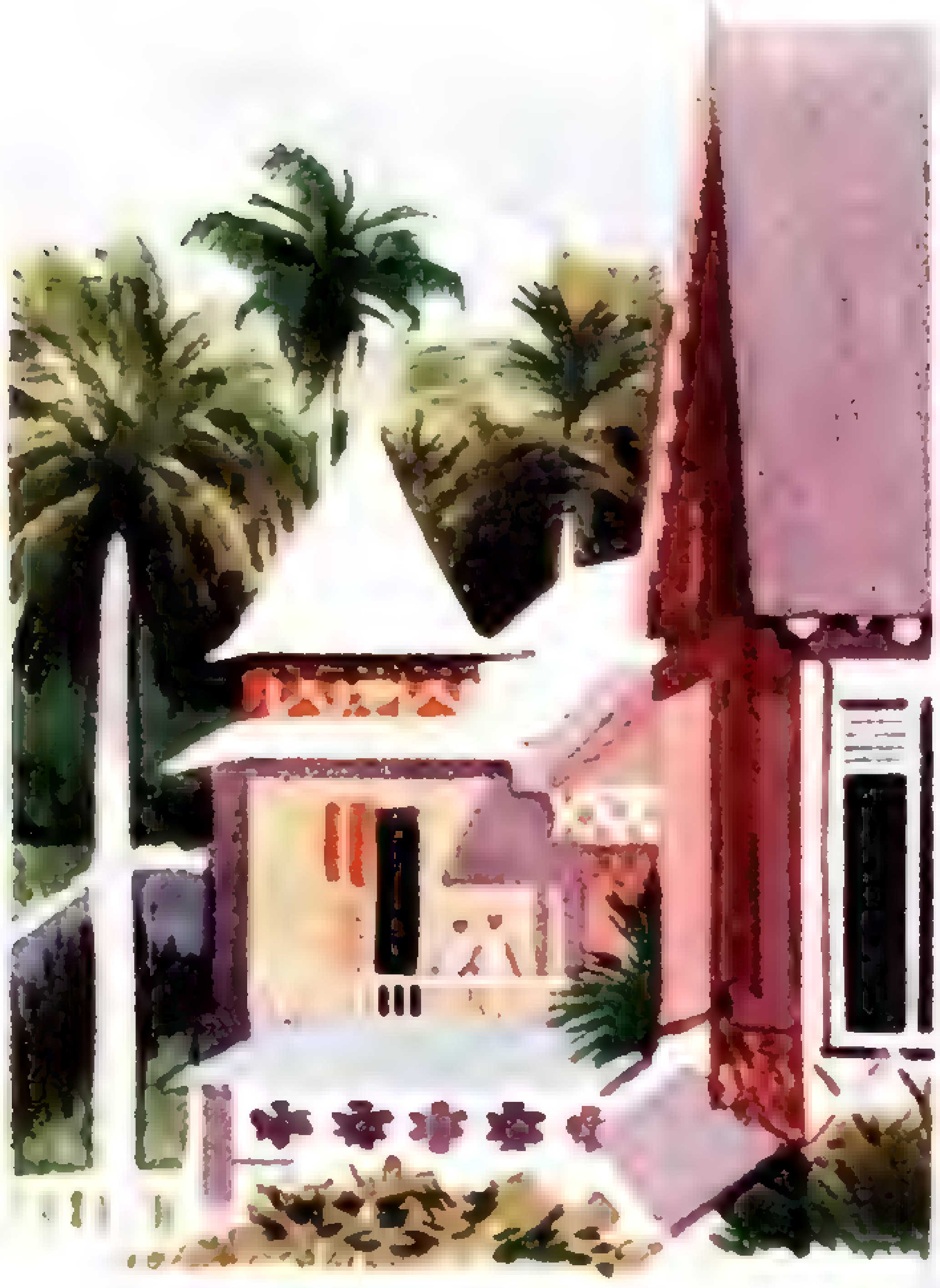

CACTUS COUNTRY—SAVANE DÉSOLÉE



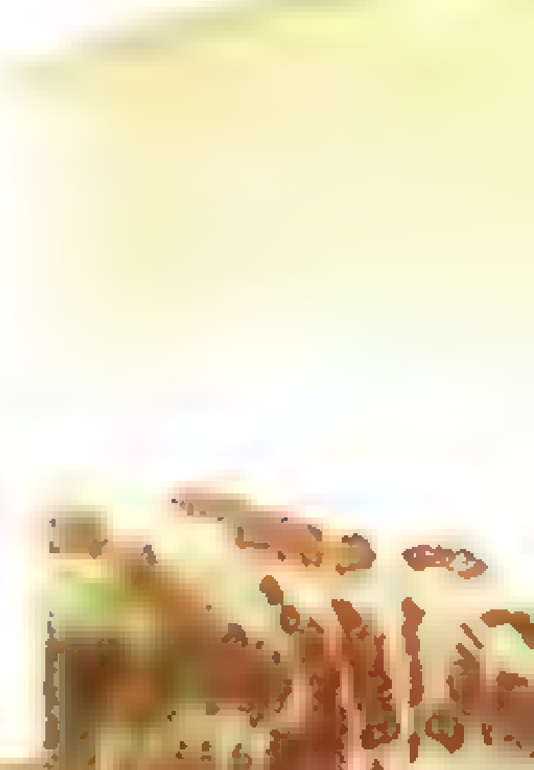

ON THE ROAD TO PÉTIONVILLE

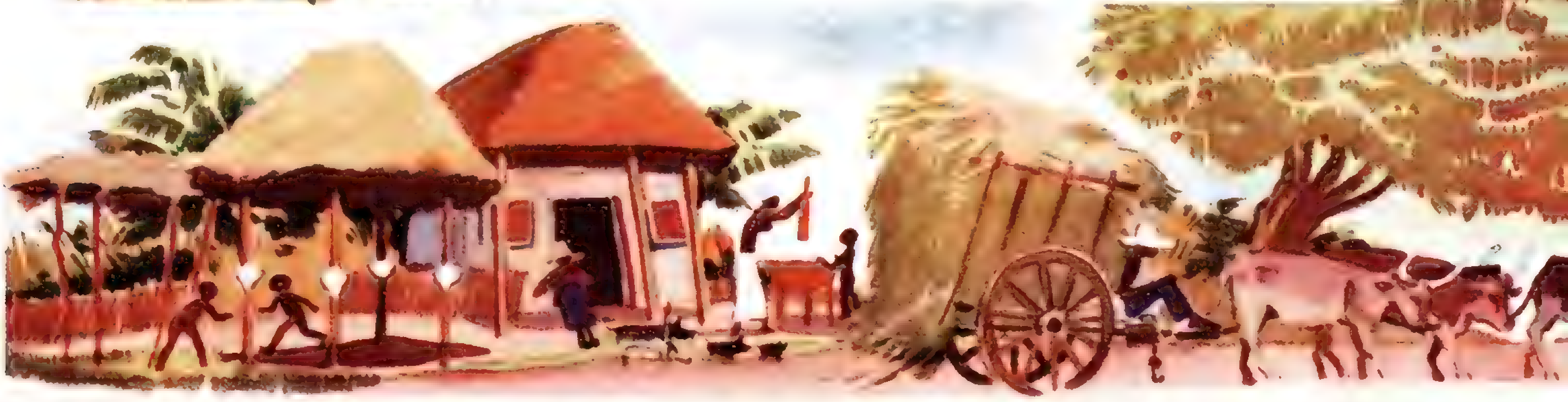


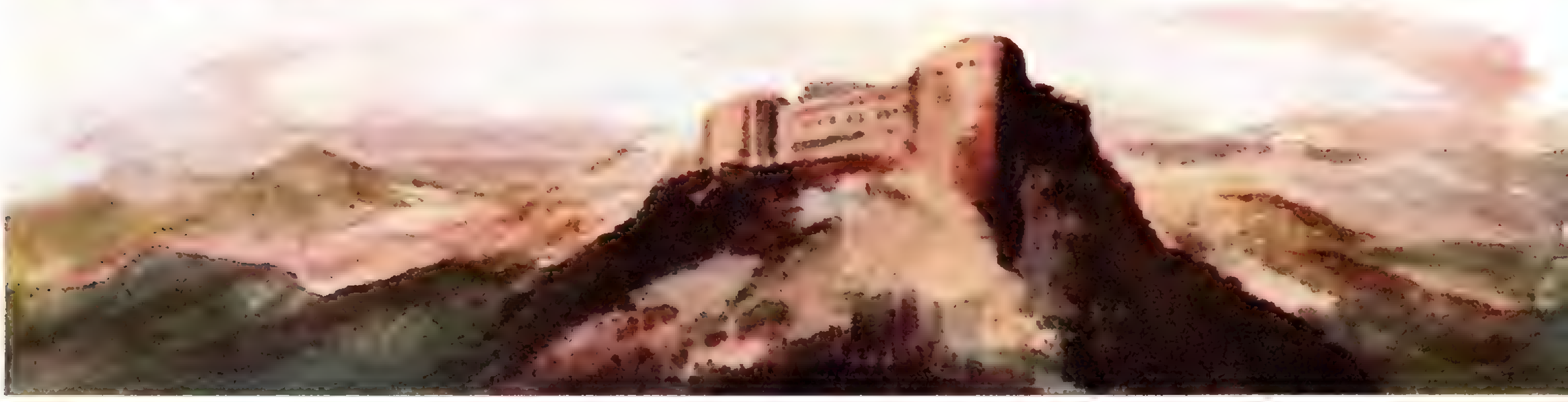
# Impressions of Haiti

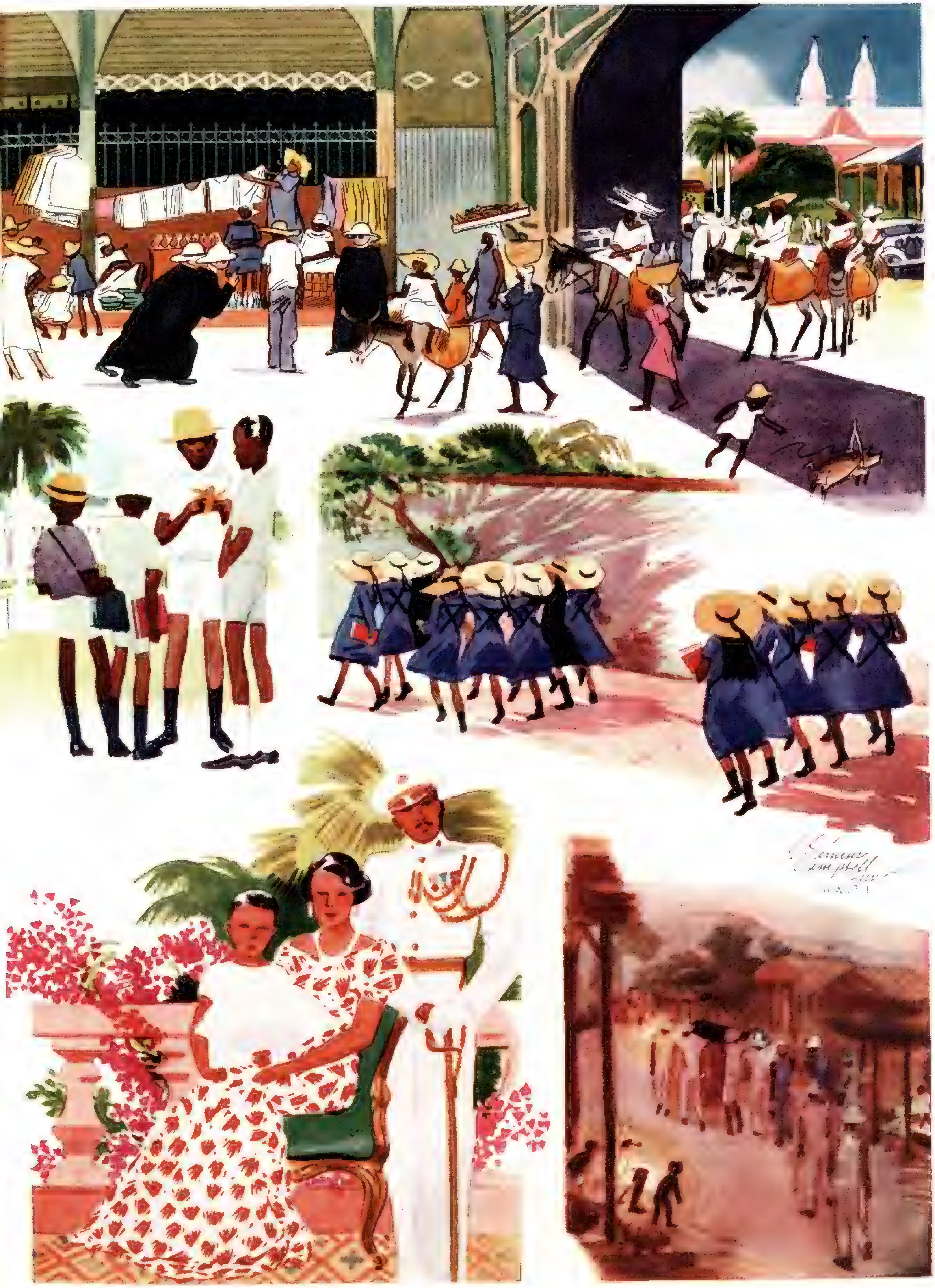


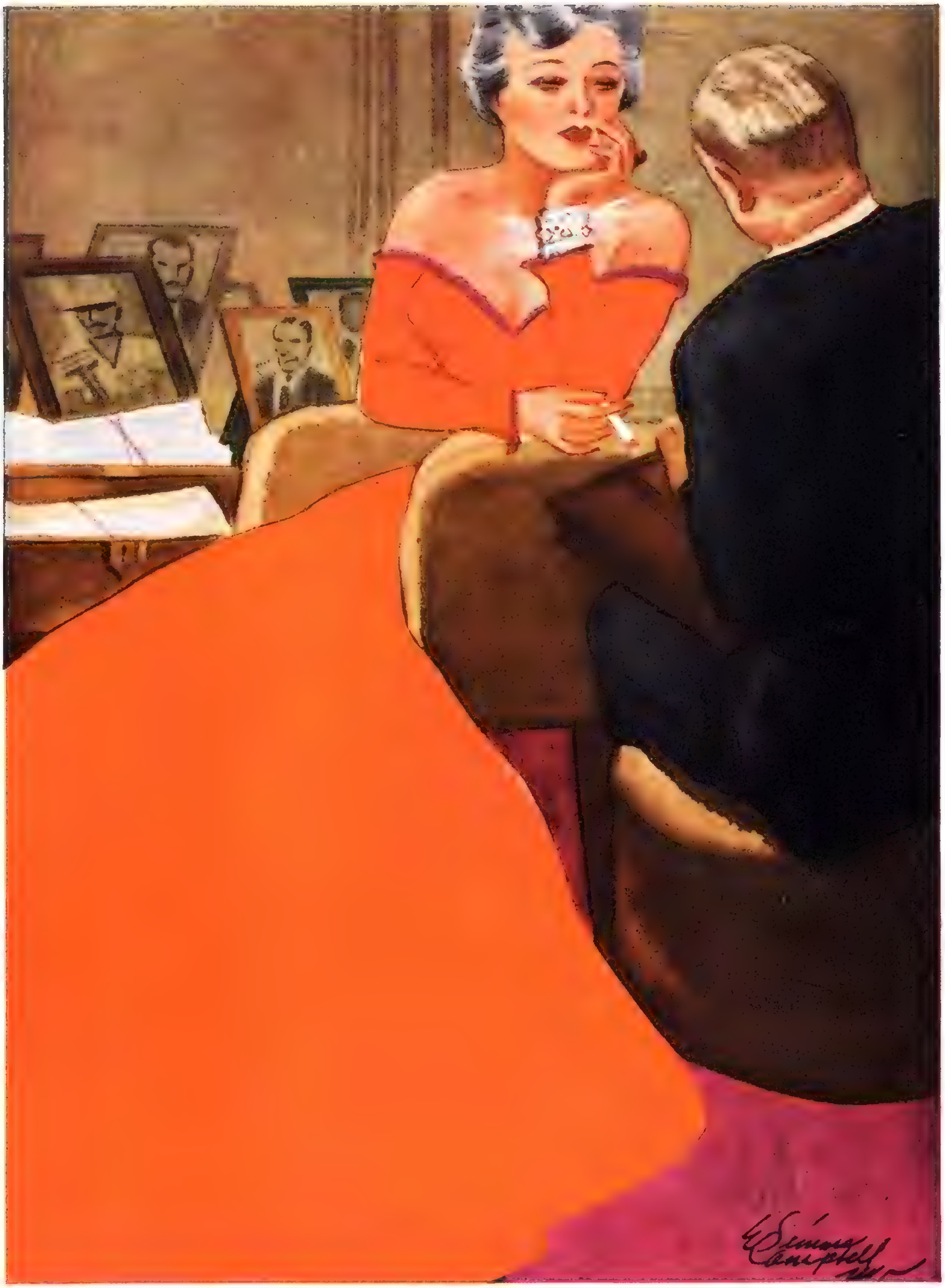
Friday in the marketplace at Port-au-Prince, where mountain women buy cheap merchandise from France and America and sell small packets of coffee beans, rice and salt. Stevedores swing by, balancing unbelievable loads. There are priests wearing pith helmets. And little burros, clopping along, shying at honking Fords . . . Tin roofs gleam silver in the sun and the houses look like cuckoo clocks . . . Grave little children home from school. The boys' tight-fitting trousers might have been painted on . . . the girls wear brilliant blue, excepting occasional black for mourning. . . . Mountain peasants live in huts of dried clay with palm thatched roofs. They smile at passers-by, even the tiny children lift their hats and call "Bon jour." . . . Then the unbending aristocrats, who educate their children (at least eight to a family) in Switzerland or France. The men are handsome, rather small and slender. The women are lovely, with golden brown and peach complexions . . . And last, a peasant funeral procession winds its way over the mountain roads to the burial ground. Those in front bear the casket, a rough-hewn black wooden box. Some hold crucifixes in their hands, others carry vessels. They do not sing. Just a line of weary, underfed peasants burying one of their own, accepting death as life, with perfect stoicism.—E. Simms Campbell








Simms Campbell
HAITI


E. Simms Campbell

*"—Er—if you could sort of keep a register, Miss LaVere, you'd be a great help to the government with the income tax"*

# Thar's Gold in Them Hoops

### Big-time basketball has come a long way from its peach-basket beginning in a Springfield, Mass., Y.M.C.A.

### *by* LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

The gas lights flickered. Eager expectancy thrilled the half a hundred spectators who clustered like grapes in the makeshift stands.

Then a gasp!

Into the gymnasium nonchalantly strolled a group of youngsters, legs enclosed in voluminous blue overalls which flapped gaily as they bounced a ball around the floor.

It was the Wheaton College basketball team, come to play Normal College at Bloomington, Illinois. The Wheaton boys, blasé from having lived so close to the big city of Chicago, that afternoon had practiced in the Normal gym wearing knee-length trunks, an immodest mode of sport attire beginning to win favor in various haunts of iniquity. Gymnasium attachés were scandalized. The president was hastily notified. Forthwith a message was dispatched to the Wheaton coach. Either the indelicate costumes were discarded in favor of the decent regulation full-length gym pants or there would be no game that night.

The ultimatum left the Wheaton boys in a predicament. They had no gym pants and they wouldn't play in their fancy peg-top trousers. Then the coach arrived at the happy solution. That night Wheaton's players hit a new high in sport costumes with their overalled limbs.

Such was basketball about four decades ago—when the sport was scarcely half a dozen years old. There were no huge gymnasiums with seating capacity for thousands. There were no scientific coaches, with involved theories on defense and offense. There were no rabid cheering sections, no expensive uniforms, no all-American selections, mighty few teams and not many players.

Basketball was just a sport—an interesting pastime which had won considerable popularity among Y.M.C.A. groups and was just beginning to be adopted by colleges and high schools. Folks worried more about finding a place to play then they did about gate receipts or the value of a man-to-man defense. There was still a bit of football attached to the game, such as giving an out-of-bounds ball to the first player who could grab it—to the hazard of life and limb among the spectators as contending athletes dived recklessly for an errant sphere.

Most of those who went to games were of the vintage of the old lady whose son took her to see her first cage contest. Neither team was very accurate in its shooting and for the first five or six minutes innumerable shots bounced off rim and backboard. Finally, one ambitious athlete managed to put the ball through the hoop.

Startled, the old lady turned to her son.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "There's a hole in it!"

Today, according to conservative figures, there are four times as many basketball teams among the schools and colleges of the United States as there are combined football, baseball and all other sport organizations. There are twice as many independent teams playing the game than there are in any other athletic activity. More persons pay each year to see basketball than purchase tickets for baseball, football or any other sport.

Those are bold statements, men, but they aren't hard to digest for anyone who lives near a hotbed of basketball—and the heat is on in almost every part of the country.

The city of Anderson, Indiana, for instance, closed down last spring to welcome home its local high school team after it had won the state championship—a triumph recorded before a capacity crowd of fifteen thousand in the Butler University Field House at Indianapolis. Bands were at the depot, civic banquets were held and a group of youngsters ranging from seventeen to twenty in age were fêted like kings because of their ability to score a bigger percentage of shots at an eighteen-inch ring ten feet from the floor than similar groups from Huntingburg, Oakland City, Greencastle, Mishawaka and other communities in the same state.

Indiana is no isolated example, although that state is pretty close to being the shining specimen of American basketball hysteria. Down along the banks of the Wabash and elsewhere within its borders the oft-harmonized gleam of the candlelight is hidden behind huge gymnasiums and fieldhouses, often with a seating capacity two and three times the total population of the communities in which they stand. More than half a million spectators in the Hoosier state last year paid $184,135 to watch local, district, sectional and state high school championship games.

Colleges, too, have found in basketball something with which to supplement the box-office appeal of football for the replenishment of depleted athletic funds. One group of schools—the Western Conference, better known as the Big Ten—drew close to a million spectators during 1936-37, with even greater crowds being recorded during the current season, as new fieldhouses are opened.

Possibly the outstanding attraction among collegiate cage teams today comes from the same school which has given football its greatest drawing card—the University of Notre Dame. The Irish basketeers, featuring a slam-bang, rapid-fire scoring game, pack 'em in wherever they play, as evidenced by the fact that more than 145,000 spectators paid from $1.00 to $3.30 to see them perform in twenty-three games last season.

It wasn't always thus, however. Back in the early days of the sport, Notre Dame had a team which has gone down in the annals of the school as the "Victory Five" because it went through almost an entire season without winning a game. Knute Rockne was the coach, and his theory was simple. He would call his squad together and deliver a pep talk to this effect:

"This is a ball. That's a basket. The idea of the game is to throw the ball through the basket oftener than the other team does. I don't care how you do it, just so you do. Now get going!"

Unfortunately it didn't work out that way, thus giving rise to one of the classic yarns of the sport. The team had lost its eleventh straight game and Coach Rockne was discovered in the depot that night by Harry Mehre, now Georgia's football coach, looking rather glum.

"Don't feel so downhearted, coach," encouraged Mehre. "You know we can't win them all!"

Rockne, needless to say, soon gave up basketball to devote his brilliant talents to football. Later George Keogan was brought in to coach the Irish cagers, and it has been through his efforts that Notre Dame basketball teams have become as well-known and popular throughout the country as Elmer Layden's gridders.

Conservatively figured, last year's Notre Dame basketball crowds must have paid close to $150,000—a total more than likely to be exceeded during the present campaign. Of course, few schools will reach such amazing receipts, but among 700 colleges and more than 15,000 high schools supporting basketball teams the aggregate must approach a sum well up in the millions. Average admission prices run from forty cents to $1.50, and most teams play once or twice a week over a period of fifteen weeks. Even if only a hundred persons lay it on the line to the extent of forty cents each to just one game per week the total "take" runs well over a million dollars weekly. That just gives you an idea.

*Continued in center of page 202*

# As Far as We Got

**The moral, if any, is that one published story is equal to fourteen unfinished scripts**

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •

This is a collection of assorted articles, squibs, stories, poems, novels and what have you that we started but never finished due to the inexorable march of events, weariness, the interruption of vacuum cleaner salesmen, the decision to go out and play golf, lack of inspiration, wet grounds and various other causes.

### I
### A HOUSE DIVIDED

When this appears, the election of 1936 will be history, but the fate of this nation will be *something* that only God can foretell. One thing is certain: President Roosevelt will have to deal with a senate and a house of representatives where the Democratic majorities will have been appreciably reduced. Of course I am assuming that the President *will* be reelected, although his victory will not be as one-sided as many so-called experts seem to take for granted.

However, assuming that the Roosevelt forces are able, by hook or by crook, to gather the requisite number of electoral votes

### II
### IF GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD MET A TRAFFIC COP

"Hey you, pull over! Say, how fast was you going?"

"About twenty-five, officer."

"Twenty-five, my eyeball. I clocked you at fifty-three. Hey, what's your name anyhow?"

"George Washington."

"Washington, eh? That's a laugh. The guy who can't tell a lie. O.K. Why did you go through that light?"

"That light? I didn't see any light."

"Oh yeah? I've heard that one too. All right. Answer me this:

### III
### DUST TO DUST
### Chapter One

The sun beat down mercilessly on the fields of stubble. There wouldn't be any crop this year. There was no crop last year, either. They could starve, thought Hilda, as she put the things on the table. Just as Mary had starved when the drought had come before. They'd all starve this time, damn them. Hilda became conscious of someone in her presence. It was Olaf, the new hired man. She could feel his presence. He was there, in the room, with her. She could feel his maleness. He was going to say something. She could feel it. Damn it, why didn't he speak instead of standing there—always standing there with his dirty hands and the grime on his overalls? He came towards her,

### IV
### ROMANCE IN THE RAIN

It was just like George Varick to run smack into her without looking where he was going. George had always been like that—like a planet whirling through space. He stooped down and picked up her pocketbook. When he handed it to her, he saw that she was pretty—Pretty in a quaint timid sort of way. Her eyes, he noticed, were the color of

### V

When autumn decks the countryside
And Nature bursts with glowing pride,
When crimson hues bedeck the trees,
And perfume's in the rushing breeze,
When limpid ponds are gleaming silver,
And

### VI
### HOME COOKING
### *A Play in Three Acts*
### Act I

The curtain goes up on the living room dining room of the Morrisons, a typical middle-class New York family.

There is a table, center, set for six people. Backstage, right, is a divan, a cabinet radio to the left of it. There are several family portraits on the walls, and also a large framed copy of Greuze's *Innocence*.

One large chair nestles backstage, left, a small table with a lamp on it by its side.

All the other available chairs, a nondescript collection, are pulled up to the dinner table.

Mrs. Morrison, a blowsy woman in her middle forties, stands back of the table, and Nellie, a colored maid of ample proportions, has just made her entrance from the right.

Mrs. Morrison: Nellie, is the roast done?

Nellie: Yes mam, ah done put it in de oven.

Mrs. Morrison: Oh Nellie, you'll be the death of me yet. I mean is it cooked?

Nellie: Well, mam, ah always says if yo put a roast in de oben for three hours, den if it ain't cooked, it oughter be.

(A bell rings)

Mrs. Morrison: Oh dear, I'll bet that's the Walkers now, and I'm not nearly ready.

(She goes to the door)

### VII

What this country needs is

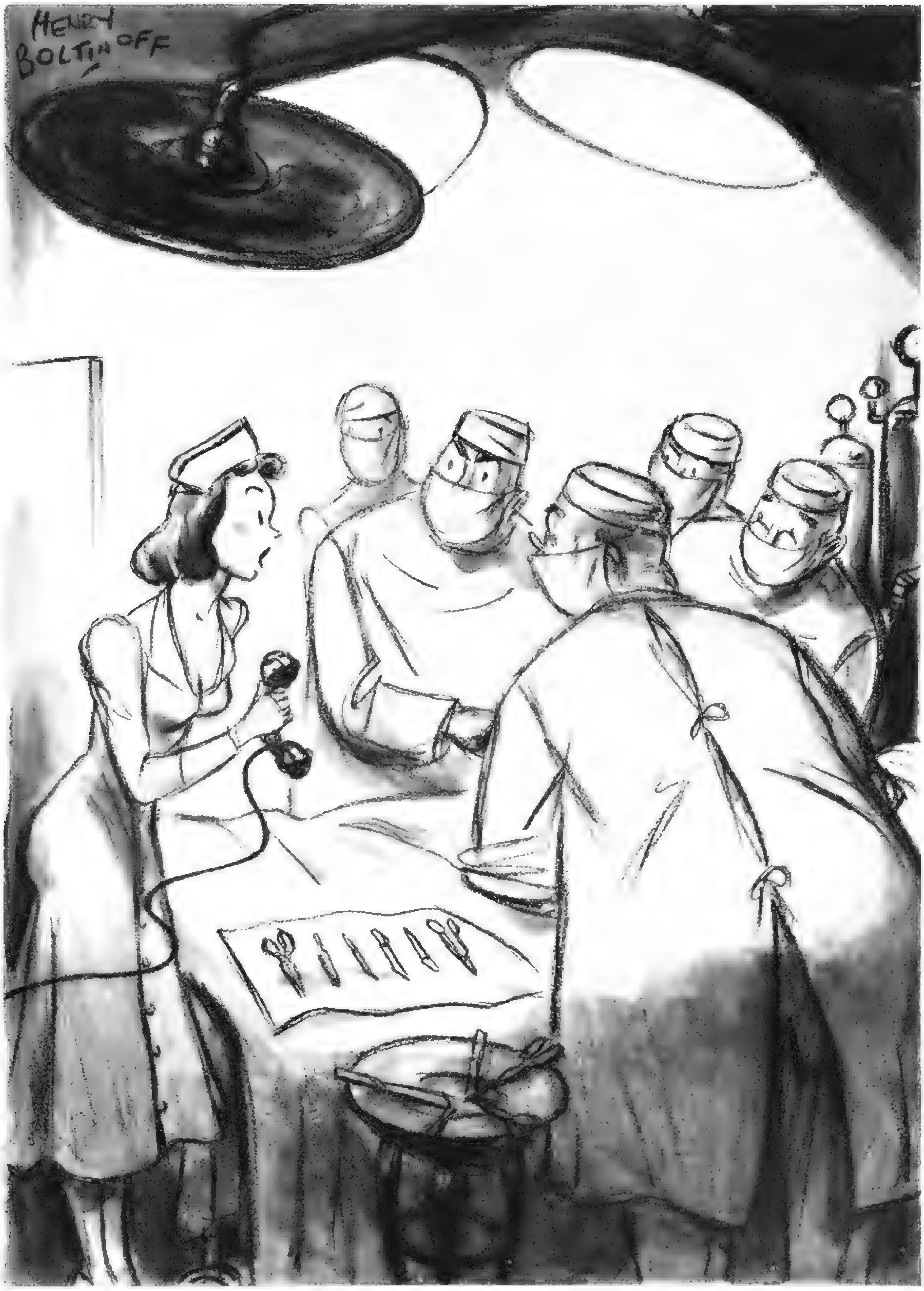
### VIII
### YOU TELL 'EM

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the flat
Not a creature was stirring, not even a rat
The children were

### IX
### UP TO DATE

He: I think I'm going to kiss you.
She:

*Continued on page 209*


HENRY BOLTINOFF

*"Will you wake up the patient, doctor? There's a phone call for him!"*

# Are People Critics?

**Dictators know what God likes and it seems God, artistically speaking, sides with the masses**

### *by* GILBERT SELDES

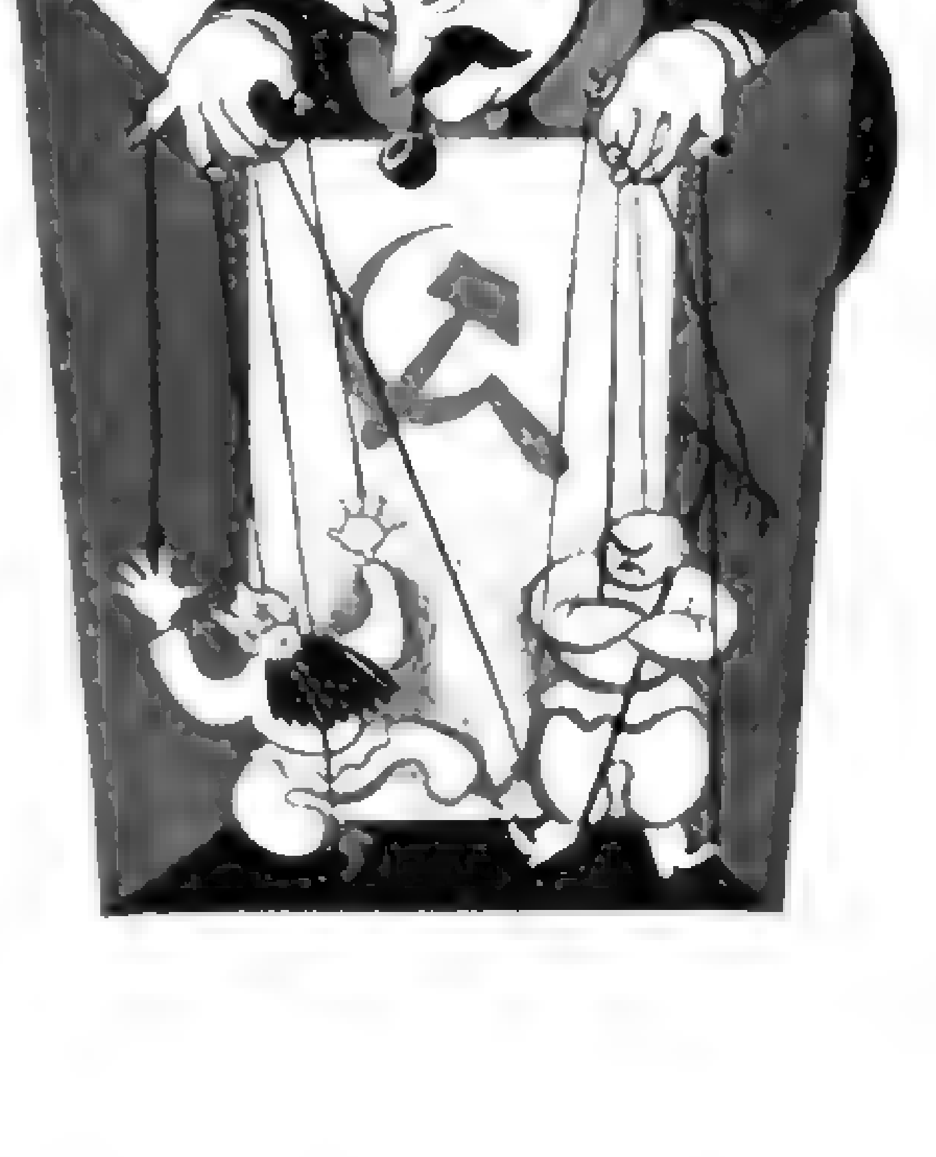
• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Such popularity, if I read the papers correctly, must be dictated, not deserved. I'll probably get hell from some ardent comrade for saying so, but the career of the composer Shostakovich is a little frightening. Comrade S. was not so long ago exported to the capitalist world as another triumph of the Five Year Plan, a simon-pure Communist composer, proof that the Soviets not only encouraged the arts, but produced great artists (the two things do not always go together). Presently ugly rumors began to float around; the good composer was not being considered in a favorable light in Moscow; he was all right for the export trade, but at home he was apparently off on a right deviation (which is the equivalent of Sin in our benighted world). He was, in short, composing music which failed to come up to specifications, and among other complaints was the serious one that the people could not take his music into their hearts. Now, according to an unfriendly source, Comrade S. is working his way back. He has learned to compose music which the people can whistle, so he is ripe for re-entry into the Party.

I do not know what kind of music Comrade Stalin likes to whistle and I suspect that in the press of more serious liquidations, the case of Shostakovich was handled by a minor commissar. But the idea of compulsory popularity isn't exactly alien to dictators. Peculiarly sensitive to the plastic arts because of his own training, Hitler is active in the purges of the art galleries and has made it pretty clear that the kind of painting he wants the people of Germany to like is the kind that tells stories to the German people. Or makes them feel good. And if not good, then at least loyal. The concurrent exhibitions of degenerate and German art (most of the former having been committed apparently by Jews or Communists, or collateral ancestors of both) were a direct order to the artists of Germany to paint one kind of picture and not the other. Crowds pushed their way in to gloat over the degraded art of those who were born too soon or too stubborn to see the light; and there is a nice suspicion that the loathsome pictures were sold at high prices to dealers, so that Finance Minister Schacht probably was the gainer on the exchange. Yet the lesson was there: we will have the kind of art which the simplest among us can admire—and let those who paint, write or compose in any other way, beware.

I hate to say it, but I think the dictators have again got the jump on us. The jump is backward, to be sure. Instead of saying, "We will give the best in the world of art to the people," they have said, "The people will determine what is the best in art." Nevertheless they have made a sort of equation, they have tried to reconcile art and popularity; whereas we are still floundering along, sneering a little at artists who happen to become popular, and regretting our own enthusiasm for a book or play if too many other people agree with us. We don't, as a matter of experience, know very much about the nature of popularity, but we know what we don't like. We still think it's safer not to approve of the best-seller. The dictators have simply told their people that only the best-sellers are worth having. They have put art to the sword, and considering some of the things which have passed as art in our time, it doesn't seem such a bad idea. It won't work and artists will complain bitterly about it (especially artists in other countries) and secretly people will still paint surrealist pictures or compose music which can't be whistled; we shall have bootlegged art and being a writer or a sculptor may become an adventure in politics. But the great majority of writers will have to think, once in a while, about the public. It will be good for them.

The strange thing to me is that the dictators have bothered about writing and painting and symphonic music. The whole thing looks to me like a grandstand play; somewhere in the background the real work has been done. That was the work of diverting movies and the radio from their original function—which is entertainment—and transforming them into means of political pressure. If the dictators were honest about it, they would have said simply that novels and sonatas are written for a comparatively small number of people; they are not, honestly, submitted to the judgment, or for the approval, of the great multitude. So it isn't remarkable that the mass of people, without experience or standards, often chooses the second rate. And they might have continued with the one important example of an art which from the beginning has been made for the masses—the movies—and drawn a few lessons. Regardless of the merits of the entire movie output of the past thirty years, the singular fact is that at least half of the most successful pictures have been *the best pictures available at the time.* You couldn't have had more raptures than the critics offered at the sight of Chaplin's feature pictures; you couldn't have asked for a more sustained hymn of praise than that which still rises to *The Birth of a Nation;* and these pictures are among the few which have grossed millions in rentals. The public may make the wrong choice between Beethoven and Brahms, neither of whom had the public in mind; but it makes the right choice between the composer of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and of *Yes, We Have No Bananas.* Mr. Berlin has written a hundred songs which were genuinely popular and the composers of the Banana song, which probably outsold any single song of Berlin's, have never been able to put another one across. We have been blaming the public for playing our game the wrong way, and haven't noticed that they play their own game with remarkable skill and intelligence. (Ten years from now we may have further data, supplied by radio; it is still too new for any judgments to be made—which doesn't prevent some pretty wild judgments from being made every day.)



The dictators, having the confidence of the Almighty, return in the arts to the principle that the voice of the people is the voice of God; it is a sort of consolation prize, because the dictators have, at the same time, separated the two voices in the field of practical politics. This handout of authority to the people is an obvious fake, because some minister or commissar of the arts will have the last word if the mob suddenly takes up Picasso and James Joyce. But the artist himself is furious not because the dictators are pulling a fast one; he is furious because for centuries the voice of God has been identified with the voice of the artist. It sounds reasonable enough; the artist is the man *telling* you; you are only listening. He is telling you not what you want to hear, but what must be told. (This is called "inspiration;" the artist is a prophet, he is, at the high point of creation, in the hand of a power greater than

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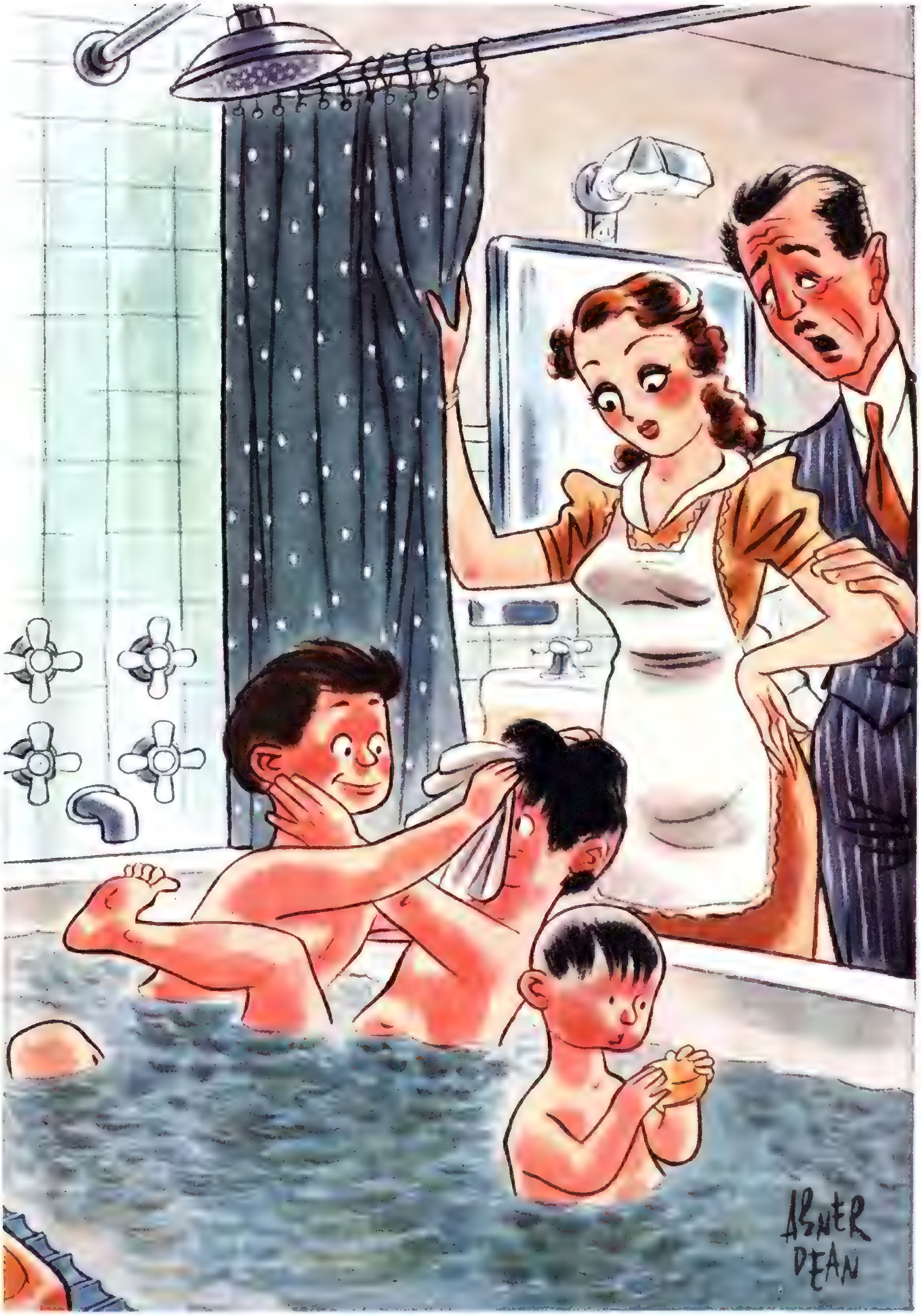
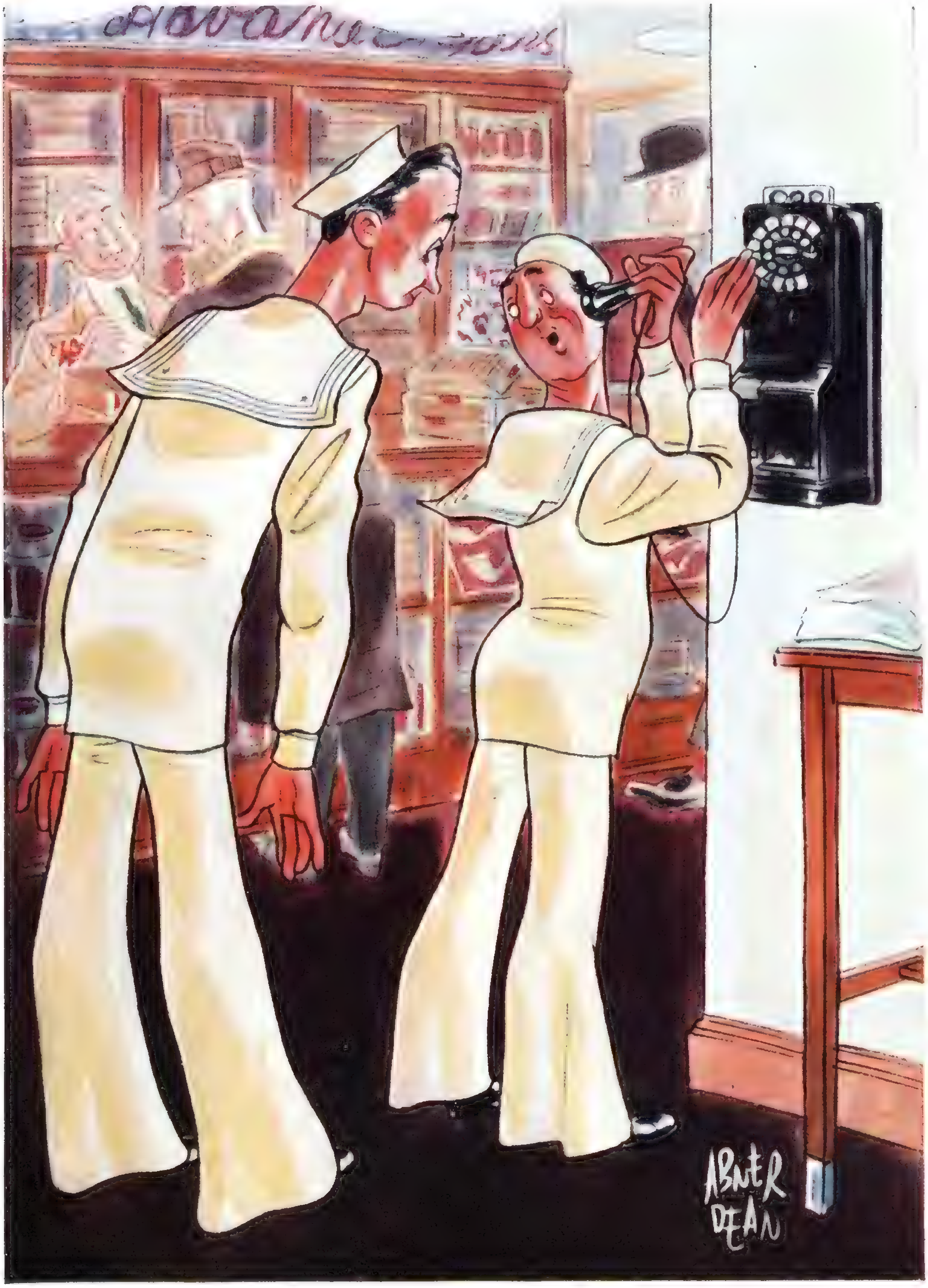


*"Remember the good old days when it used to be full of gin?"*



*"It's her all right—but I hear babies crying"*

# Pubs and the Public

## Ben Jonson, the original cuffo boy, brought in such trade as Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare and Donne

### by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

THE year 1938 will probably be remembered in the records as the era when the newspaper boys discovered that there was such a thing as "Café Society"— a group within a community that was important, or at least prominent, by its habits of life within the taverns of the town. Profound articles were written about the subject, humorous articles were written but as far as this correspondent read, he did not see a bow or genuflect toward the origins and roots of the matter, as old as the Anglo-Saxon race itself. As we read, we wondered if the boys had had to pawn their Taine's *History of English Literature*, or if they had all flunked their Dr. Goldsmith and Ben Jonson in High School. Anyway, we thank them, for it sent us back to some old favorites on the shelves, and caused us to unearth some dusty bits that had not been stored away among the furniture of our mind.

It seems there has been a café society ever since there has been any sort of civilization; if you want to be factual about it you can go back to the hidden springs of civilization even and find evidence enough in the mores of the pre-civilized tribes, according to the gospel of Frazer. But especially pertinent to the crowd of us today is the part that same society played in the customs and language of our times. Most of our great literature has come out of the inns, much of our political philosophy of democratic government. The very word itself, inn, was Saxon for a freeman's home. The business of harangue and debate, attack by wit and ridicule, was born in front of the log fires of the old English pubs. Unfortunately the great fire of 1666 burnt them all down or they'd be there yet, as shrines to our beginnings of freedom.

Freedom, of course, was the main motive; the women weren't permitted then in the pubs and the men foregathered for manly occasions. Warmth, it is safe to assume, was the next motive, warmth not only of the body but of spirit. Men alone were not much good in those days of darkened streets and unpoliced towns. Certainly freedom of speech was one of the first rights of the pub. Man, released to his higher levels of courage and imaginings, set up a certain code of rights — rights to the individual's expression of opinion—a code that still exists today.

Think of old Ben Jonson in the early sixteen hundreds, sending around to Charles I, by a friend, for a purse of gold to tide him over the holidays. And when the friend comes back with a stingy purse to where Ben sits over his mug at the Bag of Nails think of Ben sending back this note of thanks: Because I live in a squalid alley, you think I can do with a squalid purse; well I think you have a squalid soul. And Ben lived many a day thereafter. (Italian and German papers please copy.)

The Bag of Nails, your correspondent was highly pleased to learn, was a sign painter's interpretation of something he did not quite understand. And in those days, sign painters, except when they were great artists, spelled entirely by ear. Ben Jonson, founder of one of the first round tables or three-hour-for-lunch clubs, had one of his own called The Bacchanals. The owner of the little pub where they met in Chelsea thought to do his best customer an honor and set the sign painter to work with the above result. It is recorded that old Ben never had the heart to tell the innkeeper of his error and for many years after the gay Bacchanals were known among themselves as The Bag of Nails. From all records, Ben must have been the model for the present-day cuffo boys, he was always starting clubs that would meet at taverns.

And the tavern keeper, of course, had to let him run up those tabs. Perhaps his most successful, or at least the best press-agented, was the Mermaid. This met at the tavern of that name about the time Sir Walter Raleigh came back with the Virginia Rounds and showed the boys another vice from a new world. Beaumont and Fletcher were there as well as Seldon, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne and all the young poets and blades of their day. Of course you never know at the time whether it is the beating of genius' wings or merely someone opening the door. But there the boys sat and drank and sang rather ribald songs, told tall tales of their travels, gossip of the court and the latest play at Drury Lane, all of them unknowing that their club would best be remembered by a lanky kid, named Will Shakespeare.

The great controversy as to where the Mermaid Tavern stood in London has been more or less compromised. It has been decided that the claimants that it stood on Bread Street, Friday Street and Cheape Street are all right. Before the fire, these three streets ran together and the Tavern occupied the triangle.

While the lads were drinking their "lambs wool" or Huckle-My-Butt at the Mermaid, Defoe was over at the Magpie thinking up his plot for *Robinson Crusoe*. And in Heycock's Ordinary, Andrew Marvel wrote his fierce attack on Parliament, which audacity started a new line of political approach. And Samuel Pepys used to stop in at Nell's Place to chuck Nell Gwynne under the chin and ask her about her boy friend, Charles. Pepys was all burnt up at the time trying to get dear old England to build itself a navy. Nell used to promise she would speak to Charles that night but nothing much came of it. Pepys had to build the navy almost single-handed.

Hogarth, one of the greatest artists England has ever produced, was not above painting a sign now and then for a friend who ran a tavern. *The Man Laden With Mischief* is still extant as is his famous *Lion's Head*. Of the latter there is the legend that Churchill wrote his scurrilous pamphlet about Hogarth from this tavern. And Hogarth, who then was frequenting Bedford's Arms, when he first read the tirade, went right over and painted out the head of the lion, substituting a portrait of Churchill. It was considered the neatest trick of the tavern season and all literary London decided that Hogarth was several up on his petulant rival. Lord Chesterfield, the Lucius Beebe of his time, offered to buy the sign for a great many pounds but both his tailor and the tavern keeper objected.

Hogarth, in one of his earlier sallies, started the Mitre Club at the tavern of that name. The artist drew special invitations and sent them out to the café society of the day. The pièce de résistance was to be a pigeon pie. At the bottom of the invitation Hogarth had drawn the Greek characters, Eta Beta Pi. If that doesn't give you an idea of the wit of the time there is another anecdote of one Dunne who ran a tavern on the outskirts of London.

His wife, it seems, was part of the inn's attraction, as he learned one day when he came home and found several of the town's gallants chucking her under the chin. Angered at the little game the innkeeper sang out:

"I'll wager five pounds there's a cuckold in this room." To which one gallant replied:

Continued on page 160

# Bunny Rabbit Can Go To Hell

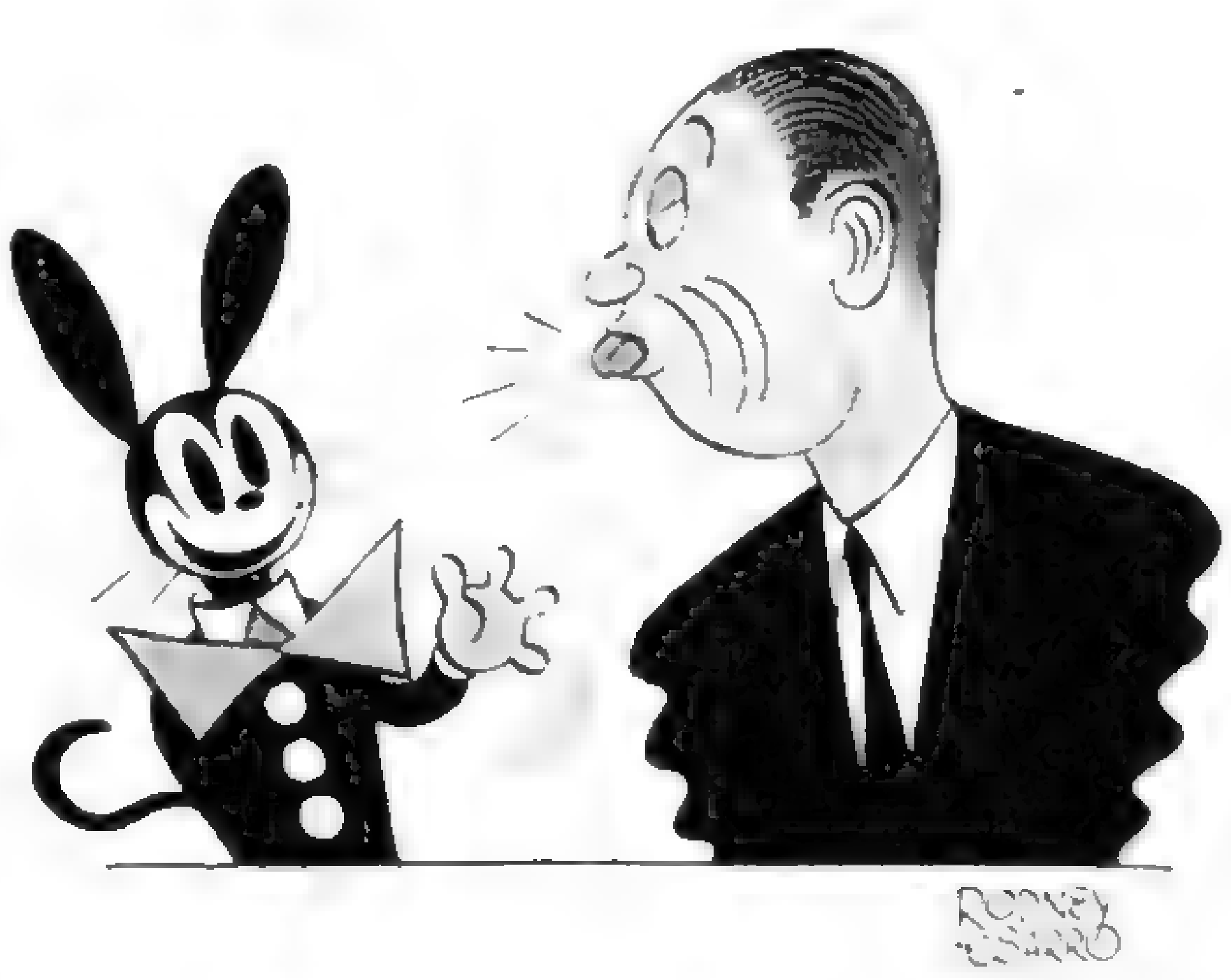
### And with him can go Ucky Wucky Duckie, Itsie Bitsie Pigsie, and the whole hooting menagerie

### *by* LOUIS MICHAELSON

▪ SATIRE ▪

Dear Mr. Whiznee:

This will come as a great shock to you but——Along about now I've had just about all I can stand of Bunny Rabbit and his ilk, Quacky Duck, Quacky Hen, Squealy Pig, Squirmy Worm, Donald Dog, Oswald Ostrich, and all the rest of the little fiends whose first names are either Quacky or Donald. Every time I go to the movies to see Clark Gable kiss the living daylights out of Myrna Loy I am forced to sit through reels of Bunny Rabbit and his batty friends who run and run and run and run shrieking in their asinine falsetto voices something that you can't possibly understand. (I owe this strained look I have from trying to catch what Bunny Rabbit shrieked to Donald Dog during the last film.) The formulas for Bunny Rabbit pictures are all the same. Either Bunny is chasing somebody or being chased and each reel finds him running faster and faster with more and more of his friends joining in until the last reel they all tumble and fall landing with clocks or teapots on their heads or maybe for variety it's pumpkins and sprinkling cans.



All right I know Mr. Whiznee, I don't have to go to your movies, but I can't stop eating and Bunny Rabbit is rapidly repressing my appetite. In the morning a huge box of Bunny Rabbit Toasty Flakes confronts and affronts me with Bunny's smirking face plastered all over the box except for one side which has Bunny Rabbit verses telling of his latest exploits with Quacky Horse. (Maybe it's Hiram Horse.) Now in the first place, Mr. Whiznee, I am rather apathetic and supine when it comes to eating toasty flakes be they Bunny Rabbit or just plain every day flakes, so with the added annoyance of their being Bunny Rabbit Toasty Flakes it makes it impossible for me to enjoy my breakfast any more. And if you have to go through life not enjoying your breakfast, why you just might as well die, at least that's the way I look at it. I've thought of not eating toasty flakes but with all the undernourishment going around I wouldn't dare risk it. Even in restaurants I order a great big hulking steak and when I've eaten through to the china I find my steak has been resting on a Bunny Rabbit plate with Bunny Rabbit himself smiling up at me with that annoying grin. Right there and then my appetite is spoiled for about a week.

Then again, with the box in front of me, I mean the toasty flake box, I unconsciously read those inevitable directions: "Cut out Bunny Rabbit's left hind foot and together with two package tops and a testimonial why you like Bunny Rabbit Toasty Flakes better than you like even your own mother, mail it to us with about a million stamps (to cover mailing and incidental expenses) and we will send you your Bunny Rabbit pin which shows you belong to the Bunny Rabbit club and are entitled to all the privileges of a regular charter member." Which are, namely, wearing the pin and making an ass of yourself. Now what I'm afraid of is, that by continued reading of your instructions it will subconsciously make an impression on my mind and subjugate my will power until I actually will send in for one of your damn pins and wear it down to the office where all the force will rag me to a frizzle-frazzle. You can't make any kind of an impression on business associates sporting a Bunny Rabbit pin on your lapel.

Then those idiotic verses on the box are getting on my nerves. With the box before me day in and day out my eyes naturally fall on the verses and gradually and unknowingly I begin to absorb and memorize them. It's getting so now that all I know in a literary way is how:

"Deary little Bunny
Thought he was very funny
All on a winter's day.
He asked Squirmy Worm
Why he didn't turn—— "

In company when asked what I've read lately these verses surge to my mind completely blotting out anything sensible I might have read. At night before I go to bed I inevitably find myself murmuring:

"Dear little Bunny Rabbit
Has the teeth brushing habit,
He does it before going to bed.
If you use the new Bunny Rabbit cute pink toothbrush
With Bunny himself on the handle,
You will drow up to be
A dweat bid mans with nice big teeth
Like Bunny Rabbit!"

I'll be damned if I'll buy a Bunny Rabbit toothbrush, Mr. Whiznee, I'll let my teeth rot first!

Why it's driving me crazy. In bookstores Pirandello is stuck away in some impossible corners of the shelves to make room for *Bunny Rabbit and His Adventures with Githy Gathy the Giraffe.* After all, I hasten to assure you, Mr. Whiznee, that I *am* wearing long pants now and even drinking cocktails. (No! I don't use a Bunny Rabbit Cocktail Shaker!) True, there was a time when Bunny Rabbit stories were rather up my alley, but I have had my quota of such stories and have actually grown past them. Why you may not believe it but the Rover Boy series fails to register any sort of emotion from me anymore and me being only past my thirties too!

Mr. Whiznee, I'm at the end of my tether.
It's Bunny Rabbit this and Bunny Rabbit that
Bunny Rabbit in my hair and Bunny Rabbit in my hat.
It's Bunny Rabbit pins that I'm to get.
It's Bunny Rabbit gin my throat to wet,
Bunny's pictures to cut and paste
Letting all my etchings go to waste

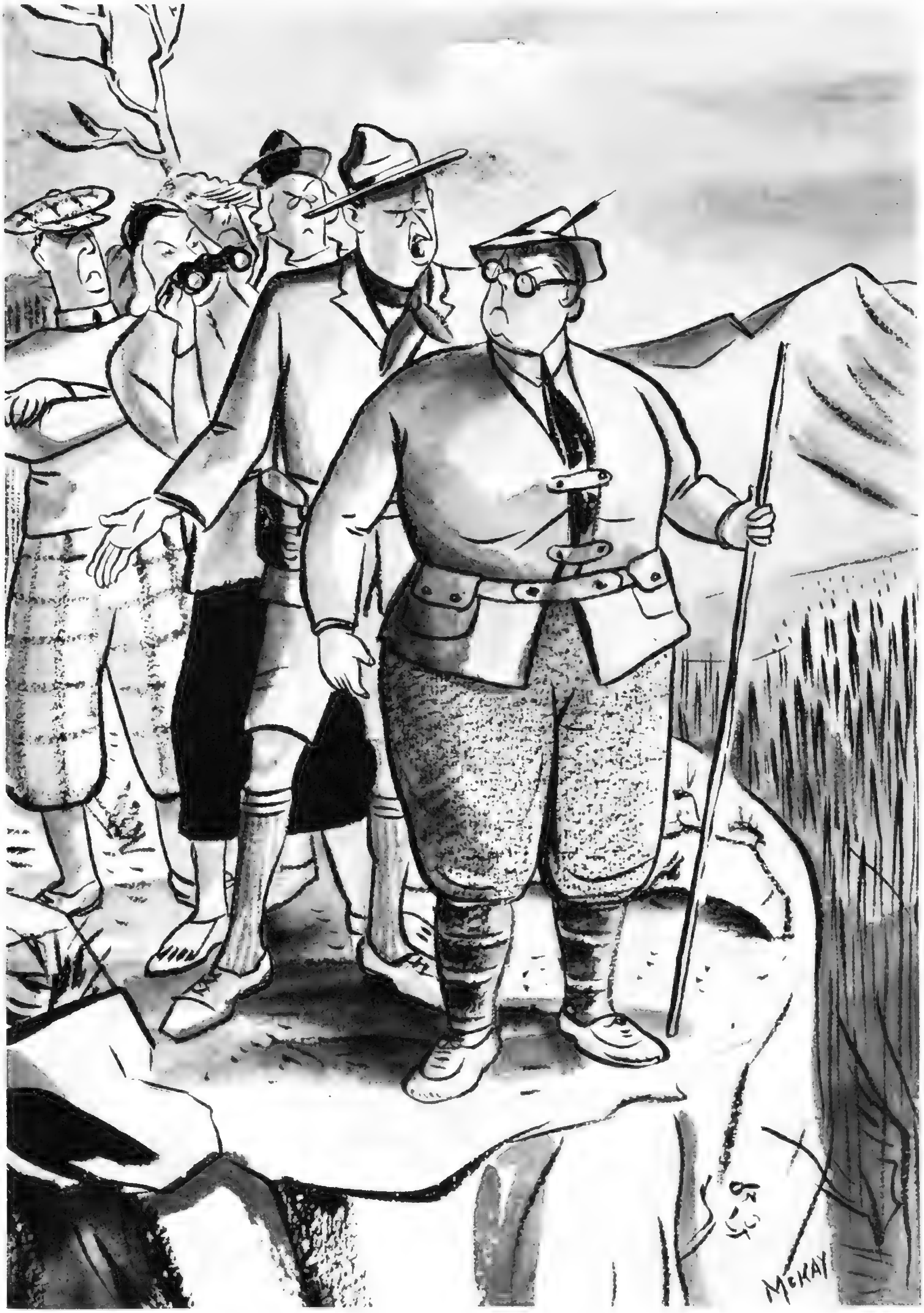
Oh! There's nothing to do but scream! I even write Bunny Rabbit style!

Starting tomorrow Mr. Whiznee, I am starting a movement which will be known as The Bunny Rabbit Rebellion. I hereby declare that I am the sole leader and instigator of this uprising. (I say this merely in case anyone is to be rebuked, punished or exiled for inciting riots, making inflammatory speeches against, or slandering the people's idol, Bunny Rabbit. That is, anyone besides myself.) I will take full blame and responsibility being in my right mind and knowing full well the enmity and disfavor I will gain from the populace.

Starting tomorrow Mr. Whiznee, I will openly hiss, sneer at, boo, and otherwise show my displeasure whenever Bunny Rabbit appears on the screen. Whenever I come in contact with Bunny Rabbit objects, I will lay violent hands upon them.

Mr. Whiznee, I am a peace loving man but you drove me to it with your insidious Frankenstein creation. (This in case I am set upon by a mob and done to death.)

At least I have warned you. #



*"Would you step to one side, Mrs. Dugan, so the folks can see Mt. McKinley"*

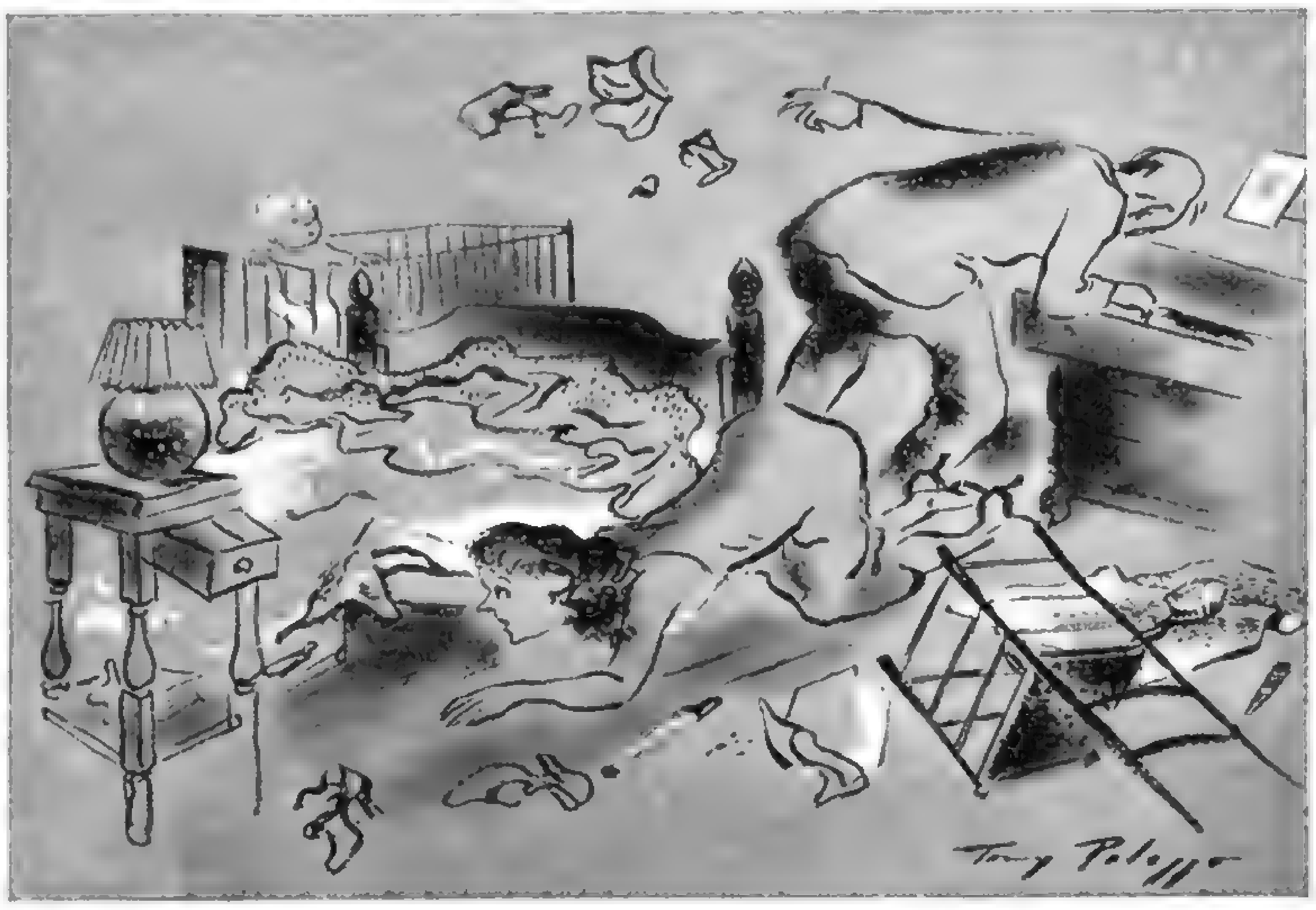
# Adventure in Resentment

**The little wife discovers that *Marching Along in Beta Theta Pi* isn't as sweet as they sang it**

## *by* LAWRENCE E. WATKIN

• FICTION •

IT LOOKED as if this one would be a major engagement. Of course, they had fought a great deal the first year, but most of these omens of deep sexual attraction had been minor skirmishes. There had been first the little flareup when she had slapped his face and he had slapped hers and she had kicked his shin and he had hesitated so long between slapping her again and returning the kick that he had frittered the golden moment and done neither, becoming the proverbial ass between the two bundles of hay. Millicent had misunderstood, set it down to chivalry, kissed, and made up. Then there was the unfortunate tiff in the toilet when, toothbrushes in hand, they had collided at the washbasin. He had insinuated into his accidental shove a hint of that body-English which had made Barney Simmons the bulwark of the second-string varsity line for State way back in '29. But even though it propelled her into the linen closet, there was no gain. She simply stared him down and sent him and his Kolynos to bend over the bathtub where he muttered into the rinse from the cold water spigot a word any lady might well take amiss. The push with her foot was effective, but again she feared she had overdone it, for he lost his precarious balance and plunged headlong into the tub, hitting his skull sharply against the tap. She even cried a little as she sopped up the blood from the cut in his forehead and splotchily reddened his face with tender, well-meant dabs of five per cent mercurochrome. All that, however, was before the baby came—a stocky boy, a baby who, Barney gloated as he squeezed its spongy legs, might one day hold the line for State—the first-string line! It's hard to quarrel with a man who feels like that.



But this morning things were bad. The day had started out wrong, to begin with. Barney's parents had just concluded a hearty, exhausting two-weeks' visit, marked by heavy breakfasts at the crack of dawn. Father Simmons wanted service—and paid for what he got. Not that a son like Barney, a field secretary of the great national Beta fraternity, needs a parent's charity. Still, if a father who can well afford it likes to slip little checks for two and three hundred into your pocket, you can't put a churl on such a father. You accept them gracefully and overlook the fact that he awakes thunderously at six and acts the walrus in your bathroom. So also when father's wife sends her daughter-in-law periodical boxes of clothes for Junior from the better New York shops, you bite your lip but hold it if she recites through every meal the wonderful recipes *she* has for escalloped salmon and upsidedown pineapple cake. But the moment they're gone you both want to sleep and be sloppy again.

It was Junior who started it. He didn't know, of course, that his parents had chosen this morning to go back to their old schedule. So he went into action at six as usual until his mother opened a sleepy eye, glared at him malignly, and poked the field secretary in the stomach with her knee in the foolish hope that he might do something. He merely rolled over, presenting a more invulnerable part of him to the knee. It was up to her to change Junior's diaper; so she staggered out of bed, pawing the tray for a pin and knocking her husband's wristwatch off the table and under the bed. As she didn't know but what it might be hers, she squatted down and reached for it; but when her hand encountered only a ball of dust as big and round as a kitten, she gave it up and changed Junior hurriedly lest she waken completely, fumbling with the tiny, obstinate pin like a drugged person. Yet though she sank back into bed and closed her eyes, she couldn't go to sleep again, now that she had the chance. She tried pretending she was asleep, taking slow, deep breaths; she rolled and twisted; she even got in a little dirty work on Barney's ribs—it made no difference. Junior with his sucking and his blowing bubbles and his gug-gug-gug noises won. She rose again, gave him a Zwiebach and again tried to sleep. This time she made it with not much time to spare, for hardly had she begun breathing regularly before her husband shook her and announced: "Baby's crying."

"He has a Zwiebach," she mumbled defensively.

"He *had* a Zwiebach."

She turned over and glared at him. "Well, why don't you do something about it? You know how to fix his bottle. Nice time to wake me up when I haven't had a wink all night."

"Time to get up anyway," said Barney cheerily, "and get us some breakfast. Is there any of that ham left to go with eggs?"

"What do you want to do, get as fat as your father?"

"Huh! I'd get awful fat on your cooking."

He lurched out of bed, rumpling the covers, and began to dress. "I suppose," he complained, "now that my family's gone we can't have a decent meal any more."

She laughed sourly. "Not until the end of the month, at any rate; they ate us out of house and home."

"That's a nice thing to say about my family. After all they've done . . ."

"Oh, let's try and *forget* your damn family."

"Millicent!"

"Well, I'm fed up. I gave up my bridge club; I gave up my sleep; I chained myself to the cook stove to prepare the very best meals I knew how, only to have your mother complain of the fare—"

"She never complained!" He tried to shout her down.

"Yes she did; she complained about everything in a mean, smirking way . . ."

She disappeared into the bathroom to cut off his rejoinder and when she reappeared began again.

"On top of that," she continued, "I had to listen a thousand times a day to both of them saying that Junior is the picture of his Grandfather Simmons. If that poor, innocent baby bears the slightest resemblance to that fat—"

She broke off, searching for the fitting opprobrious word, and Barney snatched up the hairbrush, advancing on her with set face.

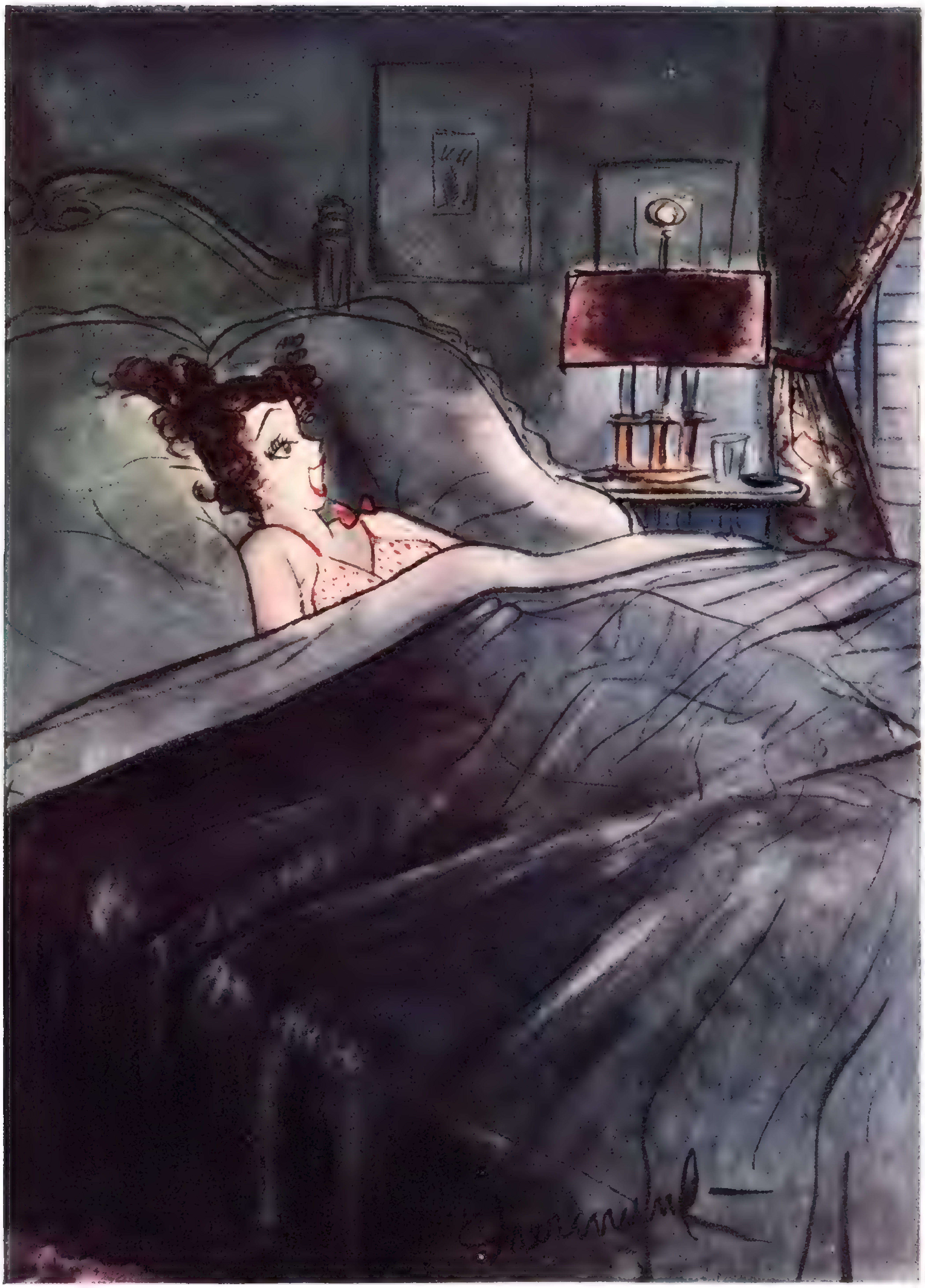
"Milly, I'm going to give you a spanking."

She reached for the hand mirror. "Just you try it!"

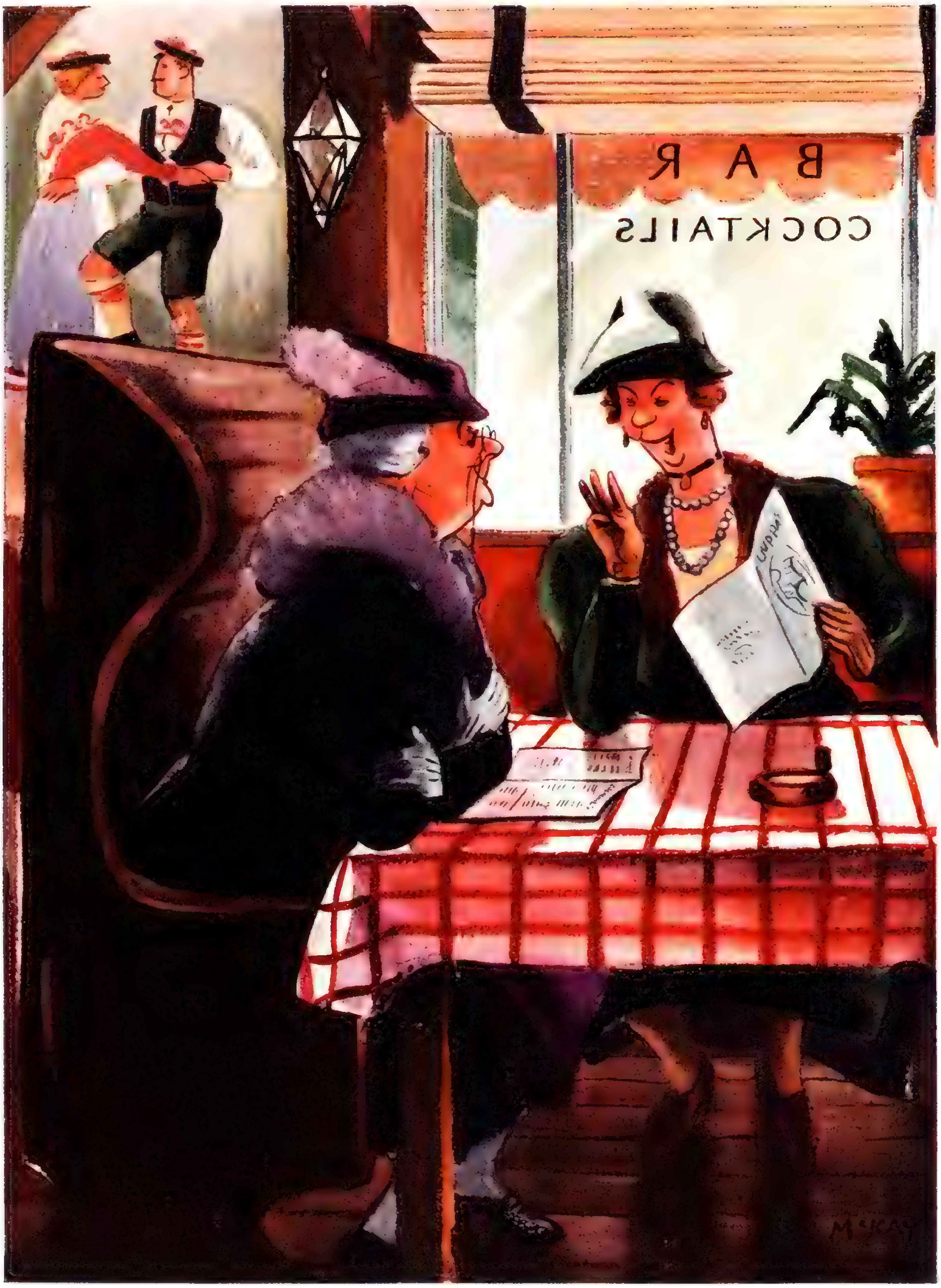
They glared at each other a long minute before he tossed the hairbrush upon the bed and turned away with a contempt that said she wasn't worth the bother.

Frightened by the unnatural silence, Junior

*Continued in center of page 187*



*"You know, I feel guilty about going over the head of the personnel manager like this"*


BAR
COCKTAILS
McKAY

*"Let's have a triple brandy—and run like hell for home!"*

# Dealer's Choice

## If the boys get tired of Deuces Wild, or Spit in the Ocean, you might spring a couple of these

### *by* WINSTON HIBLER

SPORTS

Once upon a time there was a worthy gentleman by the name of Edmund Hoyle who passed to his reward many years ago. It is to be supposed that for some time now his fellow beings in that Happier Land have been calling him "Whirling Ed," and not without reason; for it seems that long ago there was an ancient and honorable American card game called "Poker," the rules for the playing of which appeared in a book which bore the name of the said Mr. Hoyle. Today several million Americans play a game they call "Dealer's Choice." It is *not* poker, but it *is* a rather pleasant way of going mad; so spin, Mr. Hoyle.

There was a time when poker was a game to be played in a corner of the local poolroom, and the participants were shirtsleeved gentlemen, each with a growler of beer at his elbow; but in the year of our Lord 1937, Dealer's Choice is played in just about every other home in the United States and the whole family joins in, including Junior, age ten. When Junior goes to bed out come the highballs and the older folks settle down for a bloodthirsty session. It makes no difference that the limit is three cents; "sandbagging" is in order. No quarter is given, and none is asked.

This, then, is written in the hope that my fellow maniacs throughout the country may find on these pages at least one "new one" to show the gang next Saturday night; so if you find herein games that you have played for years, forgive me, for perhaps Joe Doakes in Oshkosh never heard of it at all and will get a big kick out of springing it on the boys.

My wife, myself, and two other couples indulge in a session of Dealer's Choice every Friday night, and nothing short of a major catastrophe interferes with our game. The limit is three cents and if we lose, we lose no more than the price of a show. Win, lose, or draw we have more fun than if we saw the best movie in town. We long ago learned that when the antes were called for at least one of the ladies present was so busy describing her new hat that she never did get around to tossing in the required chip. We stopped that once and for all by simply having the dealer ante a chip for each player, no matter what the game. If he wanted to call for an extra ante for draw, he had to put in additional chips as well as the others.

Well, here are the different games the way we play them, and I think we play just about all of them, but then again I may be wrong. Toss out the Joker, that's old stuff. Aces, Straights, and Flushes? Nope. Not here. Skip over the Deuces Wild games, that's old stuff, too.

Five-card Stud With the Hole Card Wild—Deal it and bet it like straight Stud. Here's the twist—your hole card is wild and all like it in your hand. If you have a five in the hole and a five and an ace up, you have Three Aces and they *should* win it, but Doc may have made his Straight, so take it easy.

Roll 'Em—Another five-card Stud game. Two cards are dealt, face down, to each player who turns up whichever one he chooses and the high hand bets. Each card, thereafter, is dealt face down, and each is bet before the next card is dealt. The player may turn up his hole card or the one he has just received, but he must, of course, always have one card in the hole. What usually wins it? Well, what wins at Stud? It's the same thing.

Roll 'Em, Hole Card Wild—This one is a beaut, and you had better call in a C.P.A. to figure out your hand for you when the last card is dealt. Deal it the same as Roll 'Em, but remember that the card you choose to keep in the hole is wild and all like it; so if you have two aces, turn one up and keep the other down in order that you may have two wild cards with which to work. If you catch another pair you will have Four of a Kind, or your wild cards will fit into a Straight or a Flush. If, however, you don't improve when your last card is dealt, turn up your other ace to make your Three Aces. A Flush or a Straight usually wins it, but the Three Aces will stand up once in a while.

Bet or Get Out—Five cards in all. One card is dealt each player, face down. The player to the left of the dealer starts the betting each time a card is dealt. All five cards are dealt face down, and no player may check, he must either bet or get out. You may play this game with the deuces wild, or the treys, or the tens, or whatever your favorite wild card happens to be, but it is really a better game just as it is.

No Peek—Five cards are dealt, face down, to each player and no bet is made until each has his five cards. No player is allowed to look at his hand, and if he does so, his hand is dead and he forfeits any right to the pot. The player to the left of the dealer turns one card and bets or checks. If he bets all players wishing to remain in the pot must call. The next player to the left then turns his cards until he has topped the hand to his right, but if he turns an additional card when he has already beaten the hand ahead of him, then his hand is dead. As soon as a player beats the hand to his right he bets and all must call if they wish to see their hands. As soon as any hand is raised out or drops out, the high hand may bet again. The betting and turning goes on until all the hands are turned or the players forced out. Same hands win as in Stud.

Here are some of the twists that can be given to Draw Poker:

Aces or Better—This is simply draw poker with the exception that it takes Aces or better to open. It is designed primarily to build up bigger and better pots. If no one has Openers on the first round, the same dealer deals again and everyone antes. The next round it takes Kings or better, and so on down to Jacks and then up again until some player has the required Openers. It has never been explained why all the players do not ante more in the first place, open on Jacks and have it over with; but there it is, take it or leave it.

Legs Again this is straight draw with nothing wild, but this time the pot stays on the table until any one player has won it twice, then it is won for "keeps." And here's a warning: Don't play this one near quitting time, for it may be well into the wee hours before one player *does* win twice.

Pig—A combination of Stud and Draw. Three cards are dealt to each player and the player to the left of the dealer bets on his three cards; after the betting is complete, another card is dealt and that is bet; then another. You have five cards now, haven't you? All right, play it out as you would in Draw by discarding and drawing to your hand. Any pair opens, or you can open on "your hat." The game is a bit more interesting, incidentally, when played with wild cards.

Spit in the Ocean

Even Hoyle has this one, so we'll skip it.

Here's what can be done with that game the Old Timers used to call "Whiskey Poker."

Dizzy Liz—Five cards are dealt to each player and four to the center of the table. It takes Jacks or better to open. When the pot has been opened and the betting complete, one of the center cards is turned and the betting starts again; and so on until all of the four cards in the center are face up. The player who makes the best hand with his five cards and the four in the center is the winner. The cards in the center are not wild; they simply play as part of each player's hand.

California—The same as Dizzy Liz except that *five* cards are dealt to the center and one turned up as a starter before the betting begins. No Openers are required, and

*Continued on page 172*

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

## What goes on in a critic's head while he reviews plays and keeps his face more or less straight

### *by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

MY LEARNED colleague, Mr. James Agate, of the London *Sunday Times*, not long ago in a review of a show called *The Laughing Cavalier* observed, "What did I think of, chin-huddled in that stall, as wave after wave of nothingness swept over me?" He then specified as follows: The lowness of the Low Countries, Holland and its dykes, Dick Phenyl, Mrs. Gilfillian, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Mommsen's *History of Rome*, golf, children's books like *Count Funnibos and Baron Stilkin*, Catherine of Russia, *St. Joan*, E. V. Lucas, black tulips, white tulips, red tulips, Van Tromp, icicles, *Twelfth Night*, Noah and Mrs. Noah, Hazlitt, the poor hotel accommodations in Rotterdam, bad teeth, Canning's jingles, Dr. Johnson, and cheese. There is no reason to doubt my estimable colleague's veracity, as he is widely known to be a very truthful fellow. So uncompromisingly truthful, indeed, is he that he once shamelessly confessed to me that, while reviewing a play by Dodie Smith, he had actually twice during the evening thought of the play. But for all his undoubted and unquestioned candor, I allow myself to wonder if those were the only things that ran through his head during *The Laughing Cavalier* and if there were not a number of others, somewhat less august and punctilious, that he elected not to chronicle.

In the presence of a bad play, the reviewing mind is a recalcitrant animal. When what is going on on the stage has some quality, the mind is its willing and eager slave, but when what is going on is without any trace of merit the thinking apparatus moseys far into alien fields. Take, for example, such an occasion as Dorothy Day Wendell's *Tell Me Pretty Maiden*, defunct junk about an actress' earlier years related in terms of movie flashbacks. Although one could spot the exhibit as worthless after its first fifteen minutes, politeness permitted the mind to dwell upon it a little longer, say for ten minutes, but after that attention was impossible. It was thus that at 9:05 p.m. sharp the Nathan brain-pan got up on its hind legs and started to go places on its own. Here, as nearly as I can remember, were some of its cogitations:

1. If they don't shut that lobby door damned quick and stop that draught on the back of my neck, I am going to yell.

2. When the Theatre Guild directors got out that brochure panning the critics for panning *Madame Bovary* and sent it to their subscribers, why didn't they stop to reflect that the play couldn't have been any more to the taste of the subscribers themselves, otherwise—as with better plays in the past the subscribers' interest would have induced a subsequent more general interest and the play wouldn't have been carted off to the crowded storehouse in such quick order?

3. Why is it that as most actresses' talent increases and expands their rears generally follow suit?

4. Eric Linklater's little book, *The Crusader's Key*, would make the best light opera libretto since Hofmannsthal's *Der Rosenkavalier*.

5. The title *Führer*, bequeathed by the German people to Hitler, is almost identical in sound to the German designation of the men's toilet.

6. Why doesn't someone revive W. J. Turner's *The Man Who Ate The Popomack?* It is a very amusing comedy and never got a fair chance when, some years ago, it was shown down in Greenwich Village.

7. I somehow can never look at the dreamy and languorous Garbo without laughing. As a boy, we had a Swedish upstairs maid at our house who looked exactly like her.

8. There isn't a critic over forty-five who won't tell you that the most beautiful woman the American stage has known in his time was Irene Bentley, in *The Wild Rose*. Runner-up: Marie Doro, in *The Morals of Marcus* and *Clarice*.

9. What is derogated as personal criticism is a strange thing. If you lavishly praise an actor, that, apparently, is impersonal criticism. But if you lavishly denounce him, that is personal.

10. Why didn't the literary critics refer to Gertrude Stein's personal tale as *The Autobiography of Alice B. Tochus?*

11. There are certain theatrical producer first-nighters who seem to regard their rivals' openings as prize fighters regard their rivals' dropped guards.

12. I wish I had a big glass of nice, cold beer.

13. Why all this indignation here and there because Bernard Shaw has rewritten parts of *Cymbeline?* Even actors—Burbage, for one example—rewrote Shakespeare's plays in his own day, and Shakespeare both approved of it and liked it.

14. Artists welcome criticism; actors resent it.

15. Exercise is ridiculous. I never exercise. I get enough exercise every day brushing off the cigarette ashes that start burning my trousers, pulling my tie tighter at my collar, brushing my hair, moving my face and neck into various shaving positions, opening and closing taxicab doors, sharpening lead pencils, dressing and undressing, wriggling around under the shower bath, looking under the bed for burglars, and running several hundred miles at breakneck speed and jumping over high cliffs to get away from the murderer who shows up on my heels every night a few minutes after I have gotten to sleep.

16. Why are children's school books always bound in forbidding blacks and dark browns? Why not make them more inviting to the youngsters with bright oranges, purples, sky blues, crimsons, and other such gay colors?

17. Dramatic criticism has become largely a succession of trumpet or bird-whistle solos.

18. Some critics shrewdly practice the technique of reticent calm. So, instead of detecting their dumbness immediately, it usually takes two minutes.

19. The majority of London polite comedies are silk hats minus rabbits.

20. An actor without a playwright is like a hole without a doughnut. The most adroit ad-libbing done by actors to tide over contretemps in the last thirty years hasn't been as good as even the worst lines in such recent garbage as *Something For Nothing*, *Work Is For Horses*, *Straw Hat*, or even *Fickle Women*, that arch-lulu.

21. Some of Maxwell Anderson's plays always remind me of a lover's quarrel with himself.

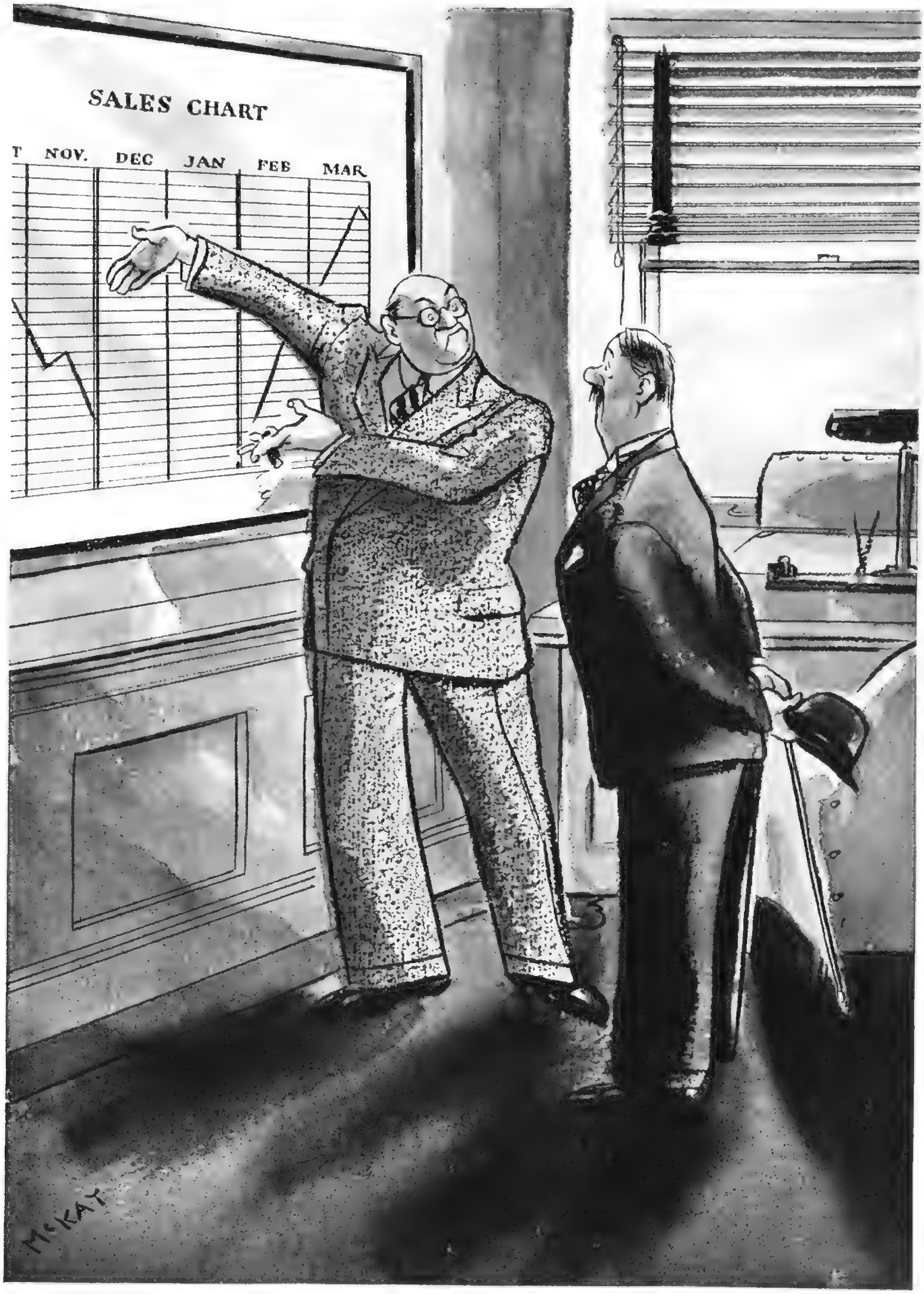
22. Synonym for Henry Miller's Theatre: British coaling station.

23. If it were not for Granville-Barker and Dover Wilson, Hamlet would still be Robert B. Mantell.

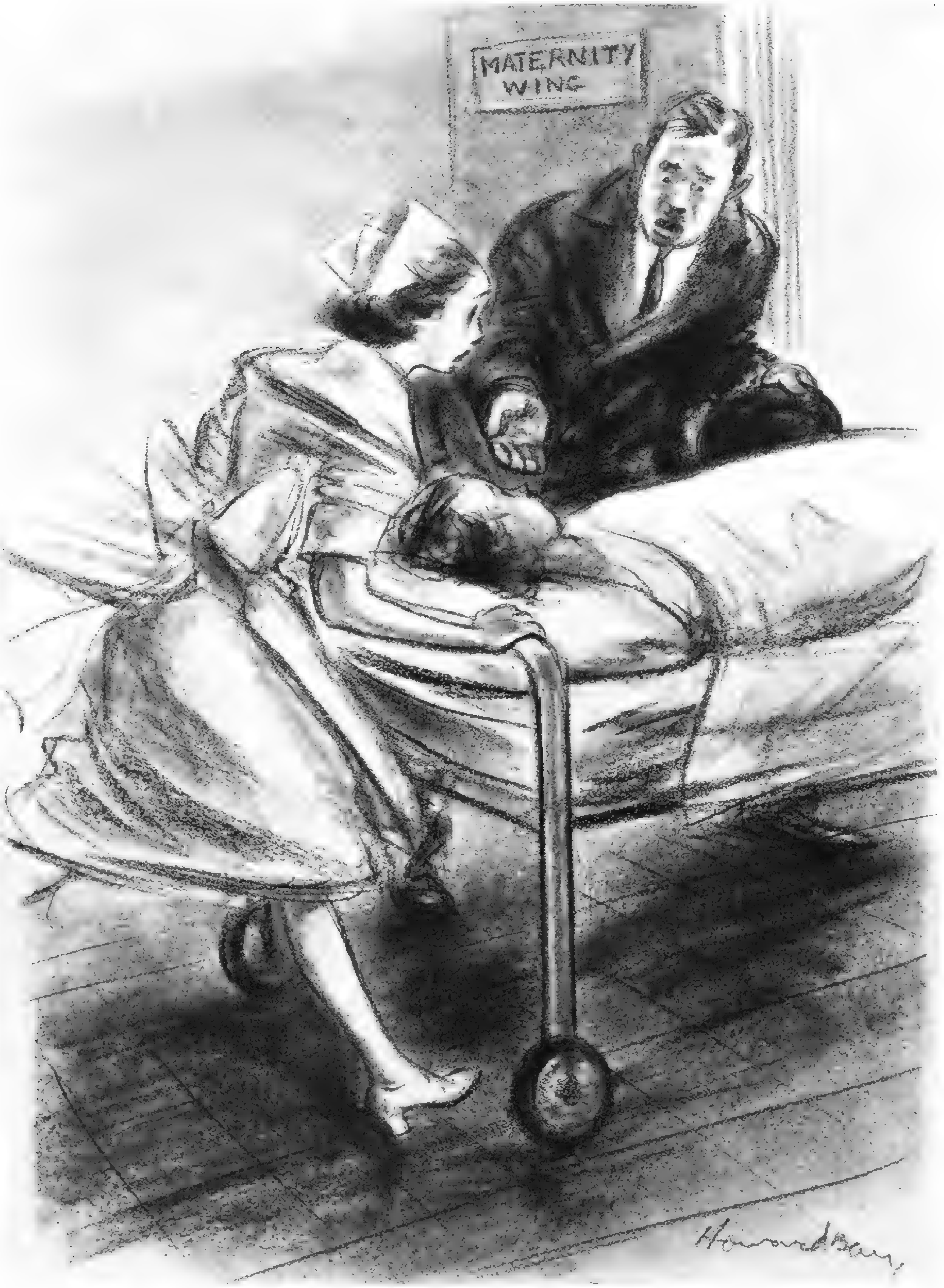
24. They will probably lose at least forty thousand dollars on this show. For the forty thousand they could have done a revival of Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell* and put on a simplified production of Shaw's amended *Cymbeline*, both of which would stand a better chance of avoiding any such plunge into the red and which might even make some money. And they would have had enough money left over to buy a couple of cases of good champagne. Numskulls!

25. I should like to see a production of

*Continued on page 138*


SALES CHART
T
NOV.
DEC
JAN
FEB
MAR
McKAY

*"During this period we couldn't even afford ink"*


MATERNITY WING
Howard Baer

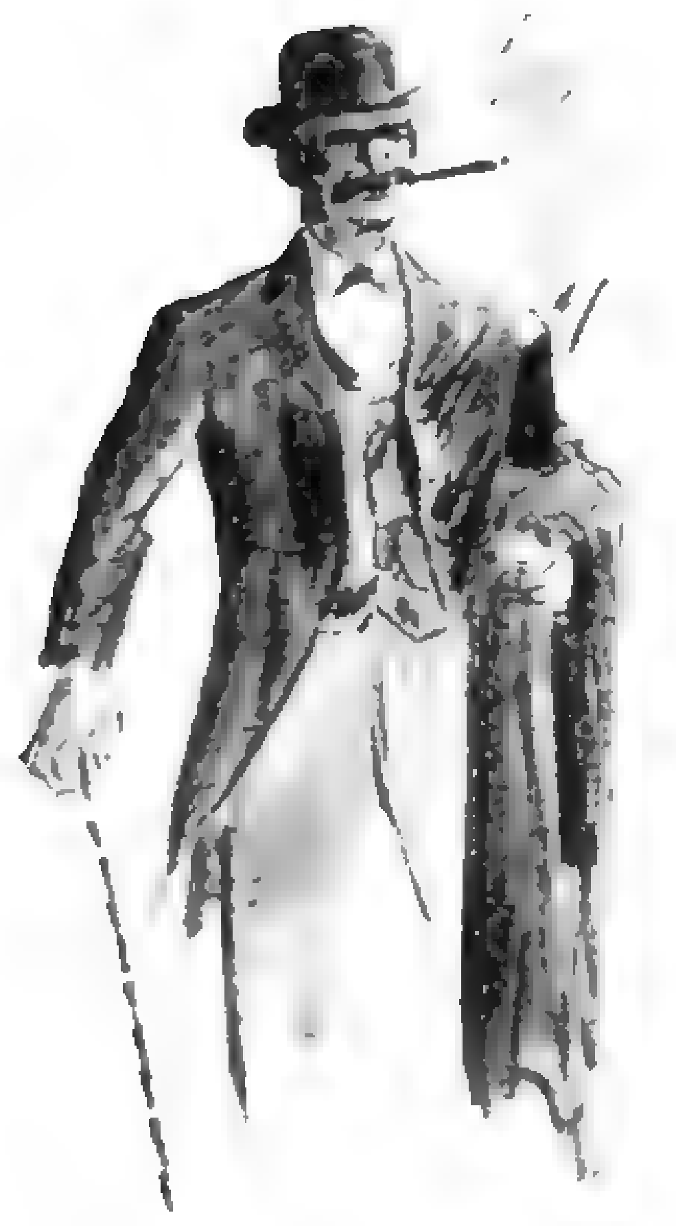
*"Now remember, dear, you've only got until midnight to lop $400 off my income tax!"*

# Garrison Finish

**Odds were fifteen-to-one against his mount, and Snapper had to figure out some way to get a break on the field**

### by JACK B. CREAMER

• SPORTS •



WHEN Snapper Garrison died last year in Miami Beach, sports pages carried a little filler tucked away somewhere just beneath the day's scratches. The head was:

EDWARD GARRISON,
GREYHOUND RACING
OFFICIAL, DIES

What a touching tribute! Imagine Arthur Brisbane's obit being headlined: A. BRISBANE, WELL KNOWN APARTMENT OWNER, DIES, and you've got a dead heat for the Asininity Sweepstakes. Snapper Garrison, one of the greatest American jockeys of all time, weighs out for the last time; and when he faces the golden barrier, St. Peter, the starter, has him down in the entry list as a Dog Racer!

It's true Snapper spent his last years around the Florida whippet tracks, but when a jockey passes the sixty post they don't call him "boy" anymore. He doesn't tack up at 110 pounds, either. Still, you'd think there'd be a few old timers around who remember Snapper Garrison in the '90's and early nineteen hundreds, when he was burning up the major tracks . . . riding iron to iron with Tod Sloan and Danny Maher, the Reiff Brothers, Skeets Martin, Winnie O'Connor, Soup Perkins, Dave Nicol, Willie Martin, Guy Burns, and Snapper's greatest rival, Fred Taral.

Take any youngster who never gets any closer to a paddock than the corner pool room. When a horse breezes up from behind to win heads-on in a driving finish, he nods sagely and says: "Wow! Garrison finish." Yet, not one in a hundred can tell you that that phrase was born in the Suburban Handicap in 1892 when Snapper Garrison, on Marcus Daly's Montana, came up from way back to prove he was the greatest finisher in the business and grab off first money.

The purse for the Suburban that year was $110,000 and Daly, the jubilant copper magnate, paid Snapper $10,000 for the ride. That was nothing new to Snapper. He'd won the Suburban three years before with Raceland for August Belmont. He didn't ride for peanuts that day, either. You can find all that, and more, right down in the record. But you'll look in some pretty remote places before you find anyone who remembers the World's Fair American Derby in 1893. Snapper had a mount in that race, too, but he rode without pay. Yet, that race left more happiness in its wake than any Snapper rode before or since.

Garrison rode for Old Man Jim Cushing that day, and if Old Jim had offered him ten dollars for the job, he'd have had to give him a promissory note for the amount. Jim Cushing had been in the money in his younger days, but practically all of it went down the stretch with the bang-tails. On Derby Day in '93 the only thing he had in the world was a big-boned brown colt named Boundless. Snapper was then at the peak of his fame, but he didn't care. If Old Jim needed a boy, he was only too glad to help him out. Besides, Fred Taral, Snapper's rival, would have the leg up on St. Leonards that afternoon. Garrison was itching for a chance to get home in front of Taral.

Outside of Snapper, there wasn't one jit to rub against another among the little group that sat with Jim Cushing at breakfast the morning before the race. There were Footlight Jim, the trainer, Old Folks, the rubber, and 'Lasses and Some Punkins, the stable boys. The sun climbed over the clubhouse roof as they finished their mush and coffee.

Old Jim lit a stogie and dropped the match in his coffee cup. His hair was grey. Deep crows' feet fringed his eyes, the result of years of laughter. His eyes twinkled incessantly with good humor. There wasn't a racing man in the country didn't think a lot of old Jim Cushing.

"Sorry there wasn't more to eat, boys," he said, "but it took just about every cent I had to bring Boundless down here and enter him."

"We're not hungry," said Snapper. "I gotta watch my weight, anyhow."

Jim picked a bit of lint off the sleeve of his old butternut coat. He'd never yet seen an empty stomach that could sound like a full one, but if they wanted to take their chances with him, he couldn't stop them. The World's Fair American Derby was the richest race of the year. Fifty thousand dollars was the purse. If Boundless, bred of the great Harry O'Fallon stud, grabbed off first money, the boys would be taken care of.

Snapper broke the silence. "You know, Jim," he said, "there's only one thing worryin' me: that suit of yours. It ain't right to go up to the judges' stand in that butternut thing to get your check. Those dudes'll be all dressed up like Sunday."

Old Jim chuckled.

"Let my brown baby come home," he said, "and I'll take care of the worrying, all right."

'Lasses grunted. "Huh, 'at colt could fall down and roll over and still carry the mail. 'Member I said it, too."

Some Punkins snorted. "Ain't nobody said different. Sho he goin' to win. But that don't do nuthin' 'bout the boss's suit. It don't seem right somehow."

Footlight Jim spoke up timidly. "I—I got a black Prince Albert, Jim, that'd fit you fine. How about it?"

Cushing grinned wide. Money didn't buy this kind of loyalty.

"You're wasting your time, boys," he said. "If Boundless should win, I'd step up and claim that check in my underdrawers. There's a whole heap of things fifty thousand dollars can make me forget. I only wish the books felt as sure of our brown colt as we do. They're giving 15-to-1 against him, you know."

"I wish I had a million dollars worth of that," said Snapper sharply. "I've had a leg over lots of good horses, but never one like Boundless. That colt's got heart." He rose and took up a notch on his belt. "I'm going to take a walk."

He strolled over back of the grandstand and sat down in the shade to think. It was a perfect day for the race. The summer sun was strong but not sultry. The water wagons were wetting down the smooth track.

Everything could have been easy but for the old man's pride. Snapper wanted to loan him enough money to cover expenses till the race was run, but it was no use. Everything else might be in hock, but Jim Cushing still had his pride. So Snapper had done the next best thing: offered his services and taken potluck with the others.

Nobody would ever know how Jim needed that purse. It wasn't such a terrific sum. Snapper made more than that in a season's riding. But an old man's declining years depended on this fifty thousand. He would probably never get another chance at a come-back.

Snapper never rode a race he didn't want to win, but this was different. Ordinarily he rode for pay and did his best. If he didn't

Continued in center of page 111

# Westward Ho-Hum

## An apology for those poor guys who drive new cars across the country, reaping their reward in dirty looks

### by CYRIL JOHN CLARKE

• ARTICLE •

A sociologist would look far to find a more illuminating example of the dispiriting effects of regimentation than that offered by a caravan trip. Drivers of these transports are recruited by means of advertisements in the Chicago newspapers offering free transportation to California. Responses to these advertisements are extremely numerous, a fact that would doubtless be a source of considerable gratification to the natives of that sun-kissed commonwealth, as being additional evidence of its paradisaical lure, but for the distressing fact that the vast majority of the eager wayfarers who avail themselves of these offers are highly impecunious. The ports of entry to the golden state offer no welcome to those who do not come bearing gold of their own to enhance her glory. For them the letters on the mat spell scram. But welcome or not, hundreds of men do yearly take advantage of these offers to make hegira to the promised land on the shores of the Pacific. They set out for the Coast, happily buoyed up by the conviction that they have struck a rare bargain in transportation. Long before they reach journey's end, however, that buoyancy is lost in the realization that, although they have paid nothing for their transportation to California they have surrendered every vestige of freedom until they get there.

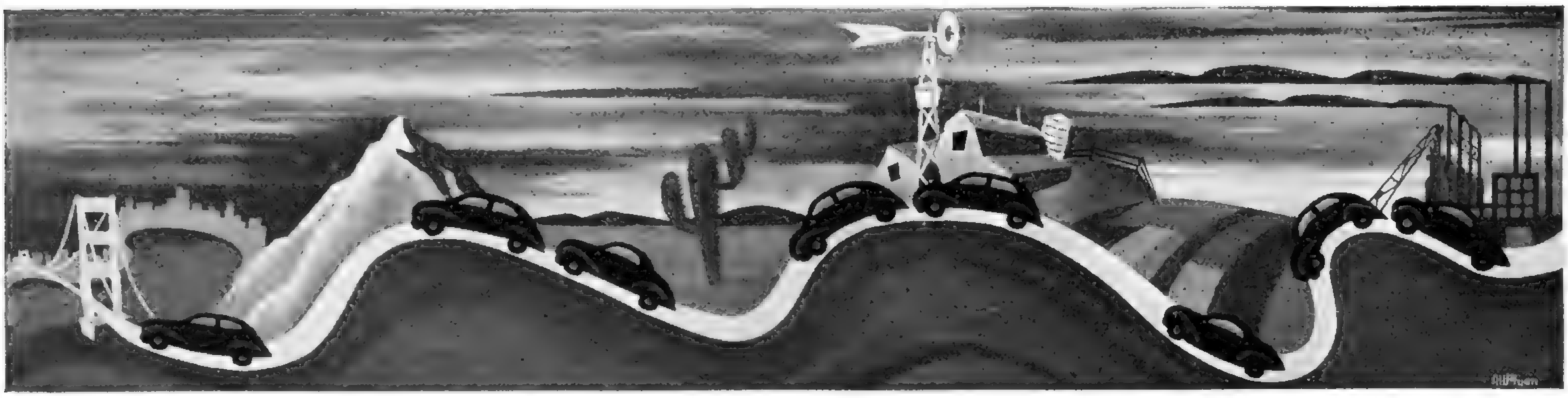
Gradually at first and then suddenly and completely as the unvariegated days of driving succeed one another the caravan journey deteriorates from a thing of great emprise to a matter of dreary routine. The poet who sighed for world enough and time would have found unutterable fulfillment of his desires on one of these trips. If all goes according to schedule the caravan makes the run from the factory in Michigan or Wisconsin to California in nine days. Serious trouble on the road may extend this to ten or eleven days. To Kit Carson and his contemporaries the idea of crossing more than two thirds of this continent in nine days would probably have seemed wildly visionary. And considered in the abstract nine days does not seem an unreasonably long time to devote to a 2,200 mile journey. On its face, such a schedule seems to suggest rather pleasant implications of ease and leisure along the road. Actually those nine days and 2,200 miles constitute as much of infinitude as mortal experience is ever likely to encompass. And just as the caravaneer discovers that his transportation is gratuitous without being free, so he finds it to be stupefyingly slow without being in the least leisurely.

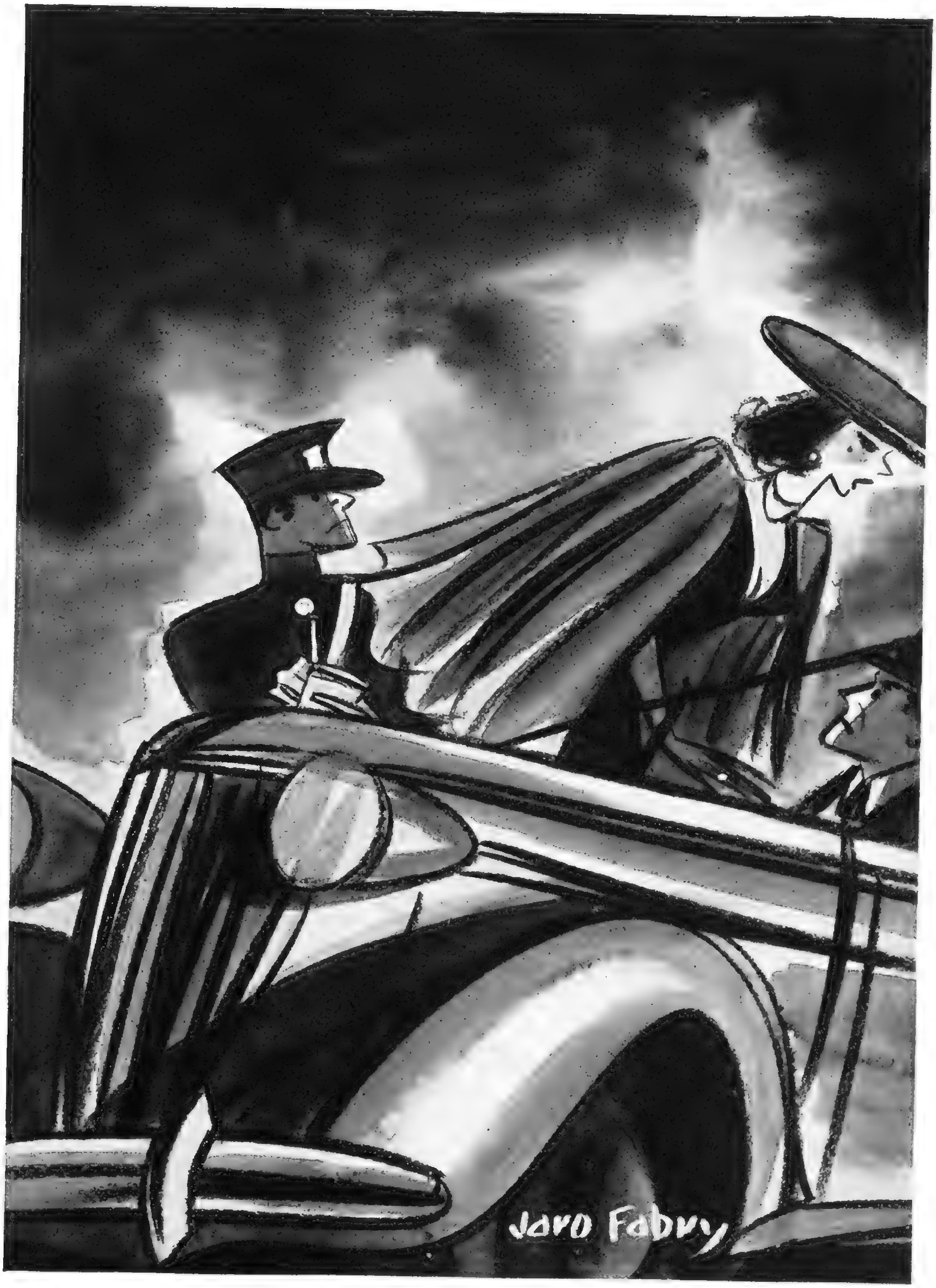
The number of cars in caravans ranges from as few as twenty to as many as seventy or eighty, depending on various circumstances. As a rule there are only half as many drivers as cars since the general practice is to drive doubles. In extremely inclement weather when much of the road to be traveled is covered with ice or snow, the cars are driven singly to obviate the danger of skidding and "jackknifing" the double, which means having the towed car swing around and sideswipe the driven car. Even under the best road conditions this hazard is always present with a double. If you make a turn too sharply you are quite likely to find your rear car piled up on the running board beside you with its nose pointing back, in an attitude suggestive of nostalgic yearning, towards the land of its manufacture. It is absurd, of course, to suppose that the car in such a case is afflicted with nostalgia—even an automobile must surely be subject to the universal urge to migrate to California. The caravan I joined was made up of sixteen doubles and two singles, the latter driven by the leader and the mechanic. Past noon on a fine, crisp day in early November we drove away from the factory, blithely unaware of the infinity of tedium that lay ahead. And the first day's drive brought us no inkling of it. Owing to our late start we made only a short run that day, stopping just after nightfall in a small town in Illinois not far from the Iowa line. But there was something vaguely ominous in the announcement of the leader at the hotel that night that we would be called at four-thirty the next morning. This edict met with general, though good-natured, disapproval and evoked various suggestions of more seemly hours for motoring. But the leader was adamant. Four-thirty it must be; we had a long run the next day, 325 miles, and an early start was imperative.

And four-thirty it was when we arose and stumbled out in the cold, dark morning and walked the several blocks to where the cars were parked beside the railroad tracks. In the night a heavy frost had settled thickly on the car windows. We switched on the lights, started the motors and, while they were warming up, busied ourselves scraping enough frost from the windshields to allow us a limited field of vision until the sun should come and enlarge it. Overhead the stars were cold and unwinking in the blackness of the sky. It seemed to me utterly nonsensical to be starting at such an hour. Admittedly a 325 mile drive was a considerable piece of travel but it was scarcely so formidable as to require approaching it under cover of darkness. How wrong I was, I learned before the day was done; and I learned, too, that 325 miles as the caravan moves are something very different from 325 miles as the crow flies or as any other creature, man, bird or beast, traverses them. That day my notions of time and space were subjected to a process of complete revision and I emerged from my car at the end of that run convinced that while I might have driven as far or even farther in a single day on other occasions, I quite certainly had never driven as *much*.

When the motors were sufficiently warmed up we started, moving slowly through the dark, silent streets, empty now of all other traffic, and out into the country. Leaving a town after a stop is always an extremely slow and tedious business with a caravan. One of the chief rules laid down for the drivers is that they must maintain a distance of approximately six hundred feet between units on the highway so that private cars traveling faster than the caravan will be able to pass and still have space to make way for oncoming traffic. In pulling out of a town, therefore,

*Continued in center of page 164*

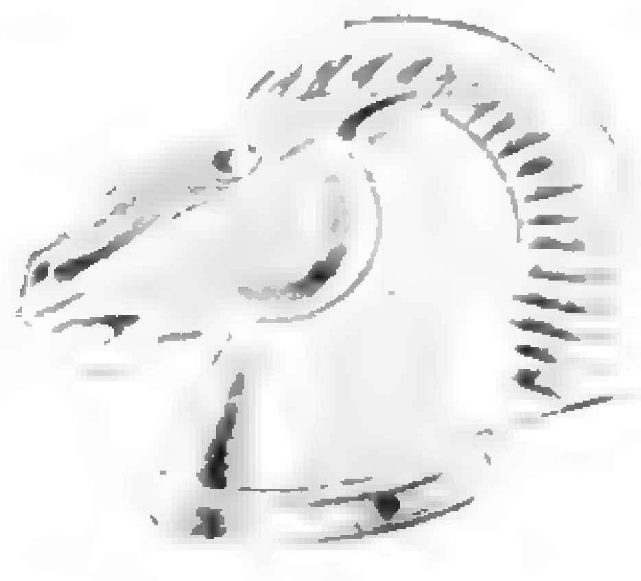




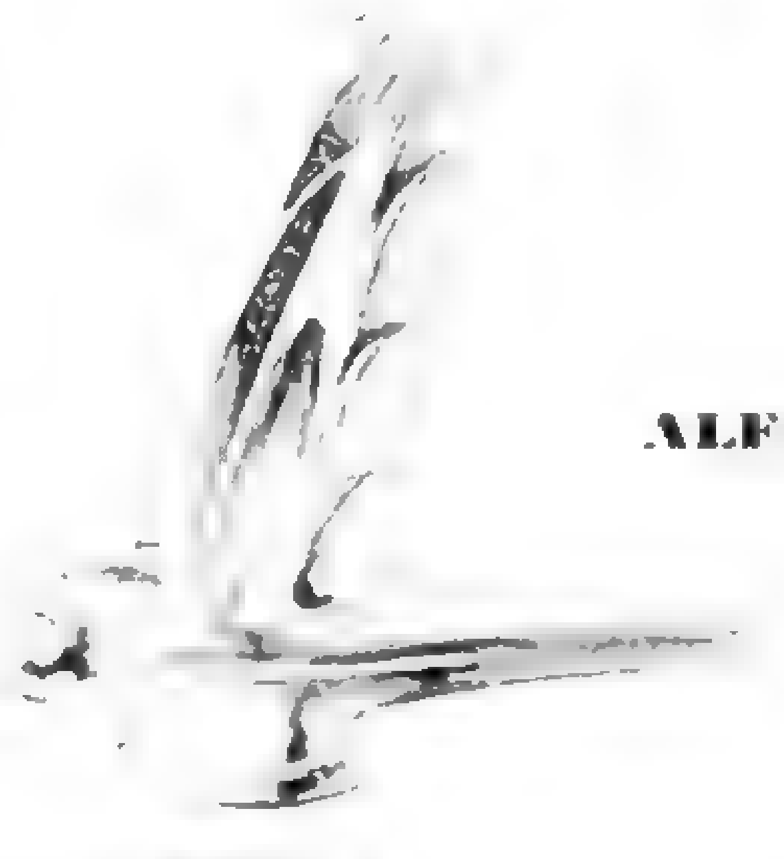
"*Well, this makes the sixth ticket—lot of money you save by driving it from the factory* "

# Esquire's Review of Motoring for 1938

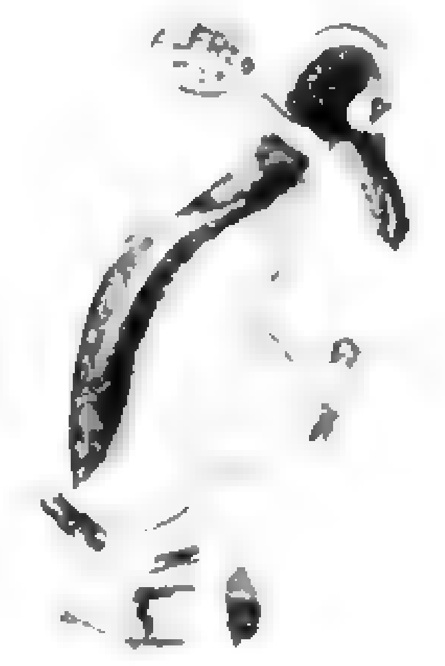
DRAWN *by* COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



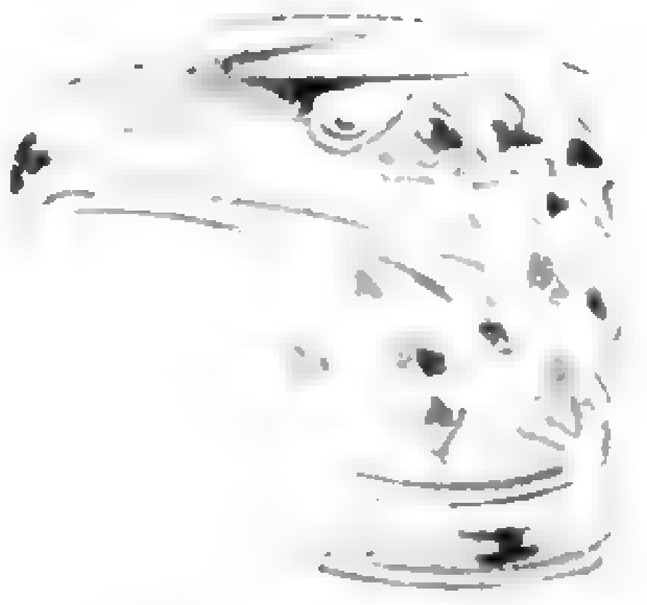
**TÊTE DE CHEVAL**



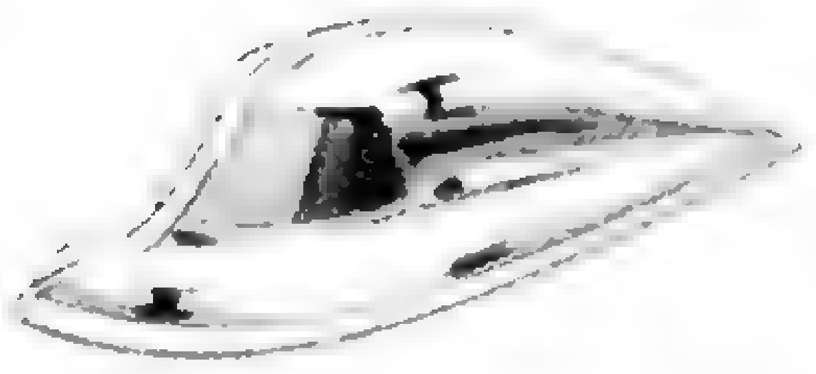
**FIREFLY**



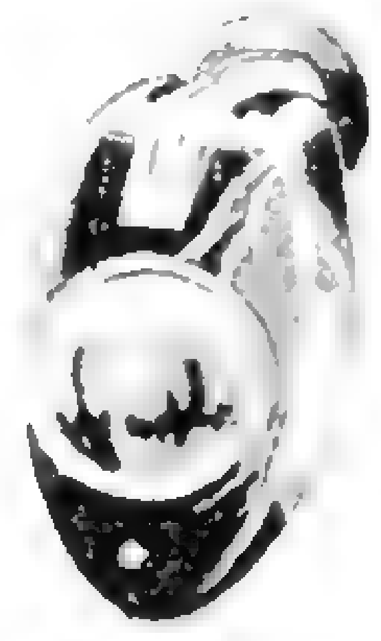
**ALFRED LE PINGOUIN**



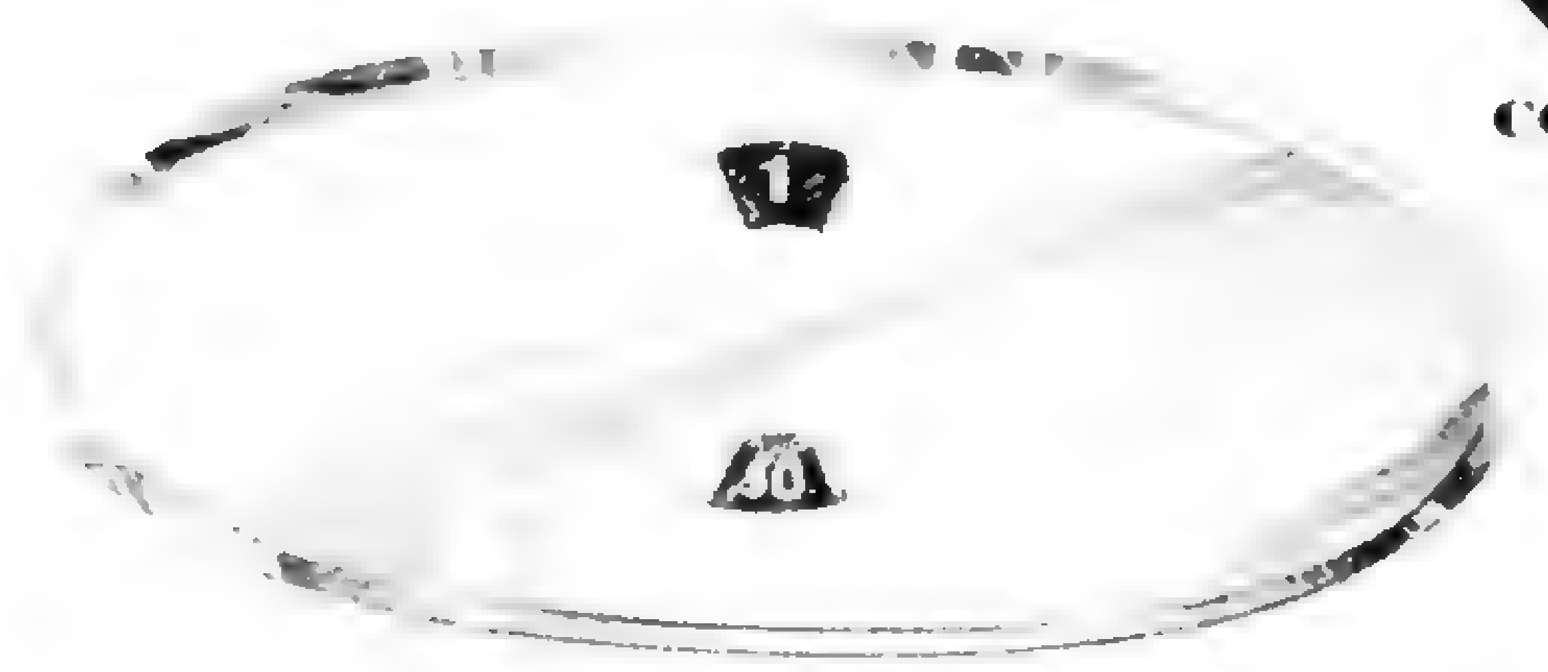
**TÊTE D'AIGLE**



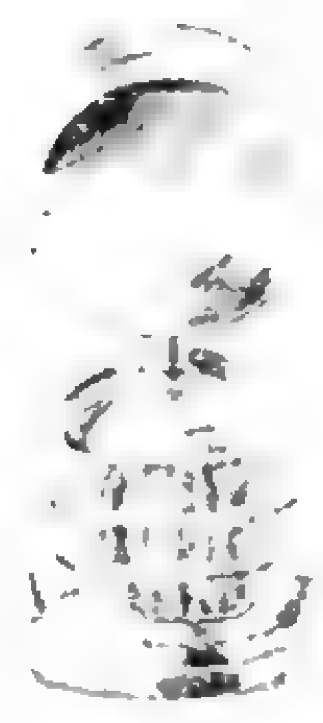
**MARCHAL FENDER LIGHT**



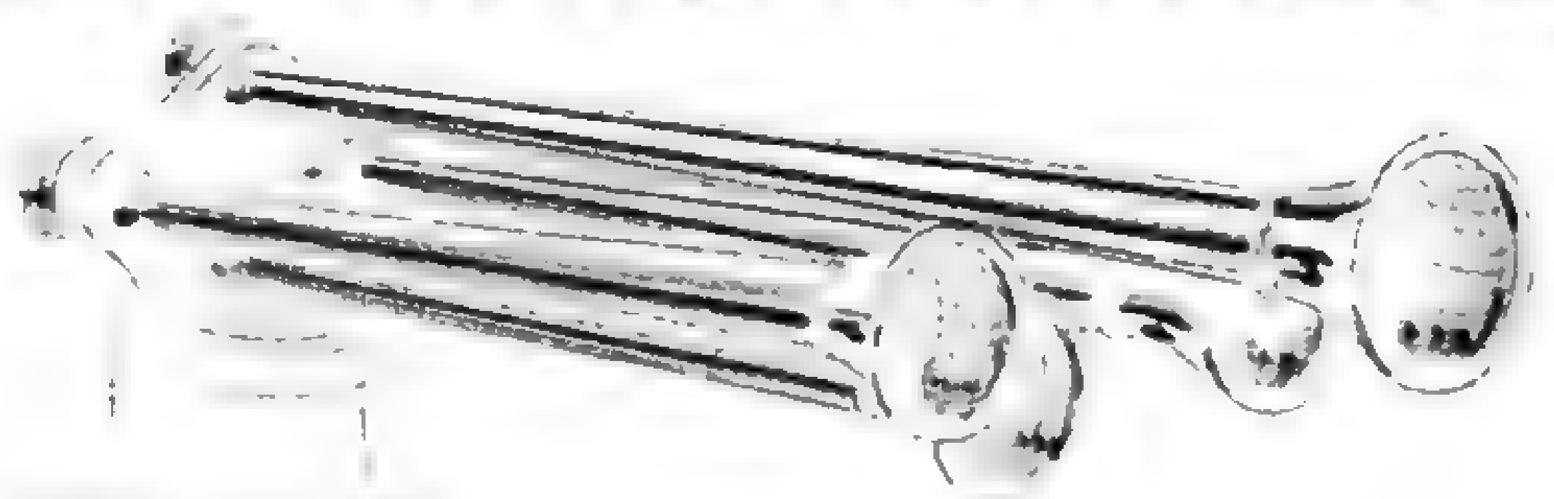
**COMPASS**



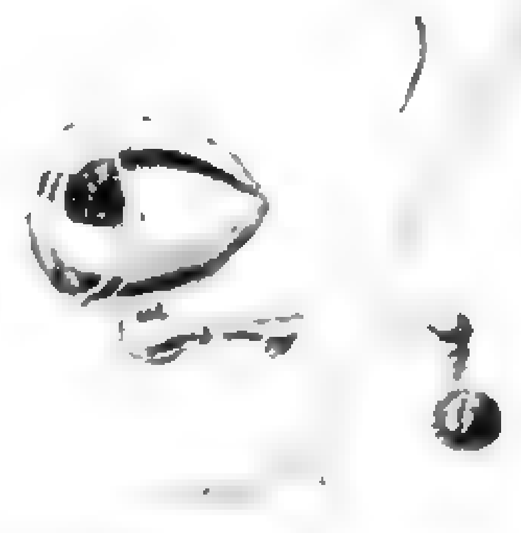
**MIRROR & "JUMP HOUR" CLOCK**



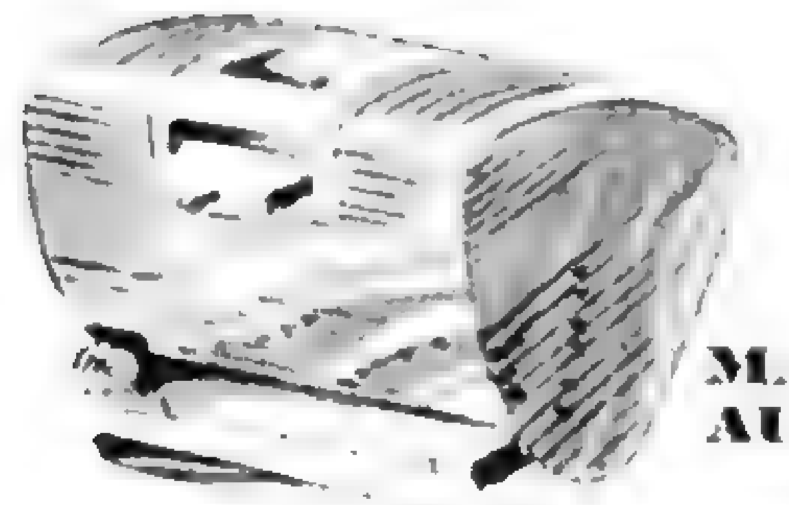
**SAFETY SWINGING STOP LIGHT**



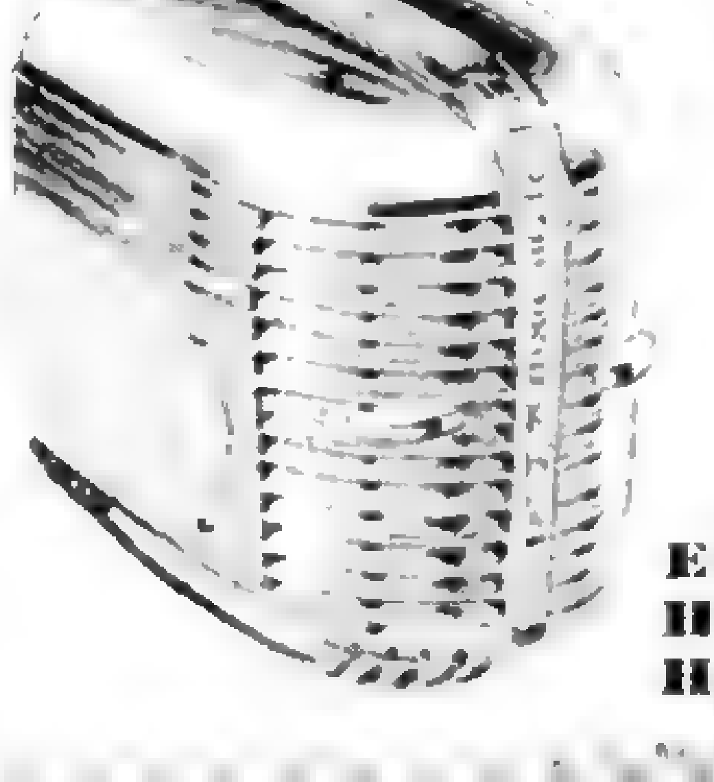
**ELECTRIC MUSIC REPEATER HORN**



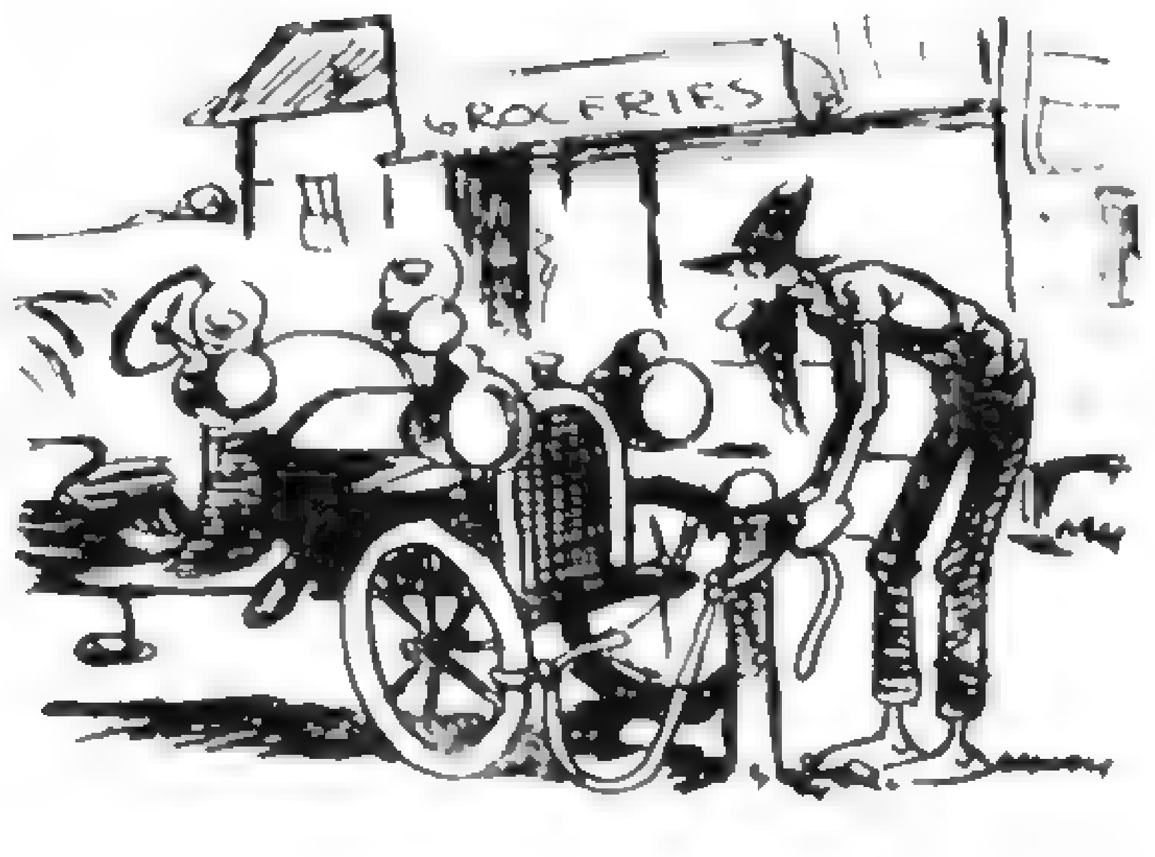
**UNITY SAFETYLIGHT**



**MASTERBILT AUTO SMOKER**



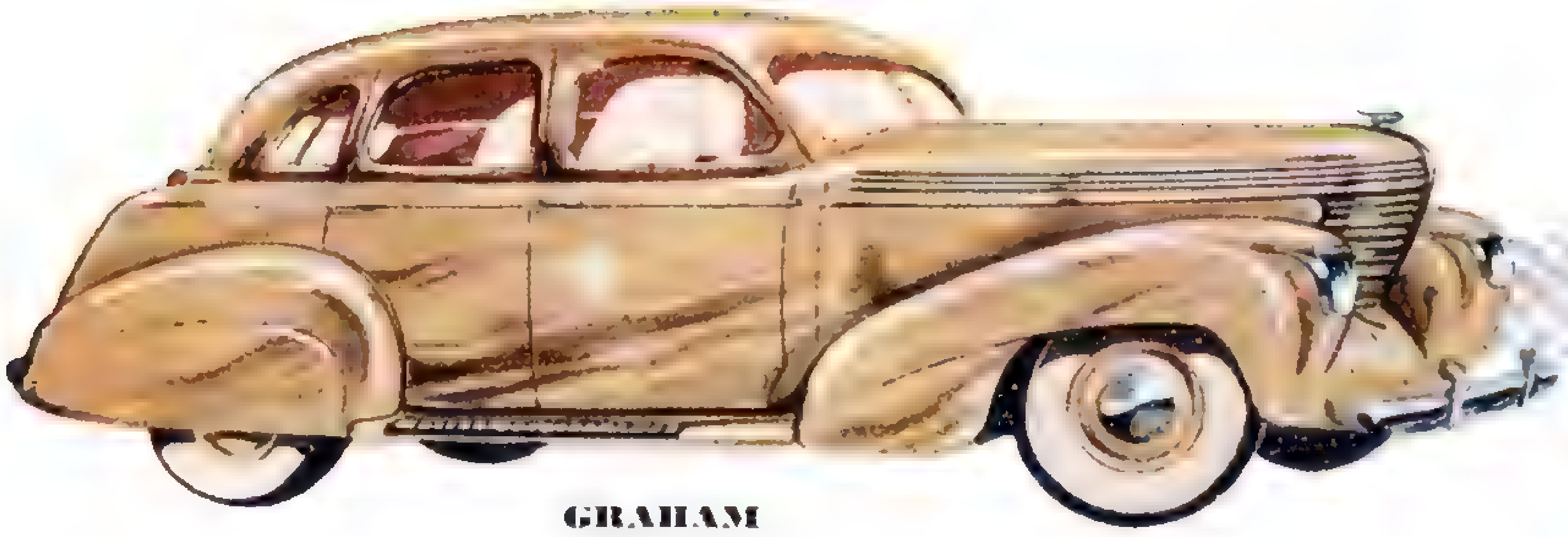
**EUREKA HOT WATER HEATER**



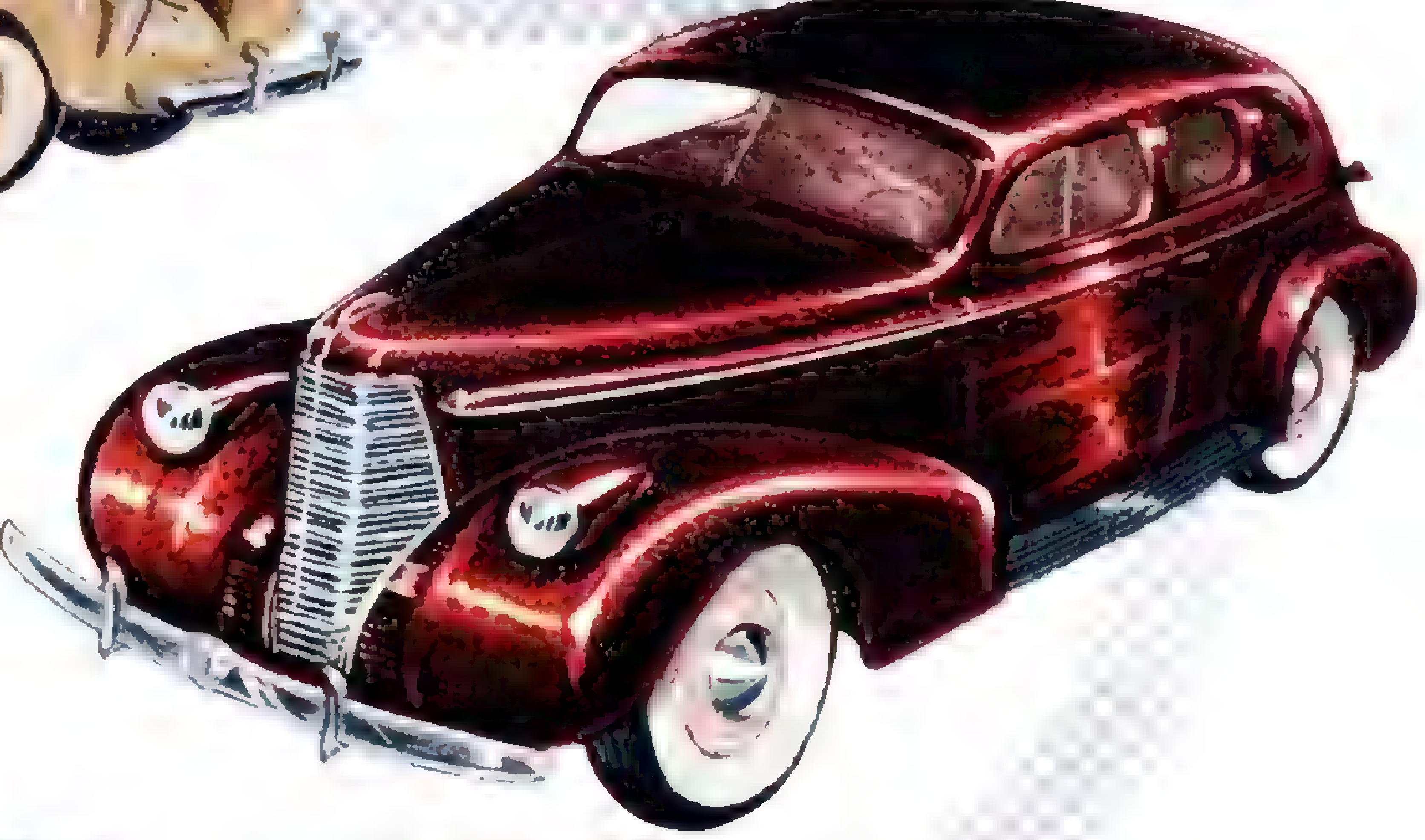
## HERE'S NEW FUN FOR AUTO GADGET-EERS

Top, Nil Melior's four mascot radiator ornaments, the horse's head is illuminated, with chrome plated base, the Firefly is by Lalique, the Penguin, hand-wrought of silver and gunmetal and the eagle's head same as that of the horse. Center, Marchal chromium plated aerodynamic fender light, vacuum cup compass, swinging stoplight that works like a warning signal at a railroad crossing, and "jump hour" clock. Bottom row, the electric horn plays *How Dry I Am* and *Sweet Adeline*, the Masterbilt smoker releases a lighted cigarette, Eureka heater and Safetylight by Unity.

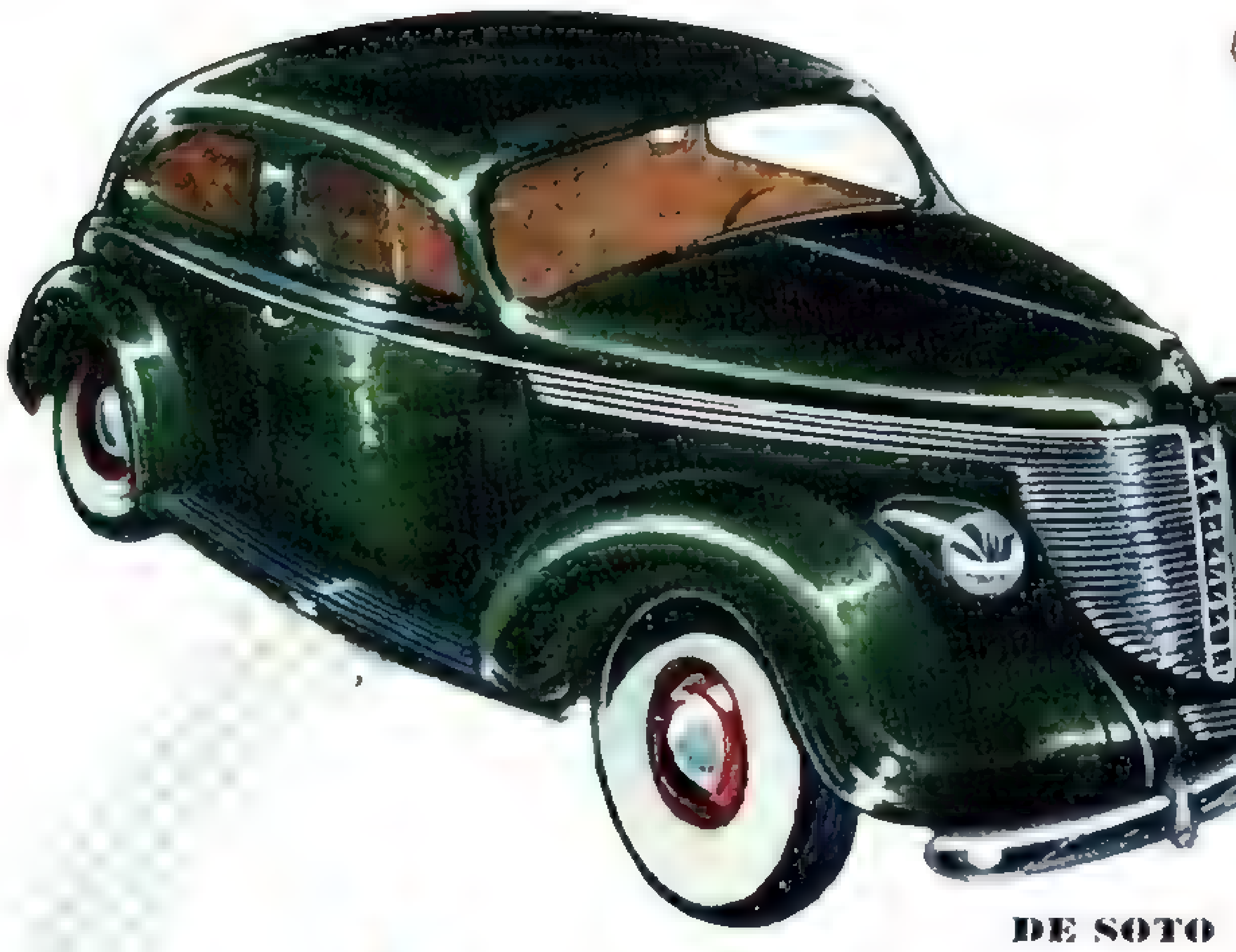
*(Sources of supply of merchandise will be furnished on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.)*



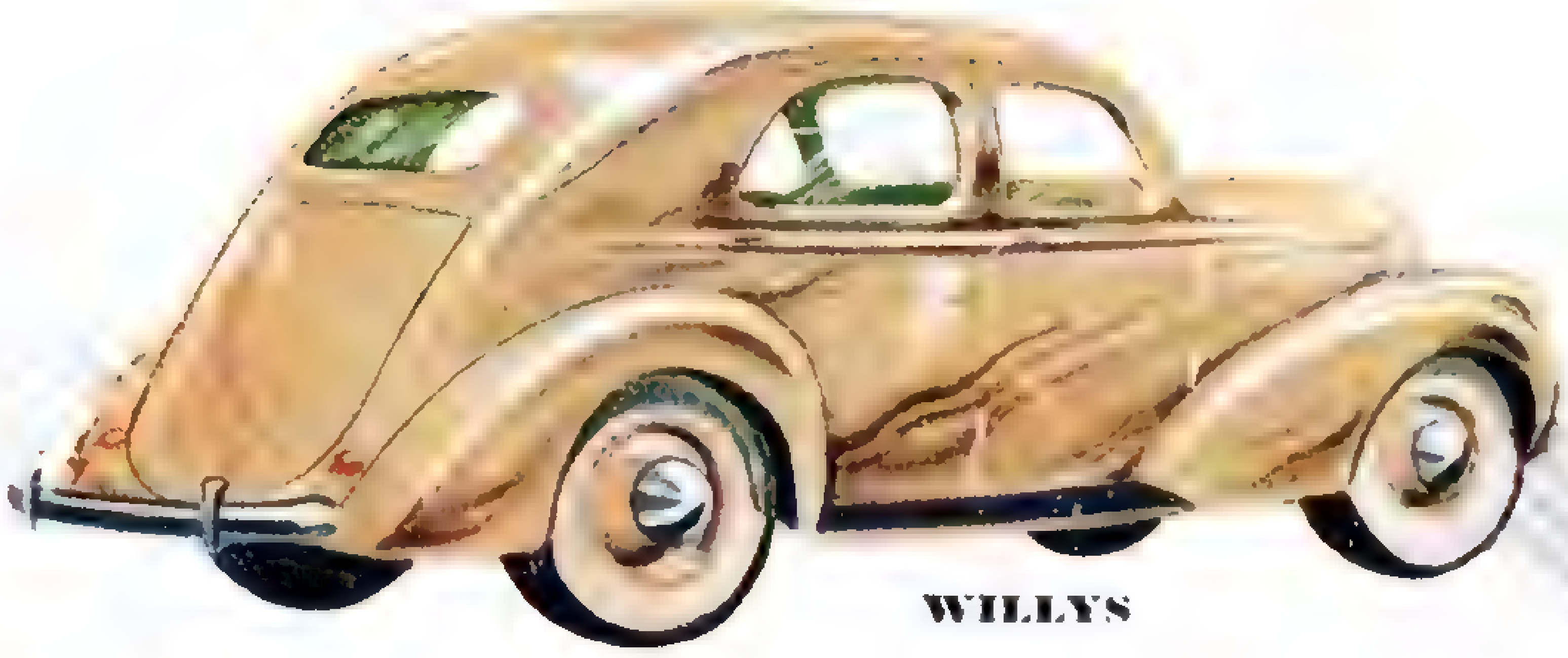
GRAHAM



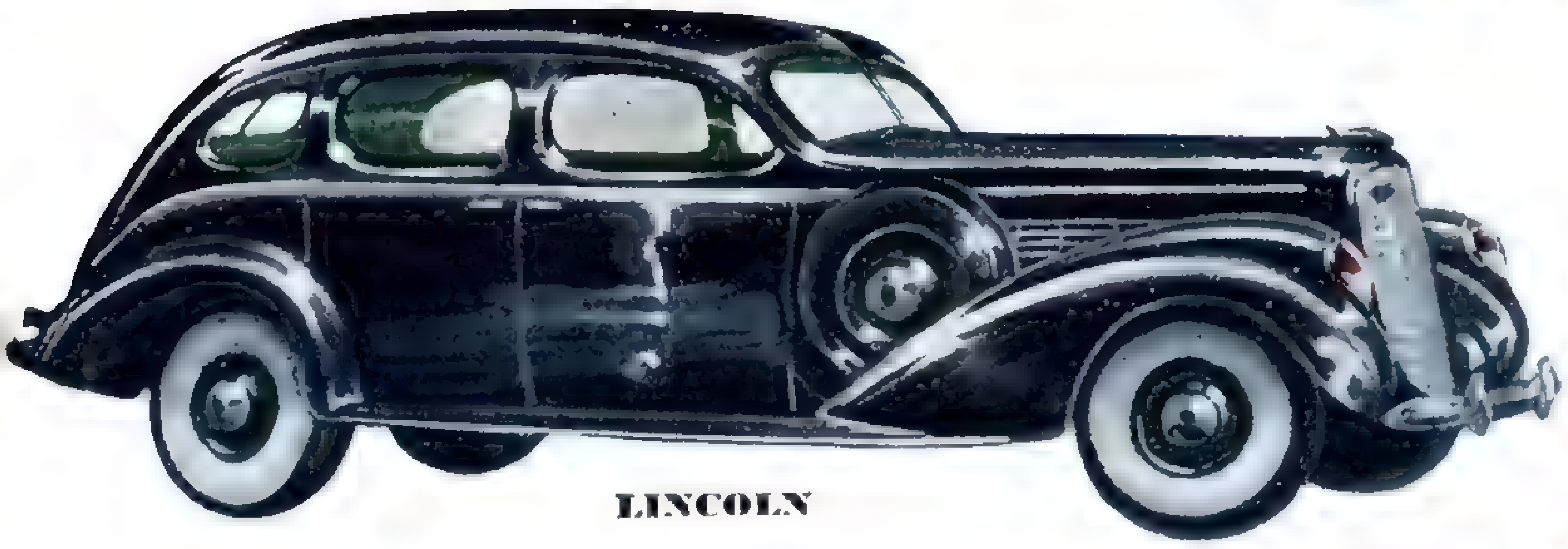
OLDSMOBILE



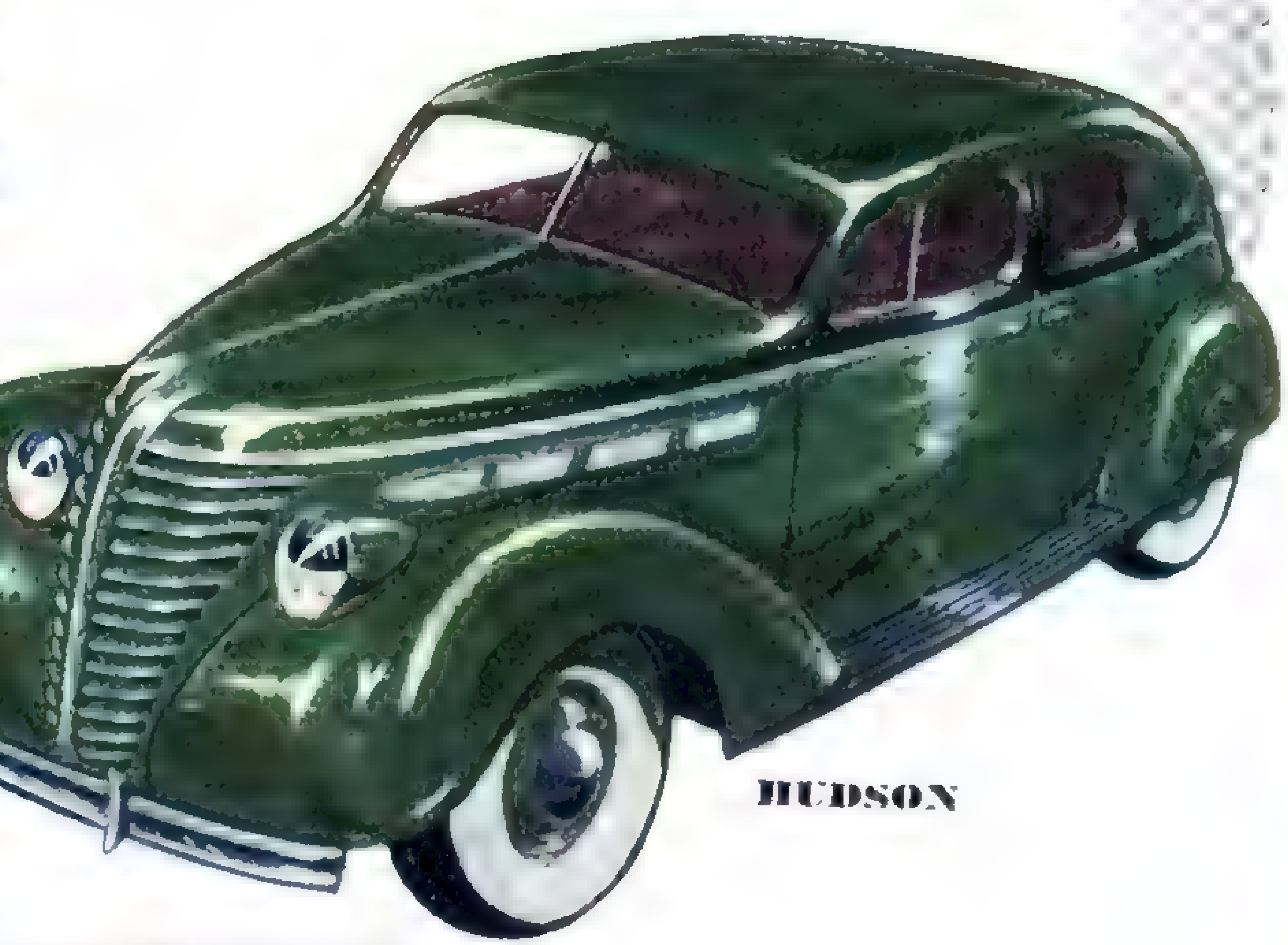
DE SOTO



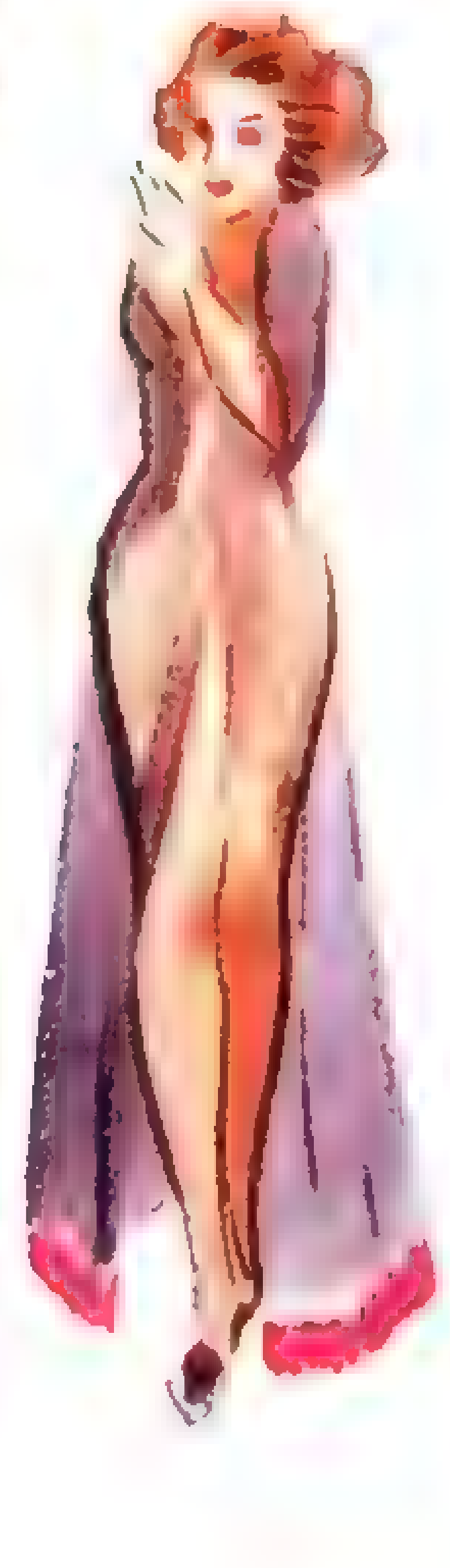
WILLYS



LINCOLN

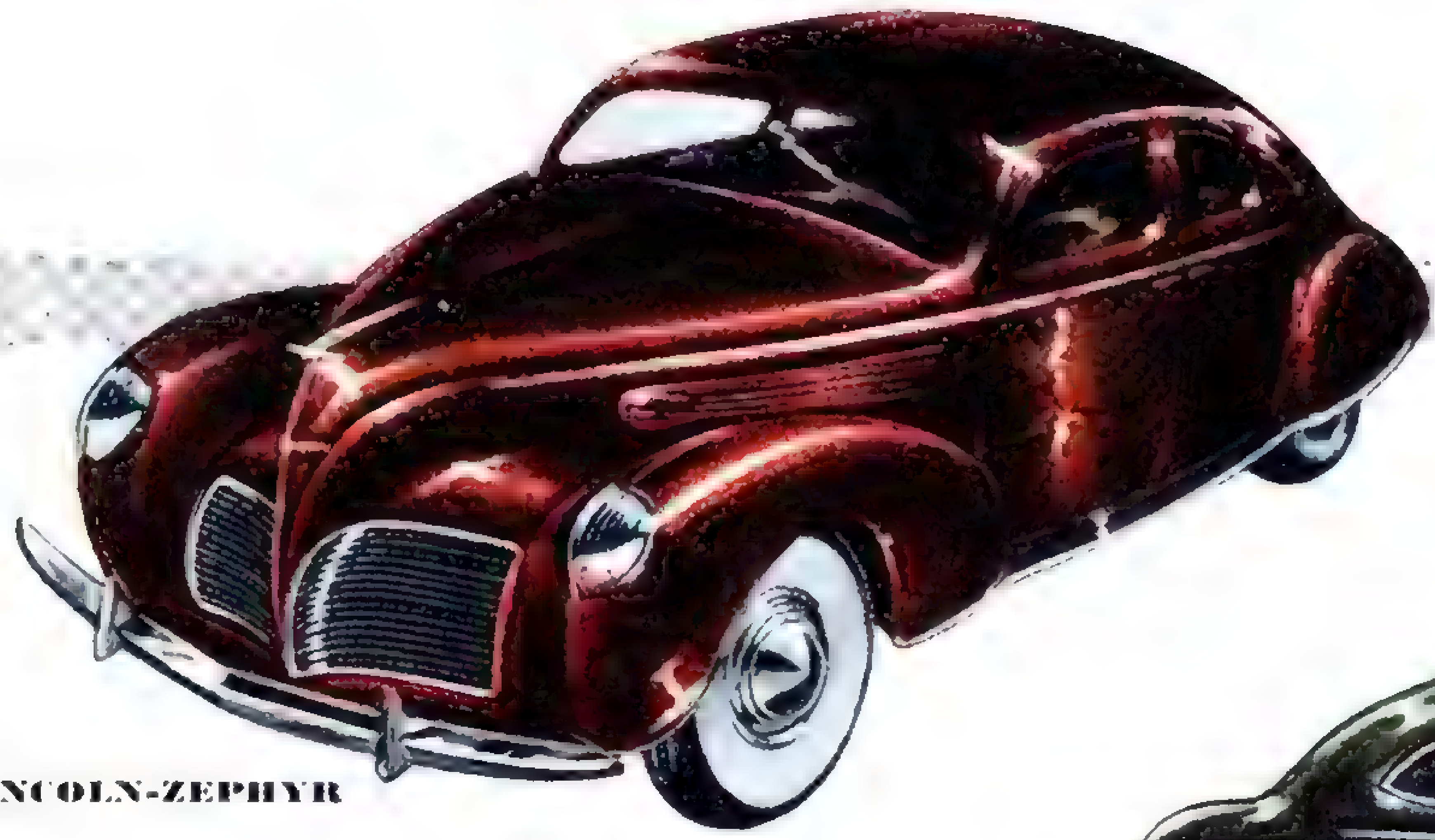


HUDSON

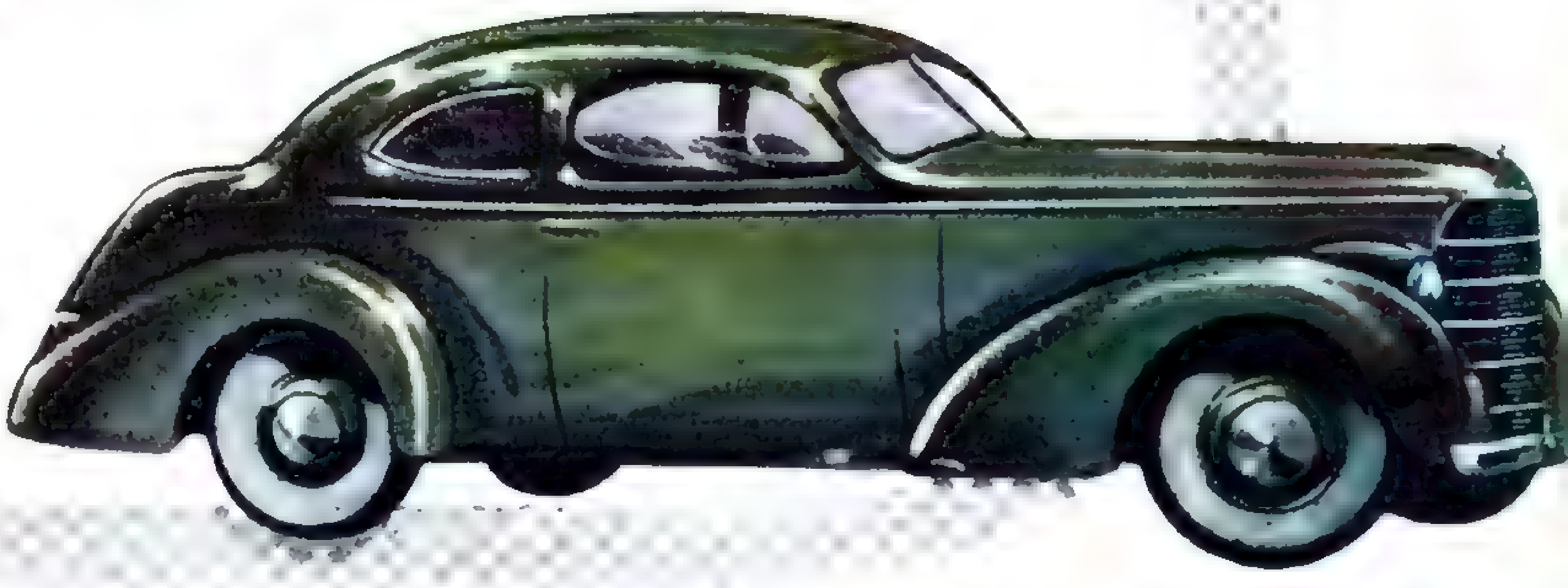


## SIMPLICITY OF THE NEW CARS IS IMPRESSIVE

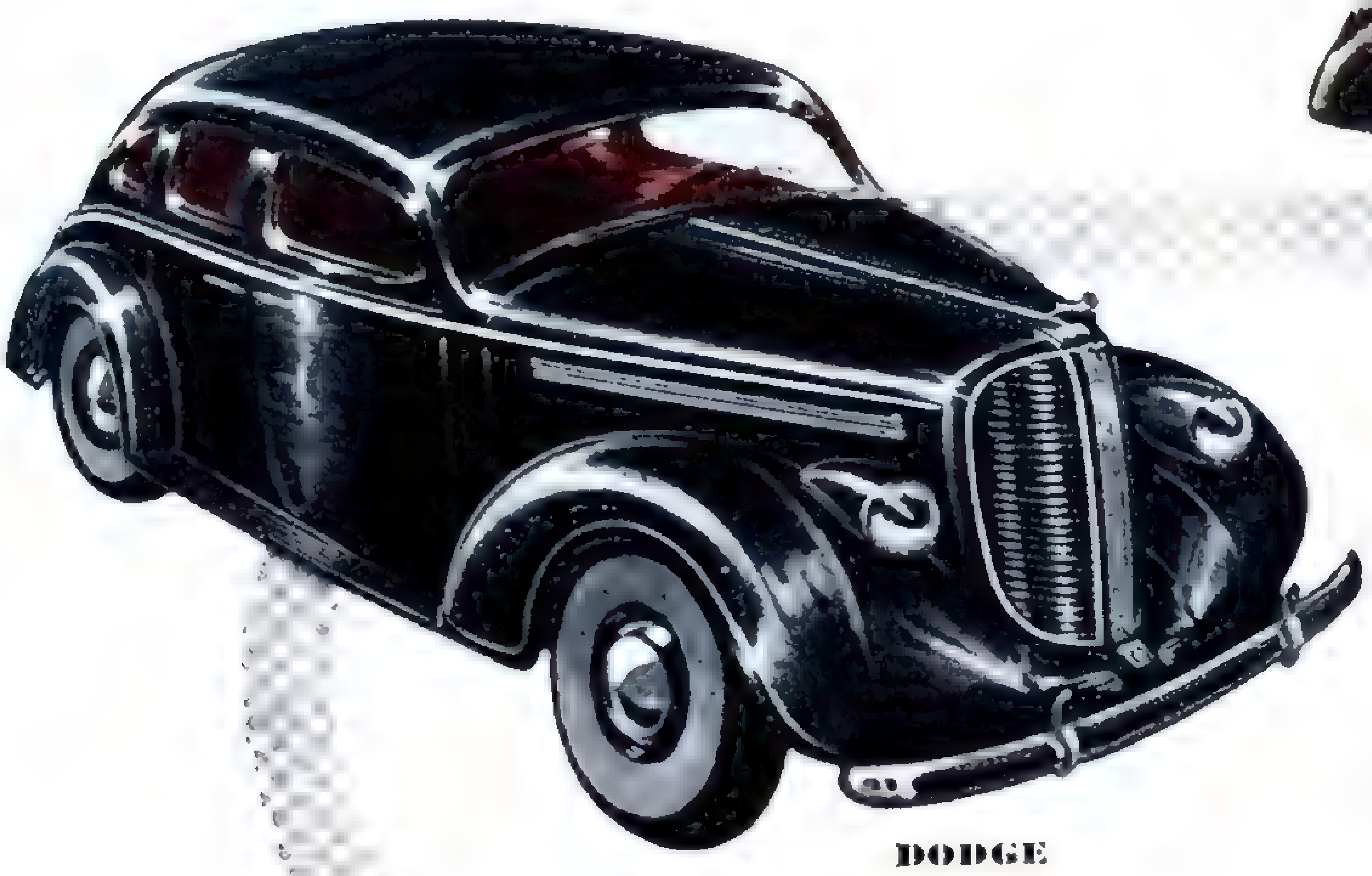
Count Sakhnoffsky probably enjoyed drawing the new cars for 1938 better than those for any other single year. Because the Count, in keeping with his sensibly modern ideas, dotes on simplicity as the essence of that much overworked word "streamlining." Hoods lower and less decorative. Radiator grilles are more vertical with the result that hoods ,are leaner, sleeker-looking and infinitely more impressive. Bumper guards are much higher than they were and firmer and stronger.



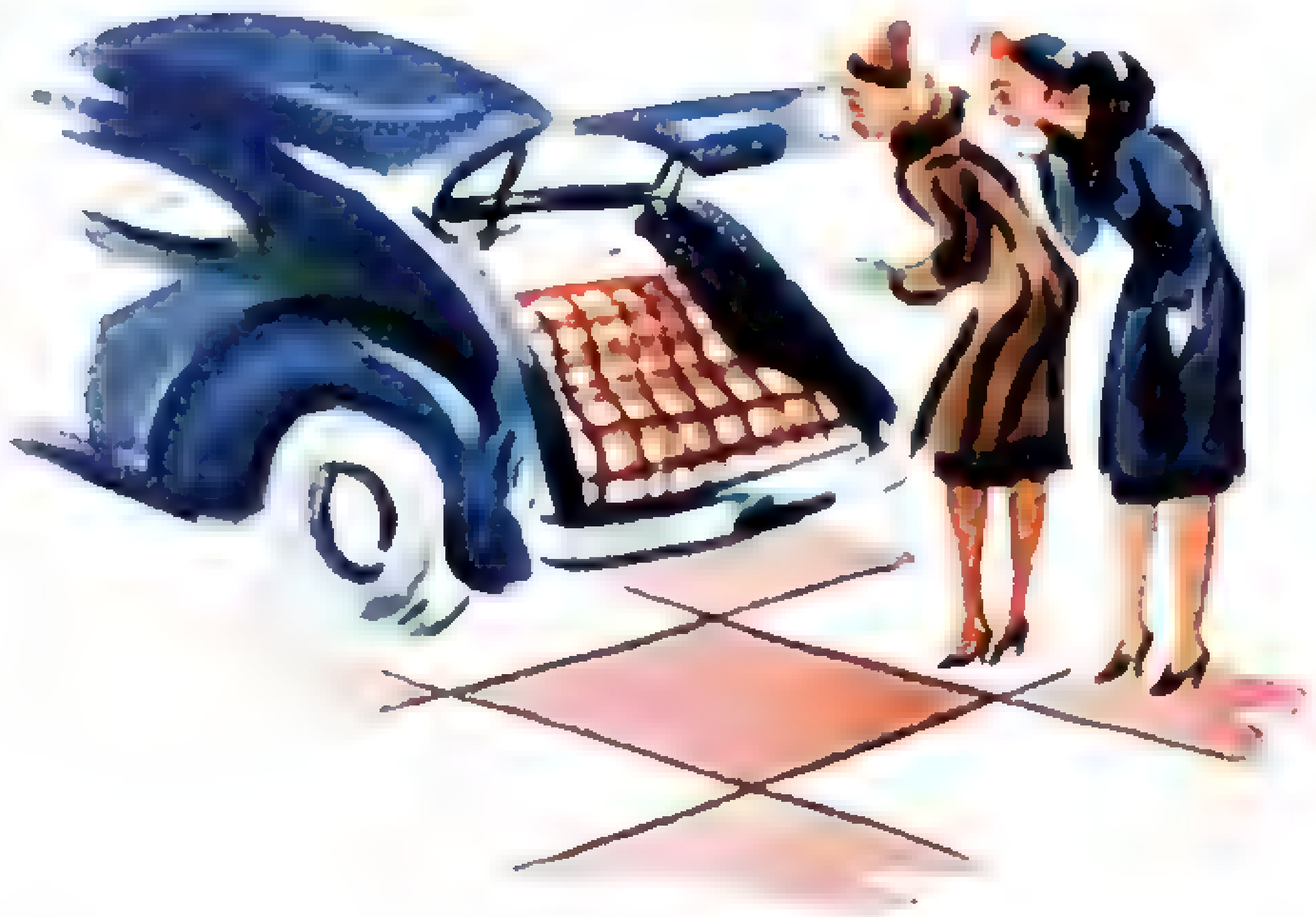
LINCOLN-ZEPHYR



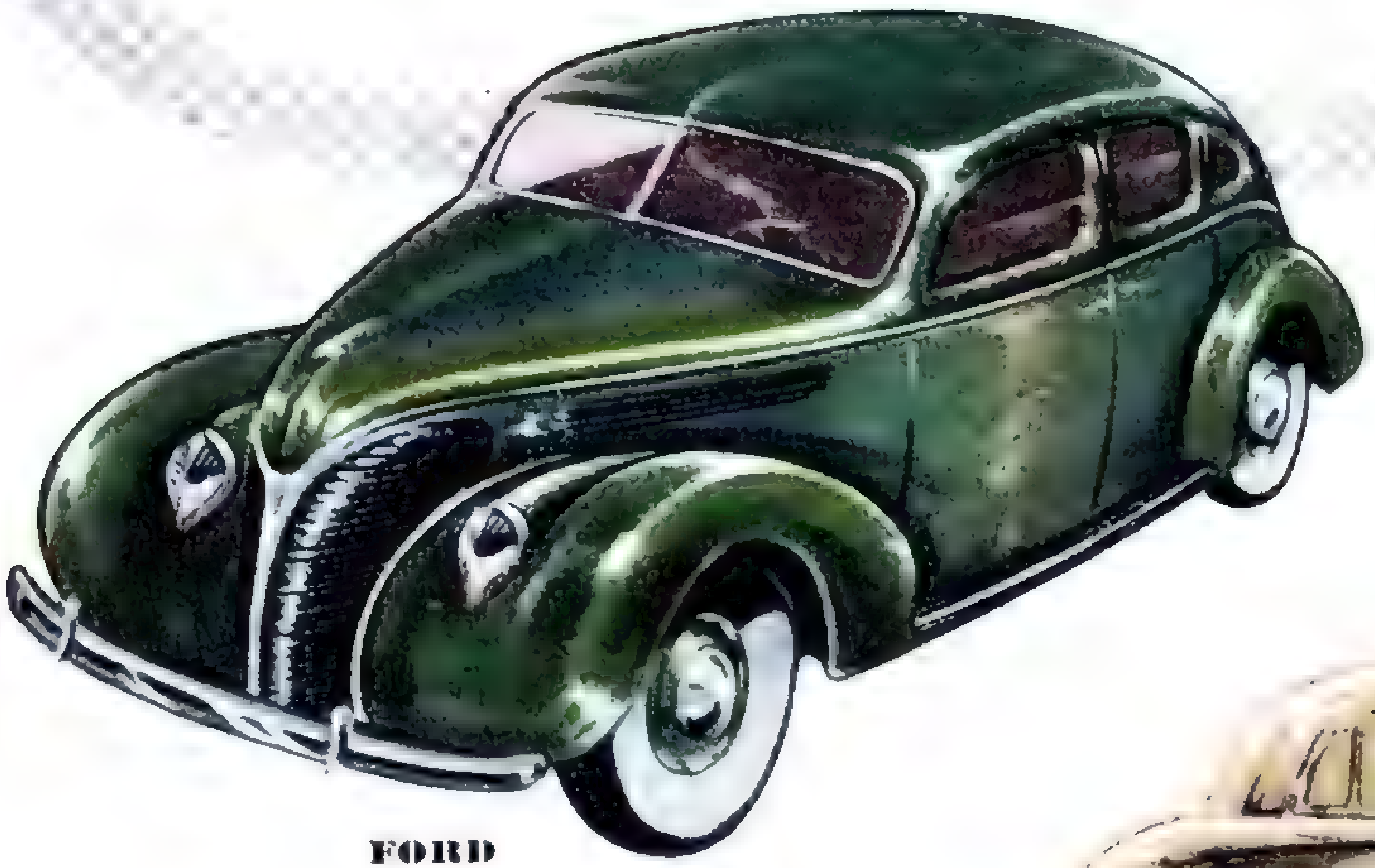
STUDEBAKER



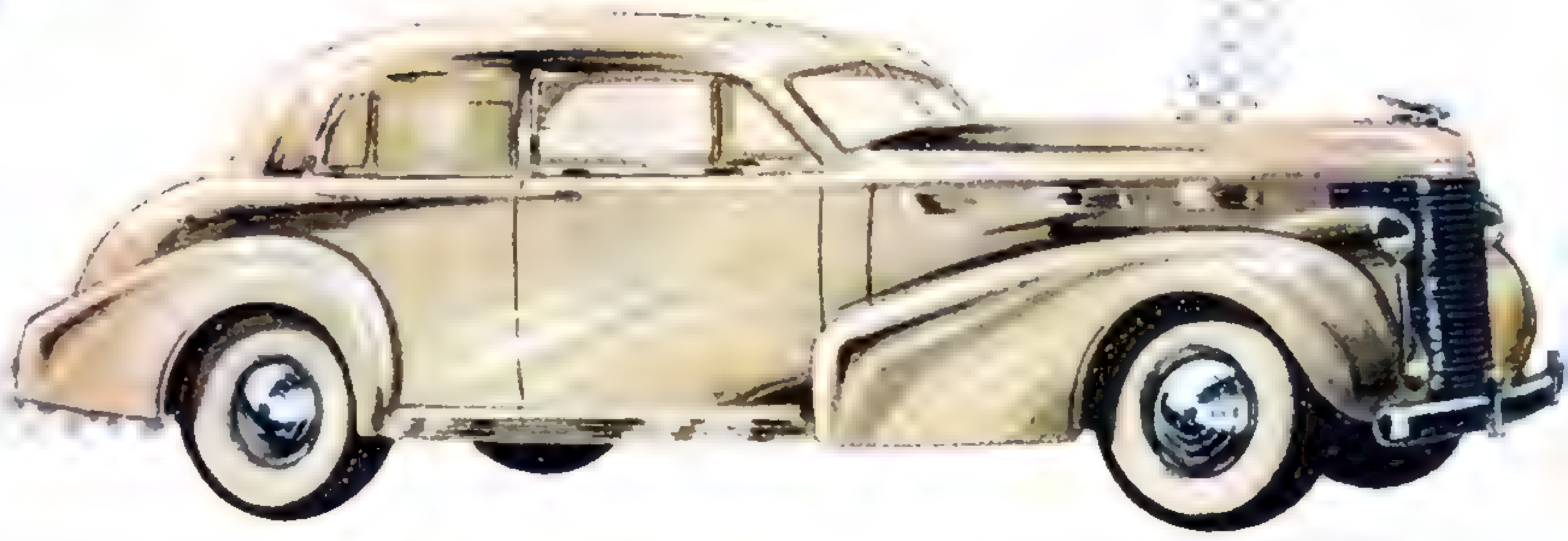
DODGE



*"A girl's not safe anywhere, these days"*



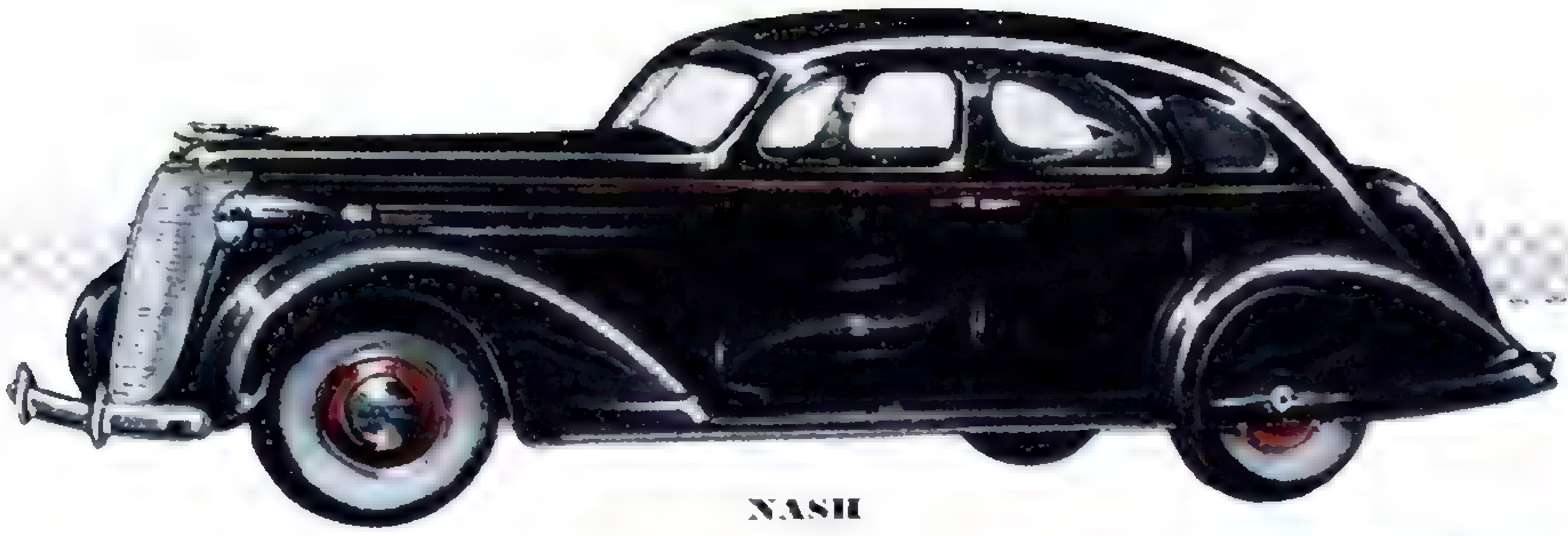
FORD



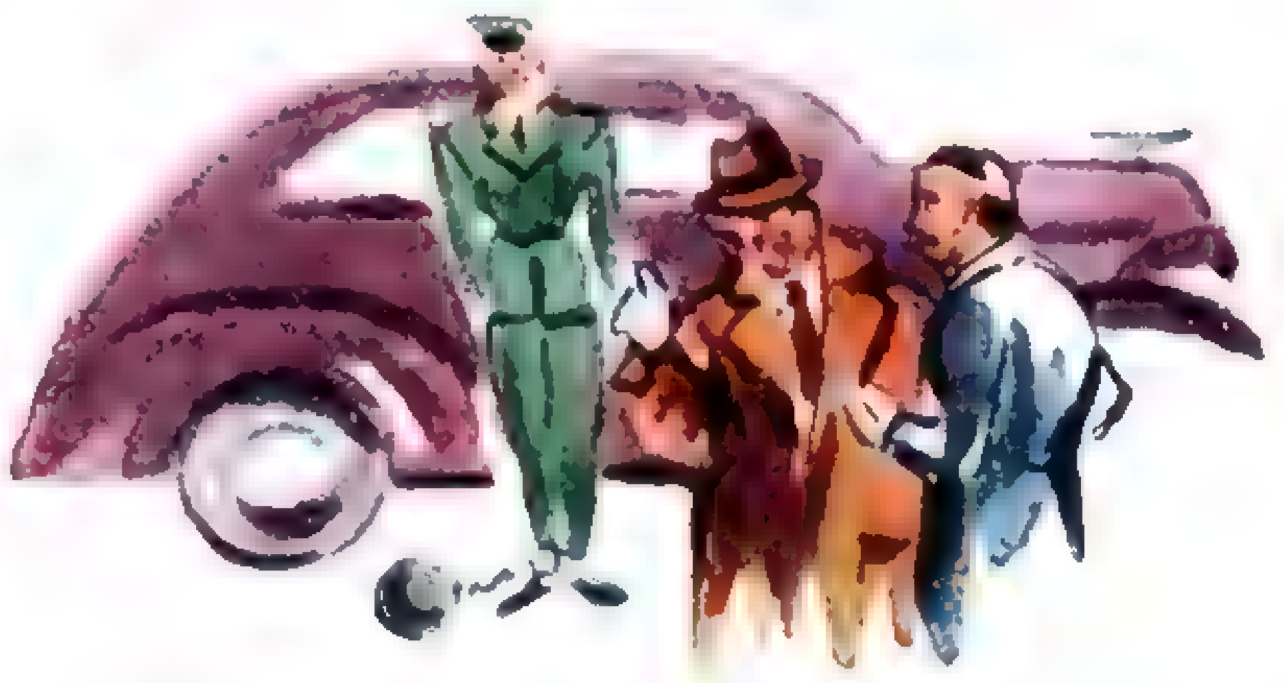
CADILLAC

### NEW HEADLAMPS MELT INTO FENDERS AND HOOD

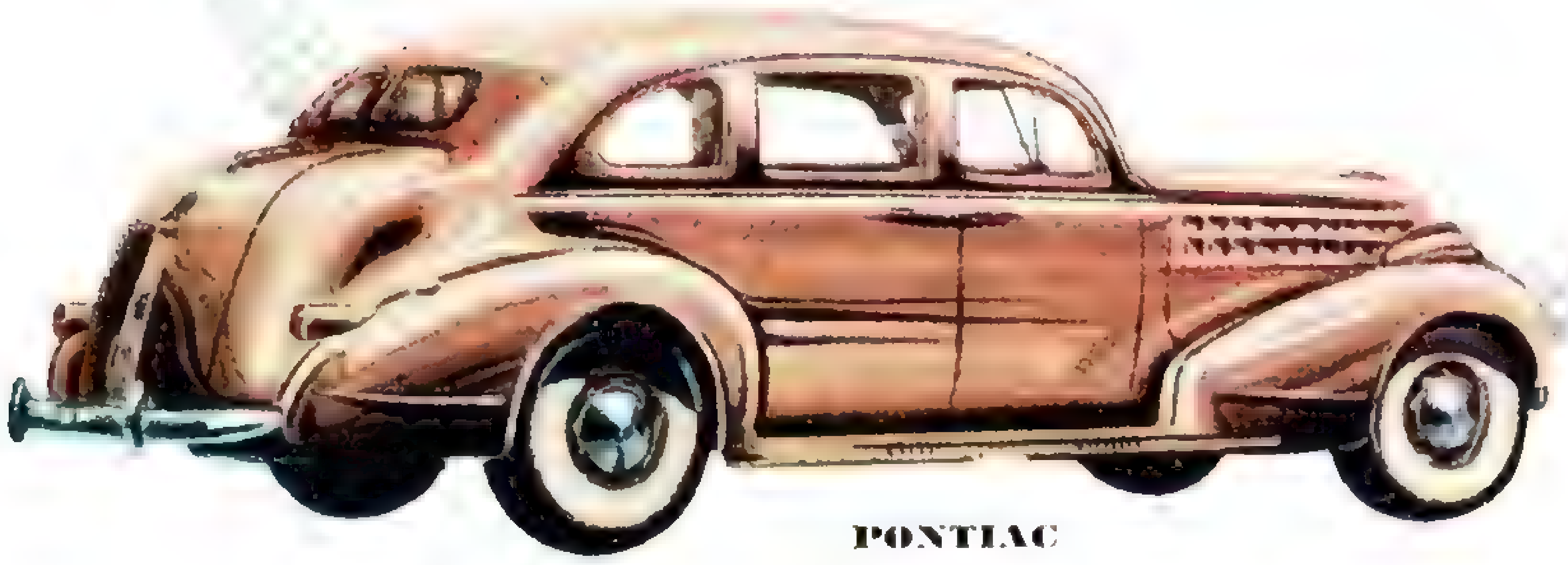
Improved headlamps on all the new cars feature new construction and mountings that "step-up" the appearance, while decreasing wind-resistance. Now they really blend with fenders and hood. And, speaking of hoods, few there are that lift up in the old-fashioned way. And, though this has nothing whatever to do with either headlamps or hoods, the improvements that have been made in the ease with which gears are shifted are simply terrific. It's lucky children are not permitted operators' licenses.



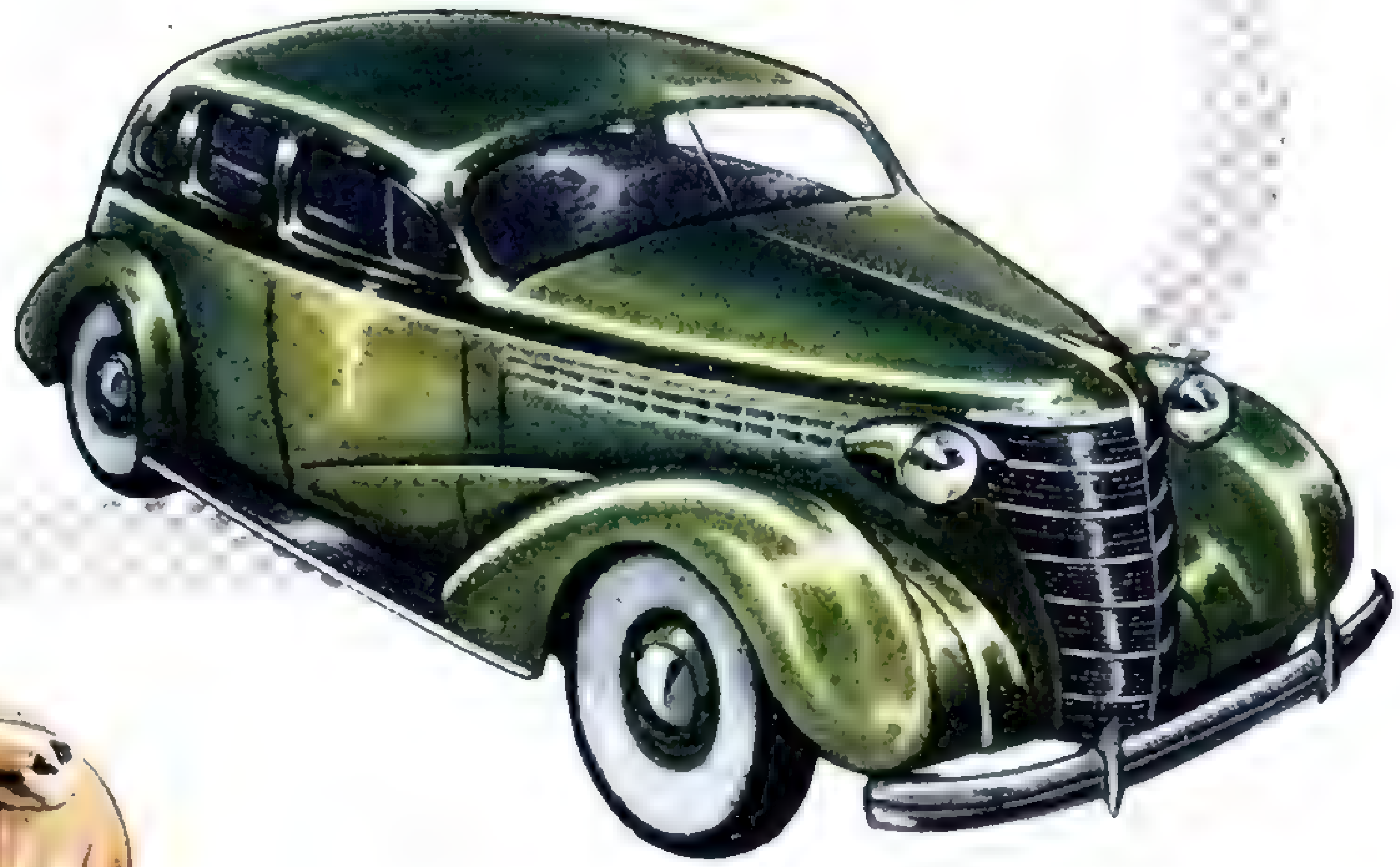
NASH



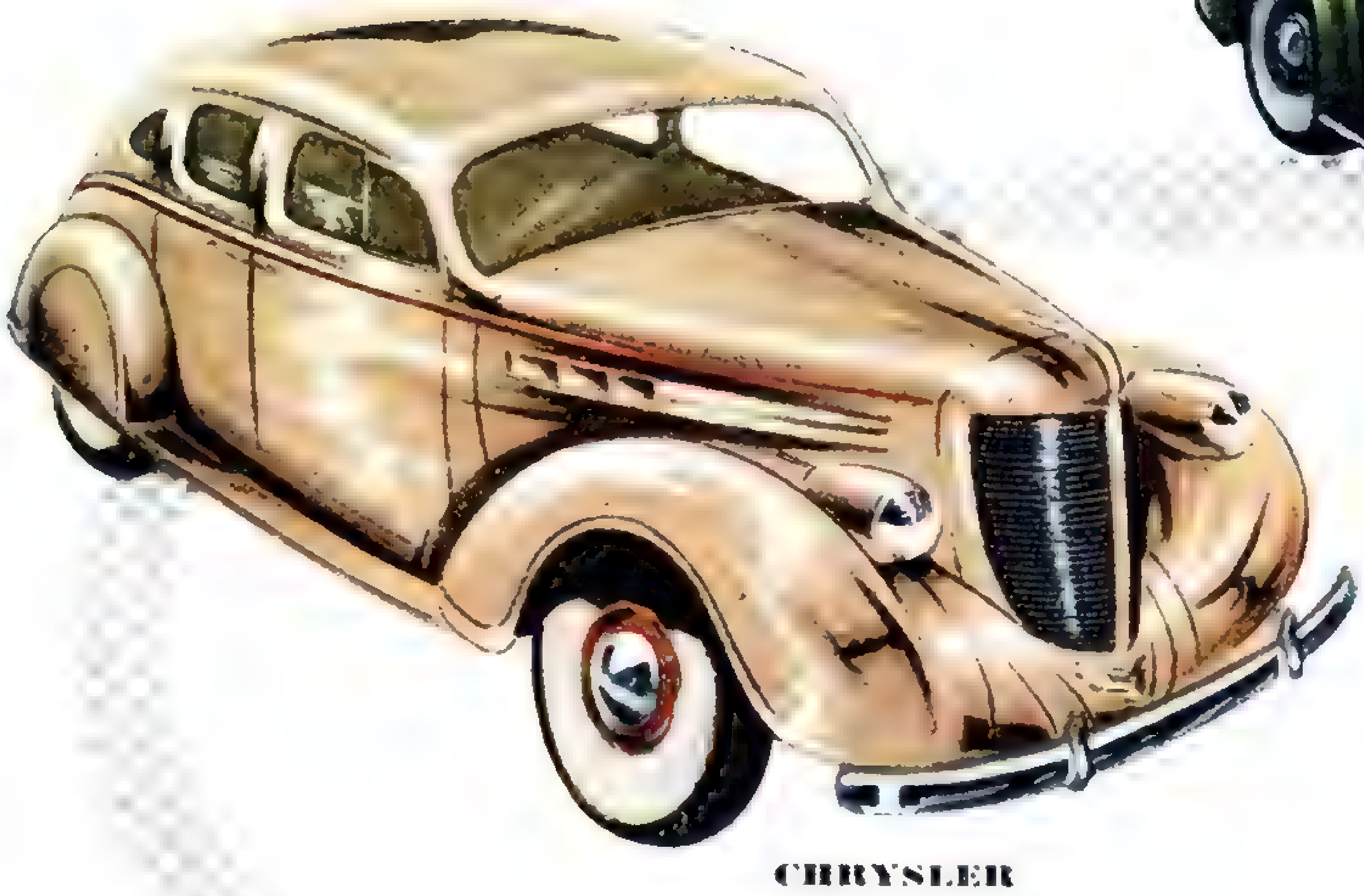
*"I'm taking no chances. The last chauffeur I had ran off with my wife"*



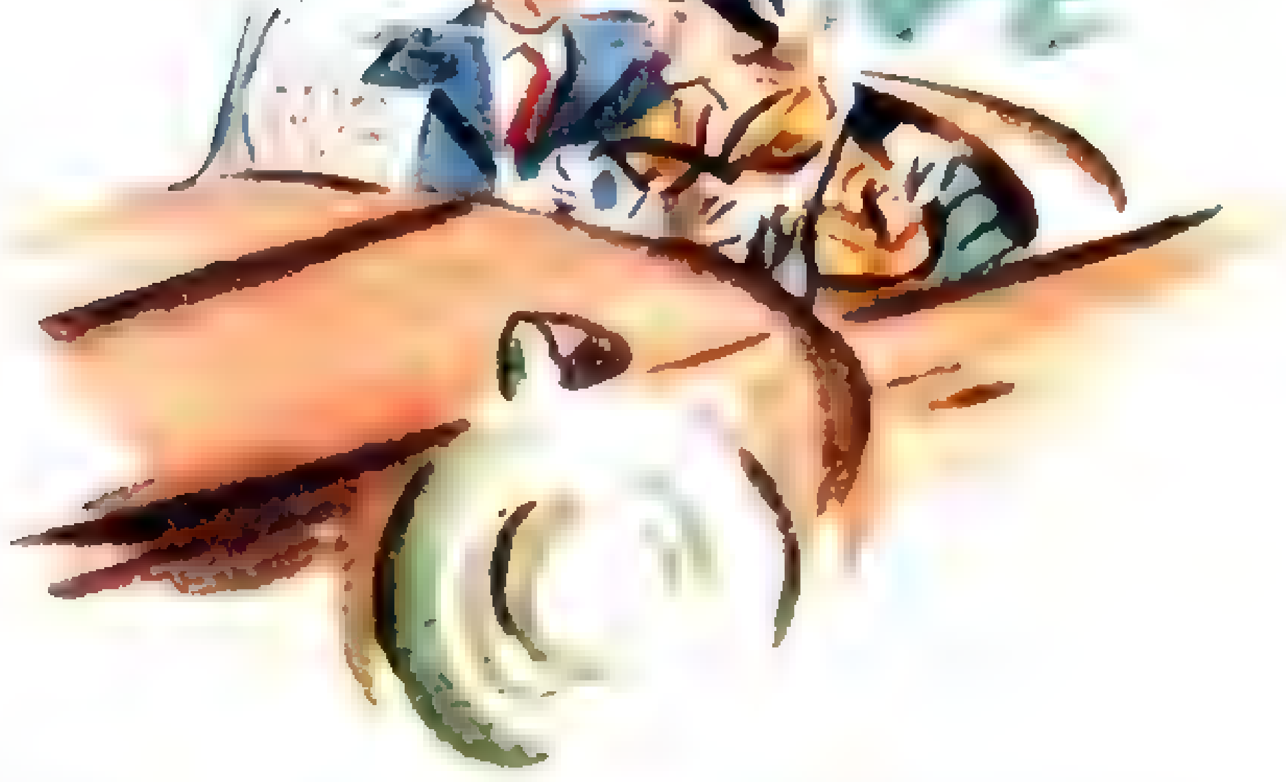
PONTIAC



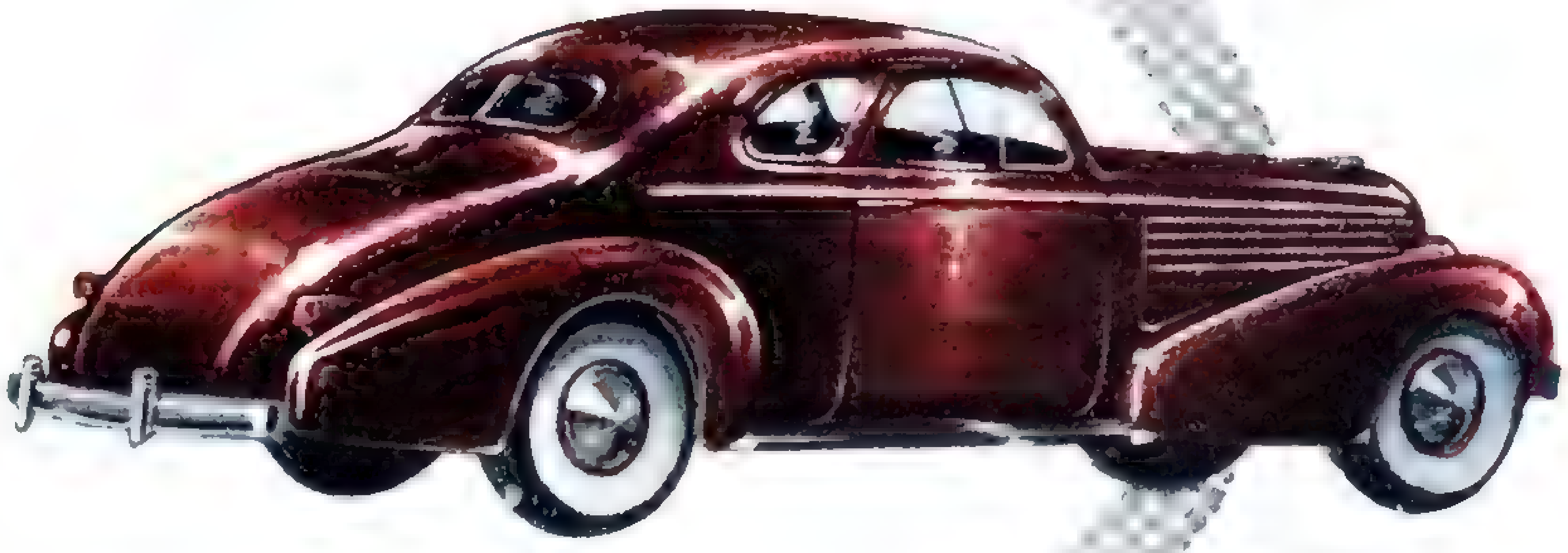
CHEVROLET



CHRYSLER



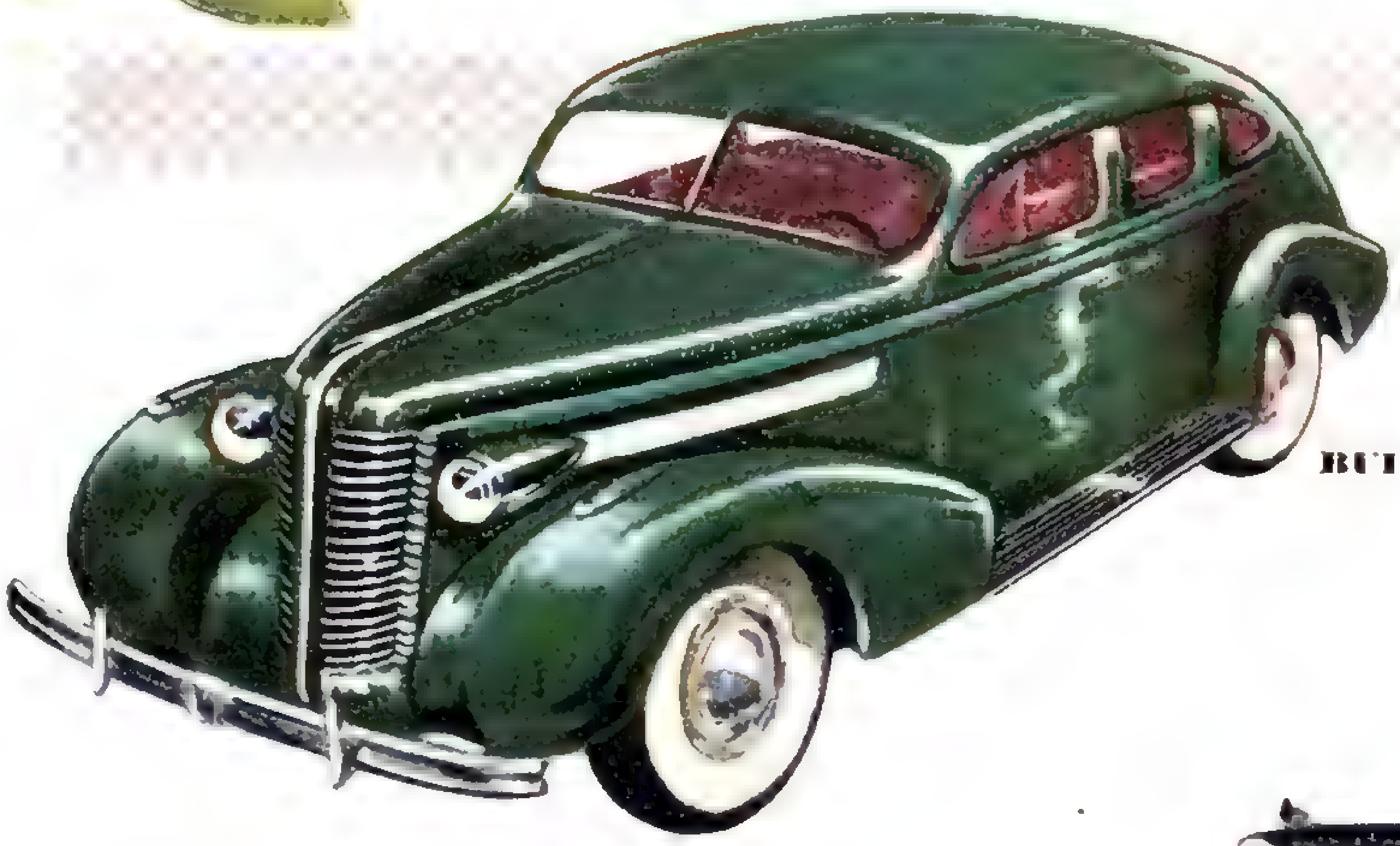
*"When we say, 'Metro teaches you everything about a car!' we mean it!"*



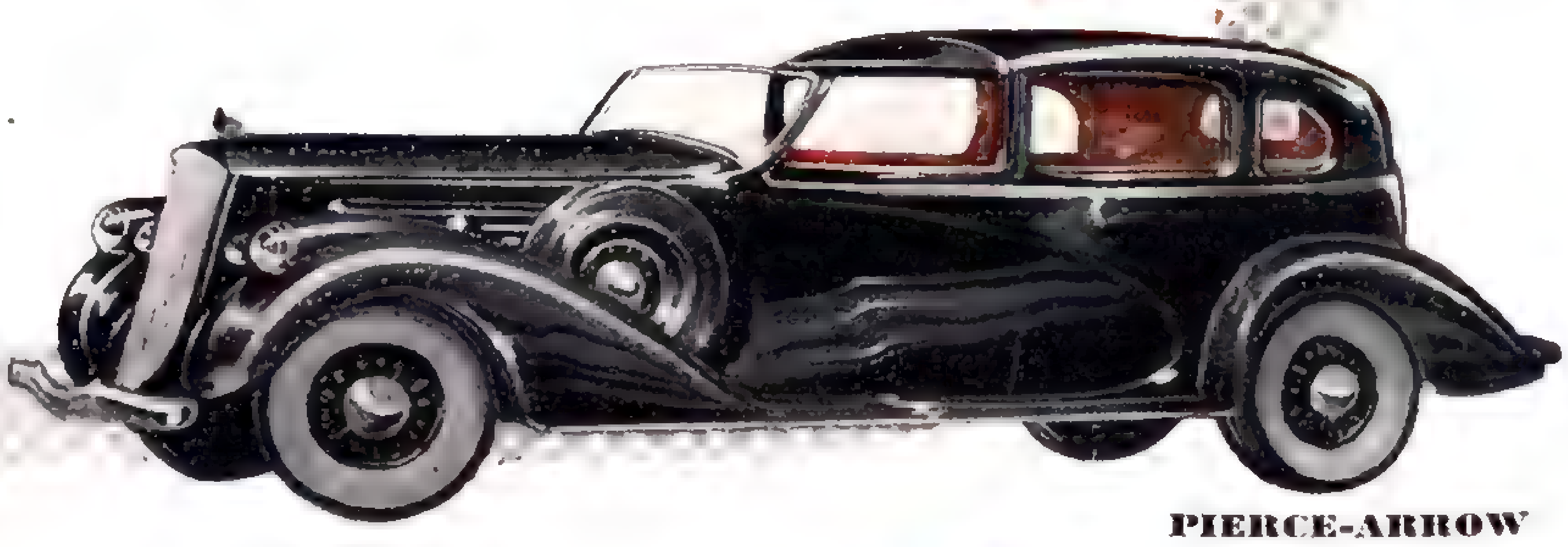
LA SALLE

## NEW BATTERIES ARE MUCH MORE ACCESSIBLE

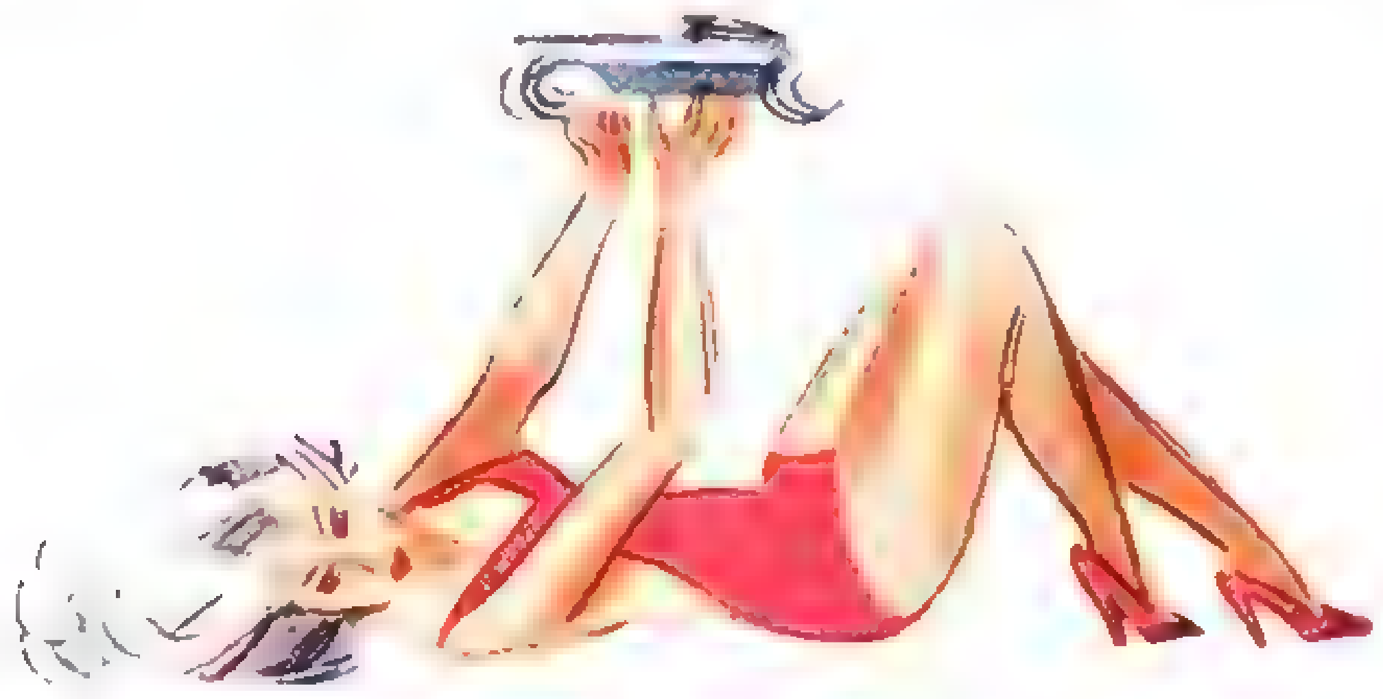
THE new batteries keep pace with the new cars in quality and performance, and in recognition of both the importance of the battery and the modern driver's convenience, many batteries are now located under the hood and several have hinged lids instead of screws to remove. Instrument boards run the entire gamut of design, but they virtually all possess one idea in common: the speedometer, as it should be, is placed directly in front of the driver's line of vision, where it may be most easily seen.

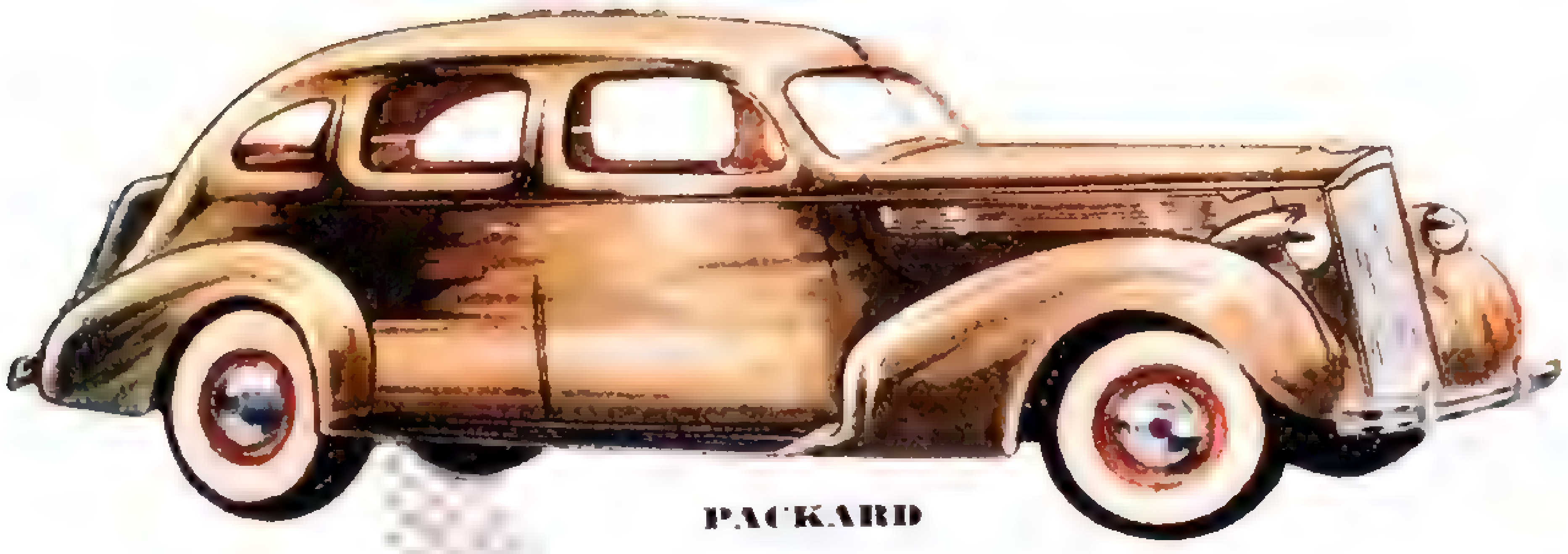


BUICK

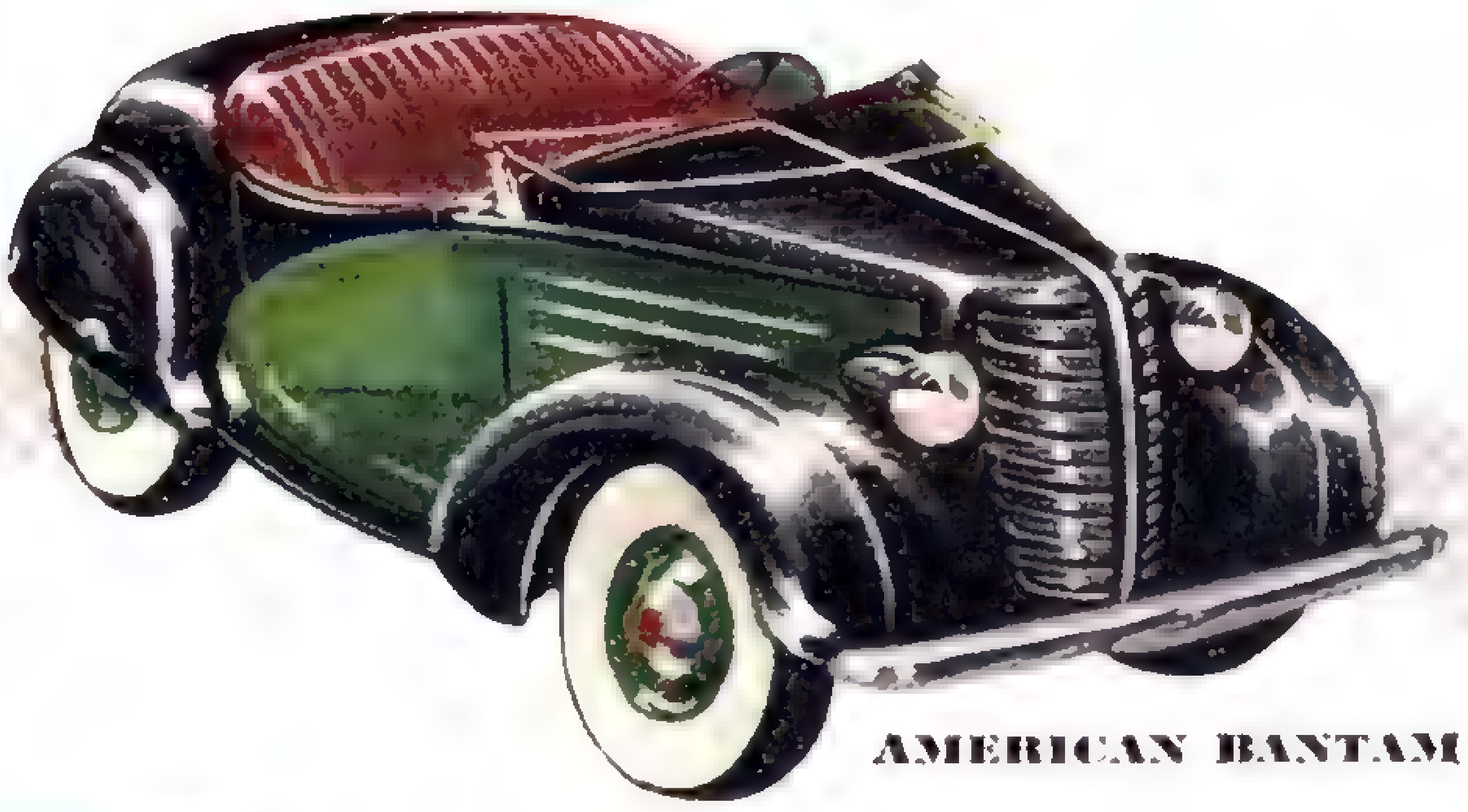


PIERCE-ARROW

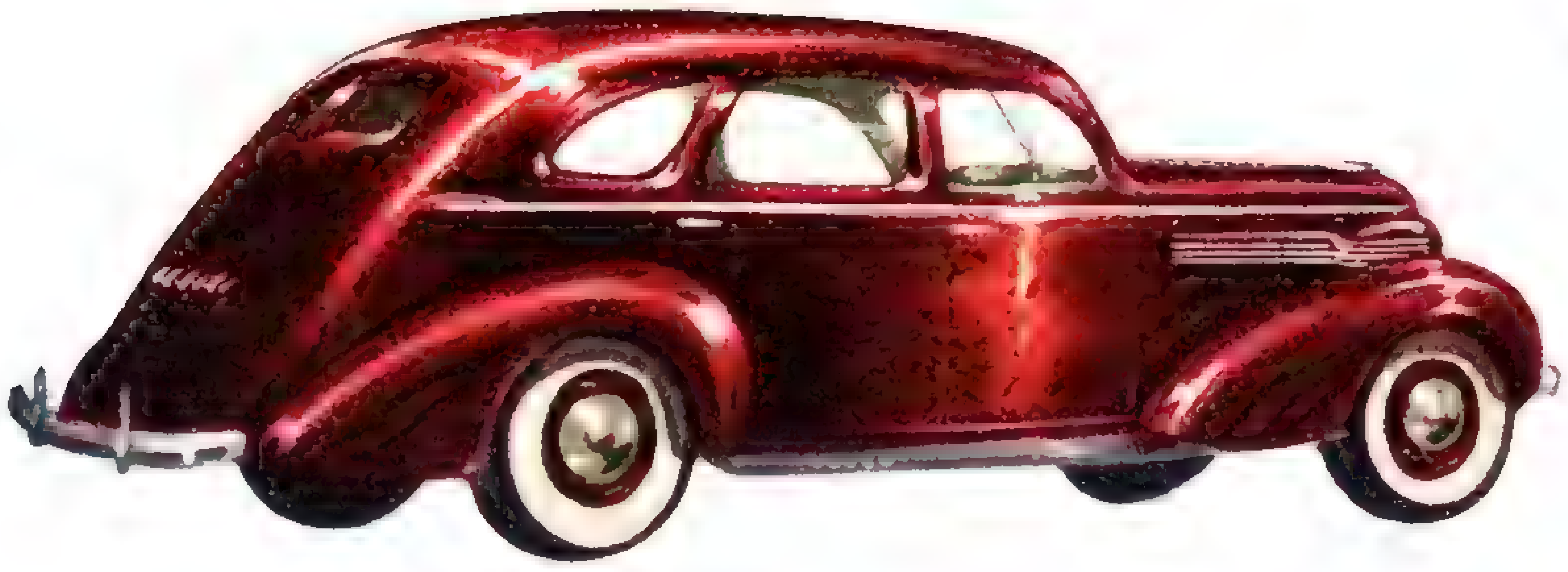




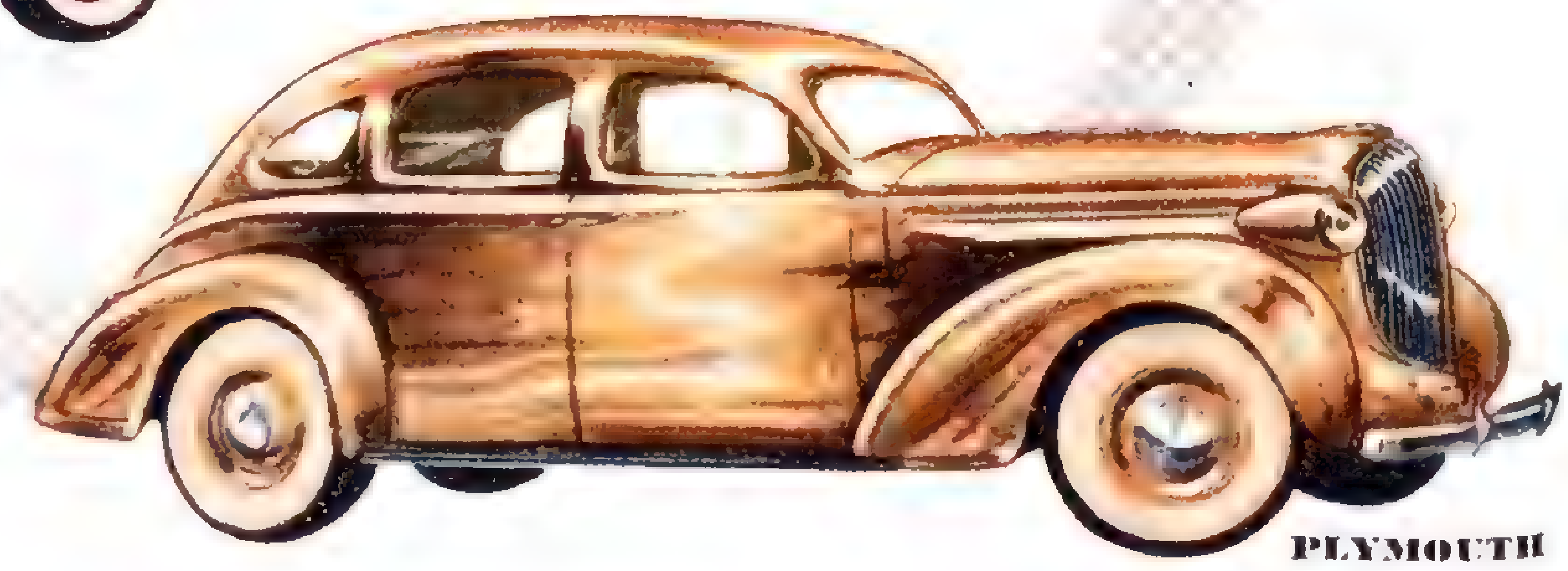
PACKARD



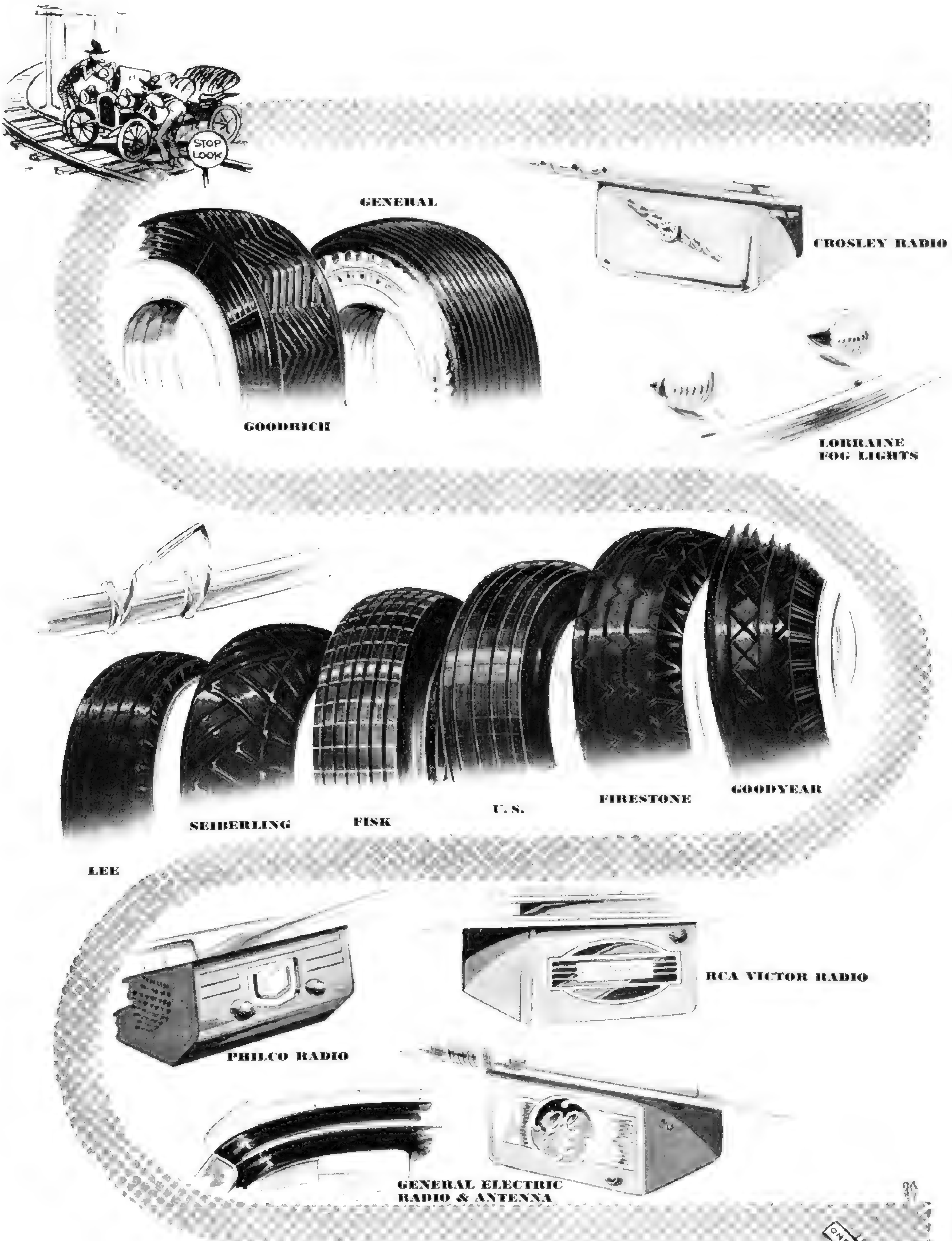
AMERICAN BANTAM

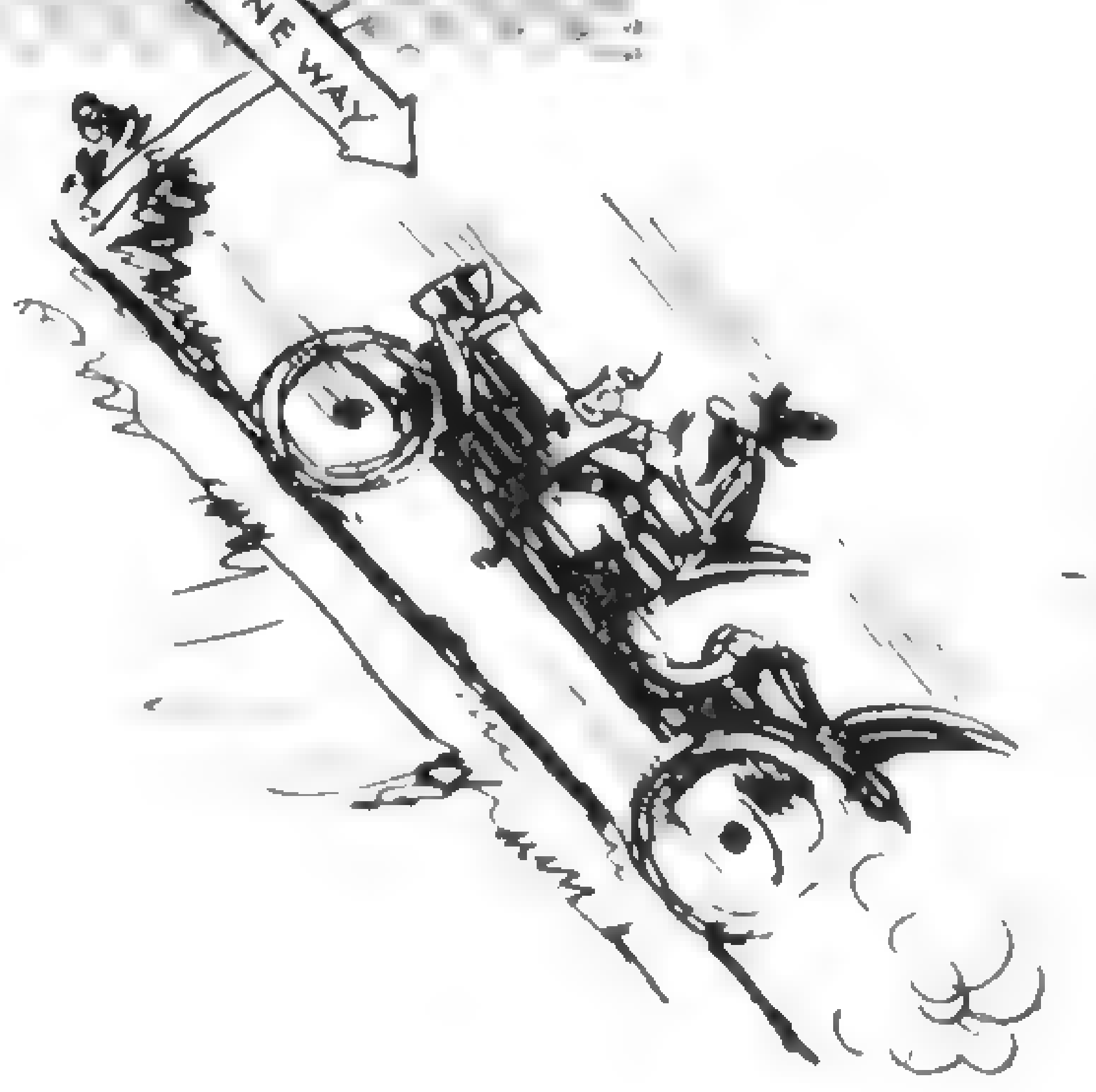


HUPMOBILE



PLYMOUTH


STOP
LOOK
GENERAL
CROSLEY RADIO
GOODRICH
LORRAINE FOG LIGHTS
LEE
SEIBERLING
FISK
U. S.
FIRESTONE
GOODYEAR
RCA VICTOR RADIO
PHILCO RADIO
GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO & ANTENNA



## TIRES, TREADS AND RADIOS FOR AUTO-ADDICTS

The two tires in the top row are in left-right order Goodrich and General. The auto radio is by Crosley and directly underneath are the famous Lorraine fog lights, so necessary virtually everywhere. Center row, another show of the new season's tire treads, from left to right, Lee, Seiberling, Fisk, Norwalk, Firestone and Goodyear respectively. In the bottom row are other leading makes of auto radios in new 1938 designs, by Philco and RCA Victor and General Electric auto radio and antenna.

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# De Gawd of Daniel Fergive Me

### Joe kept on telling his lawyer Sugar hit him smack on the head with a tin coffee pot, and so he shot her down

### by HAROLD J. MATTHEWS

• FICTION •

As Joe emerged from the cool dampness of the piney woods, he stuck an old horse pistol in his hip pocket. The long, rusty barrel was slightly warm. He crawled over a rail fence and struck out across a cotton field, which extended toward the river in a broad roll of whiteness.

A bright apricot glow appeared in the east, shooting fanlike spangles into the great, gray dome above him. Little beads of dew sparkled on the dark green leaves, wetting Joe's faded overalls. He suddenly stopped and rolled them above his knees, exposing black, muscular legs. He walked on, not fast but with a firm, measured tread. A long string of crows came squawking out of the timber, flying high and fast toward the rising sun.

On the opposite side of the cotton field, Joe crossed into a pasture. He directed his steps toward a china-berry grove, where his white folks lived in a large clapboard house. Two old mules stopped grazing and trotted after him like a pair of overgrown dogs.

As Joe came up to the front gate he stopped and rolled his pants down. Then cautiously circling the house, he went through the back gate and sat down on the edge of a long L-shaped gallery. It was littered with harness, a saddle, wash tubs, stove wood, vegetable tins of Wandering Jew, strings of onions and empty Mason fruit jars.

Joe could hear the rattle of dishes as the white man's family ate breakfast. His thick, purple lips parted but no sound came. An old black and tan dog loped up and stood still, not even panting, while Joe absent-mindedly scratched his ears. Finally he called in a cracked voice.

"Mist Martin! Oh, Mist Martin!"

The white man did not hear him. Joe knew he wouldn't hear him the first time. He cleared his throat and called louder.

"Mist Martin, can'tcha come out, jes' a minnit!"

A chair was pushed back and heavy footsteps came through the kitchen. A sun-dried man with craggy features stuck his uncombed head out.

"Joe, what the devil you doing here?" He impatiently wiped his buttery mouth with a hairy wrist.

Joe's brow furrowed. He fingered the dog's ear. "Mist Martin, I don't spec' I'll be pickin' any more cotton."

"The hell you won't. Now trot back to your cabin, get Sugar and go to work."

"Mist Martin . . ." Joe looked down at the ground. He gently pushed the dog away with his foot. "Mist Martin, I spec' I done kilt Sugar." He pulled the old pistol out of his pocket and laid it gingerly on the floor.

"What!" Mr. Martin stepped out on the gallery.

"She raised a ruckus, Mist Martin."

"Joe, you can do some of the damnedest things. I got a good notion to take that old mule bridle and beat hell out of you. Right when all this cotton is got to be picked and me eating my breakfast and you come walking up here and tell me you done killed your woman. I swear to God."

"Don't beat me, Mist Martin," Joe pleaded. "Dere jes' ain't no livin' wid Sugar sometimes. I know, cause I been shackin' up wid dat woman a long spell."

"I reckon she took after you with the ax?"

"She got up fumigatin' lak all git-out dis mawnin'," Joe explained. "Den she hit me right smack on de haid wid de coffee pot."

"Joe, didn't you know cotton pickers is hard as the dickens to get?" snapped the white man impatiently.

A long elemental sigh came up out of Joe's stomach. "Honest to Gawd, Mist Martin, I didn't know dat ole shootin' gun would go off. I jes' aimed to scare Sugar a little. Honest to Gawd."

"What the devil did you tote the dern thing up here for?"

"Well, boss man, I thought maybe de Jedge would want it in cou't fer evidence before de fack er sumpen."

"Oh, all right." Mr. Martin was definitely put out. "Wait'll I finish my breakfast."

The farmer closed the door. Joe breathed heavily, picked up the pistol and swung his big feet to the ground. He walked out to the barn and put the buggy harness on a big, roan mare while she finished eating some oats.

On one corner of the court house yard stood the community well, under a grove of big live oak trees. Loafing around it were a dozen, stubble-faced men, wearing overalls. The Sheriff was among them, sitting on his boot heels, whittling a piece of pine. He was a short, plump fellow with small eyes and a long, tobacco-stained mustache.

Mr. Martin, with Joe following ten feet behind, came silently up to the group. "Hello Pete," he said, as he stopped and took out his knife.

"What you doing in town without a load of cotton?" The Sheriff pushed his Stetson to the back of his bald head.

"Joe here." Mr. Martin jerked his thumb toward the Negro. "He killed Sugar this morning, so I thought we'd better report it."

"I'll be damned," said the Sheriff, still whittling.

Standing off to one side Joe felt all eyes turn toward him. He shifted in his tracks and glanced up at the clock in the court house tower, a clock that had not run in twenty years. He then looked across the little square toward the town's only block of business houses, one-story affairs of wood and tin and a small stone bank.

"I'd like to ask a favor of you, Pete." Mr. Martin squatted down beside the officer and dug his knife blade in the sandy earth. "It's bad enough to lose one good cotton picker, but to lose two will be pretty hard on me. Court doesn't meet 'til next January and I just wondered if you'd let me keep Joe 'til then."

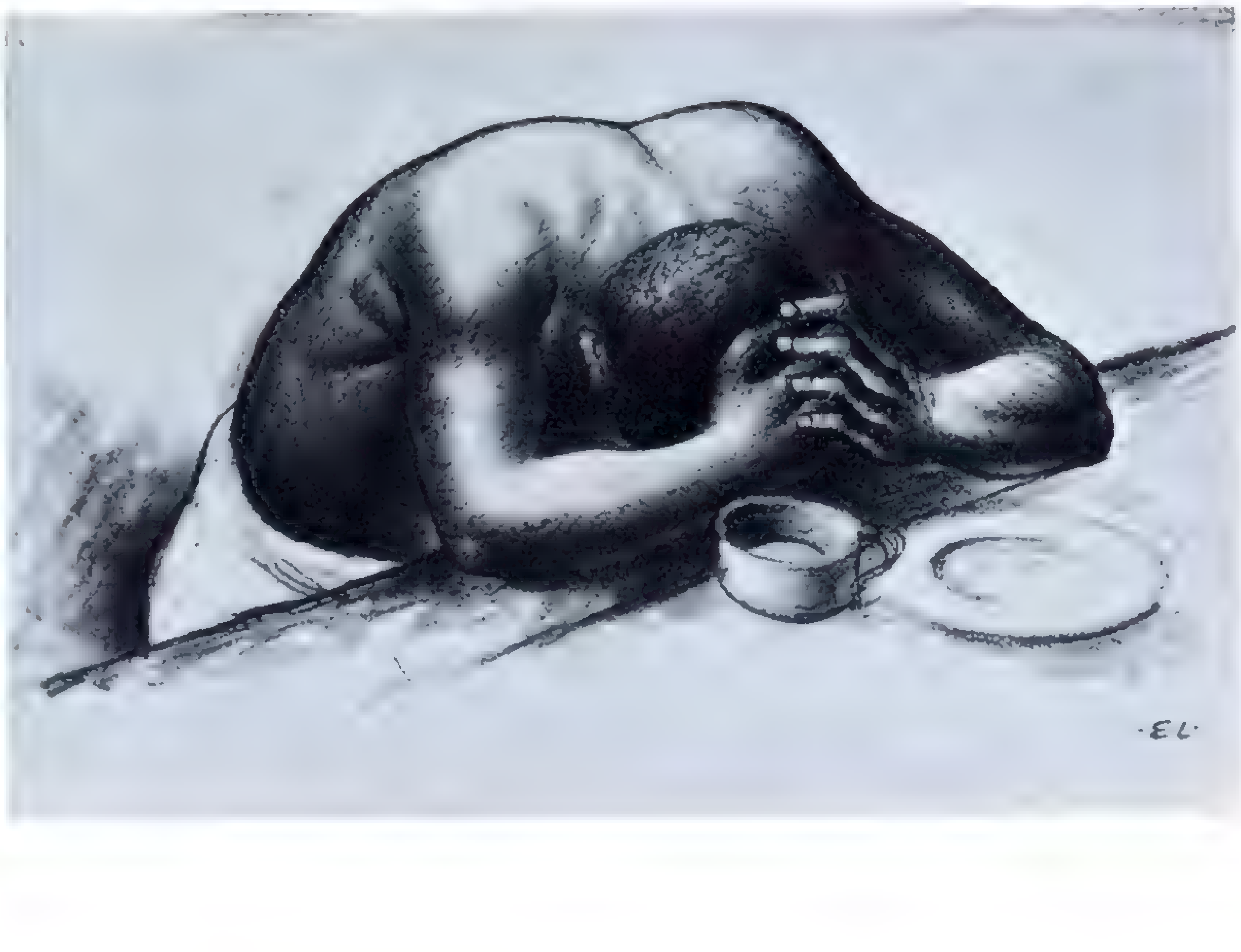
"The last time I did anything like that the grand jury raised hell about it." The Sheriff closed his knife and began picking his teeth with the sharpened end of the stick.

Mr. Martin got to his feet. "Well, of course I wouldn't want to get you in trouble, Pete. I reckon you'd better take charge of him." He pulled at his unshaven chin, turned slowly around and walked back to his buggy.

The Sheriff stood up. "Joe, suppose you go on upstairs. Ain't nobody else up there. I'll have to get somebody to fetch the body."

Joe removed his old hat and came closer. "Here's de pistol dat I shot Sugar wid, Mist Sheriff."

"Just lay it on the wash bench, Joe." And he walked



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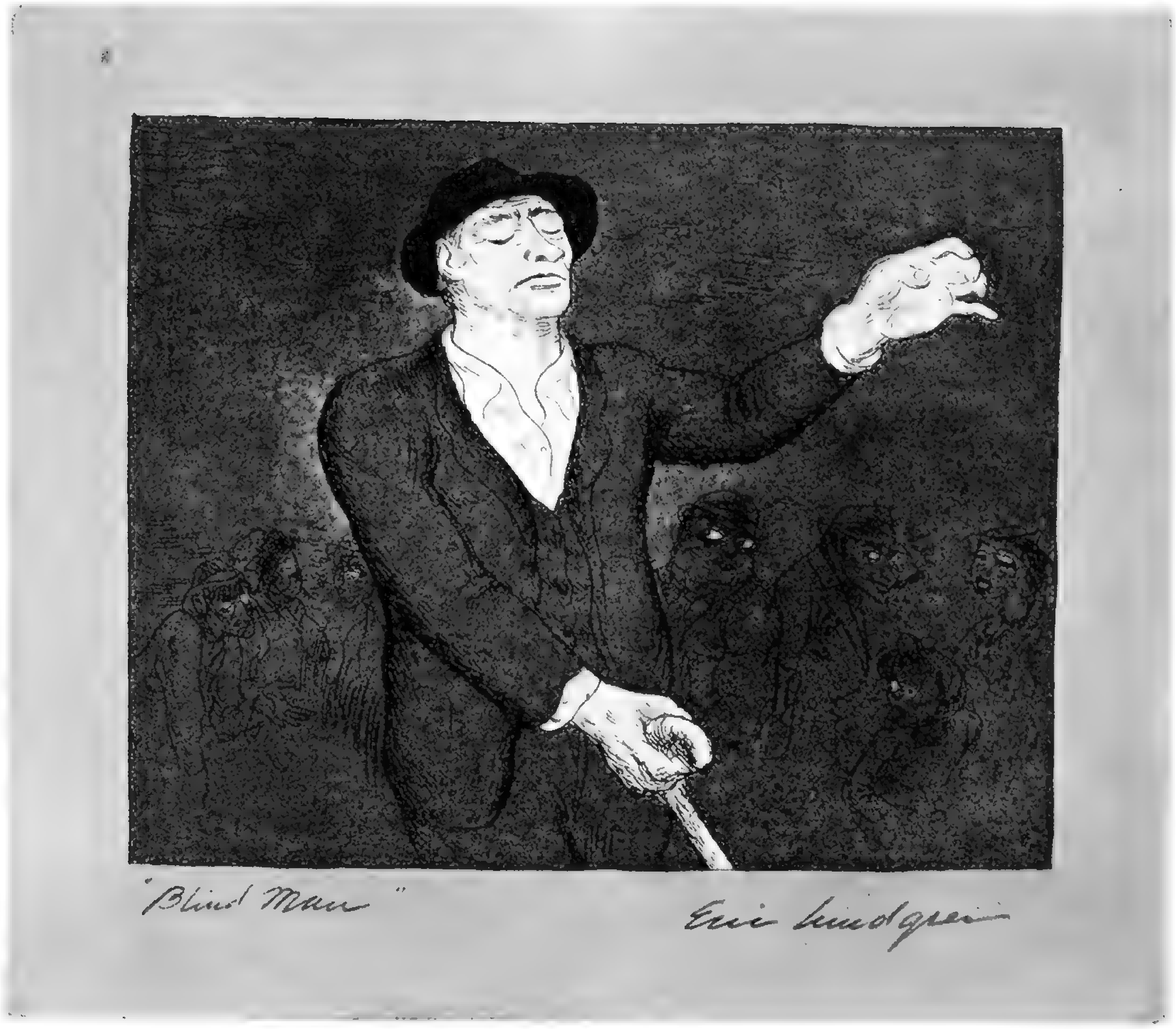


# Sometimes I Envy the Blind

## *by* ROBIN LAMPSON

ETCHING *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

Sometimes I almost envy the blind their incarceration in the dark:
Sometimes, when the world has saturated the five senses, when the nerves are turgid
With things seen, palled by the palpable, I wish that the body required
And yielded to blindness as to sleep, escaping from the relentless diversions
Of vision, the stifling immersion in light, the flagellations of form,
The persecution of perspective, the overlordship of color. And then, for an hour
Or a day, immune to the trillions of vibrations that bite into the brain,
Ensconced from the innumerable images that bombard and batter the consciousness,
I should grope inward along my nerves and arteries and discover myself
In an amazing new world more disparate to the trite revelations of light
And the accepted distortions of vision than a dream is to waking reality.

And so I might find, not the face in my mirror, not the man whom men see,
But within my own body a new world all my own, an entirely new being
Most strangely fashioned without form or color—oh, a physical entity
Real enough: solid, unmelting; vulnerable, mortal
And violable!—but a presence that discloses as grotesquely out-of-focus
The nature of a man as observed through the lens of the air and the graphics of light.

As the dark tube of the microscope reveals to the exploring eye of the anatomist
Fresh universes within the tissue and blood inside the immemorial
Center limit of visibility, so this sleep-like blindness might shut me off
From the sun and the stars and the obvious vistas and details of our planet
And plunge me beyond opacity to that realm at the core of my nerves
And deep into the pith of the brain—till the very anatomy of consciousness,
The chemistry of feeling and the physics of memory and thinking, were revealed:
Till my person, seeing inward with something other than eyes, peered into the torn tissues
Of a pain or the ruddy corpuscles of joy, and watched the imagination's
Electrolysis of the ions of knowledge deposit the molecules of ideas.

# The Candid Cameraman

### Our movie critic supplies some background notes for a film on International Brigades in Spain

### by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

Begin with a montage of sources (using only the real backgrounds of people actually encountered in the brigades). Show a scrawny, sallow fellow behind the counter of a Schulte cigar store in New York, selling a package of Old Golds, parroting "we have a special on razors eighty-nine cents need any . . ." and as the customer tosses down the coins and goes out, the clerk turns back to his *Daily Worker*, open under the counter. Headlines about the fascist invasion of Spain. Show a fur-workers' loft in Paris, catch an intimate word between two of the workers "No, not the married, we'll have plenty of fellows—not the married—" Show a steambath in Finland, and through the vapors the *crack "will you have this down there?"* . . . "oh don't worry, it's plenty hot down there. . . ." And an accelerating montage of Germans, Poles, Italians in exile, Czechs, a flash of people at committee meetings, party meetings, checking over lists of names; constantly inter-cut American scenes, for we are concerned with the American. A classroom in a California university, and a young professor of economics, with the shouldery build and the open features of a football hero; the same young economist to be seen later, an officer in Spain. A chem lab in Seattle, with a student carefully packing away his apparatus; a seaman's union hall where we pick up little long-faced Donovan; a congressman's office in Washington, where a tall, bony man with sandy hair and an oddly high-pitched voice is taking leave of his brother, and the brother, elected of the people, is regretfully remarking that he can't go beyond the will of his constituents: "what can I do, old man, they're a lot of them fascists, but they elected me, I can't go too far ahead of them." Pick up, too, the little Greek from the shoe factory in Connecticut, and the Michigan farmer's son who went through the General Motors sit-in, and the fly-weight artist from Cleveland, and the Irish-American newspaperman who had the wanderlust and wound up owning an ice-cream factory in Lima, Peru; but Spain brought him back to his principles.

In all these little background scenes there must be some device of introspection, some visualization of the struggle in each one's mind, that goes "why me for Spain? Why particularly me, why must I go and maybe end a mangle of burst flesh scattered among the stones of some Spanish olive grove?" And show the compulsion, the logic that insists—This is it. This is the time. This is the crisis for everything you believed in. If you don't do this, what else can you do with your life? Go on making American ice cream for Peruvians?

Then show how they came. Beyond the first flood of volunteers, bursting from trains and trucks over the still-open border. Maybe just a flash of those early Internationals, handed their rifles on the trucks, the trucks *stopping for an hour* while the civilian fighters pile out and scatter along the roadside, and each takes five shots at a stone—he feels the kick of the gun, that's his military training. Back into the truck and the next time out is the front of Madrid. They were the early Internationals, several thousand Frenchmen among them, mobilized overnight by their unions and political parties. They saved Madrid.

But take the International Brigade as it settled into organization, into a prolonged war. Show the little artist from Cleveland attending a "save-Spain" meeting, hearing a speaker direct from Spain, perhaps Bob Minor, the big-chested old Texan, with his leonine carriage, and the strange, honorable, historic air about him, that one can only describe as the manner of an old bolshevik. After the meeting the private discussion, the lying awake wondering, the inability to work on pretty ads for toothpaste; finally the contact with the committee, the volunteering, and the waiting, weeks or months of waiting; the war goes on, there will be time for all the volunteers.

The little artist gets his call; and so does the curly-haired Coney Island kid, ex-sailor, now taxi-driver in Manhattan; and there is the studio party farewell for the artist, with all the kidding about Spanish señoritas (alas, their motto, too, it turns out later, is *No pasaran*); and there is the farewell party given by the Coney Island Branch of the Young Communist League for Comrade Curly.

Show them third class on the *Normandie;* little groups guessing each other's destination, but keeping apart the first few days because they have been warned to be secretive, not to mix with other passengers on the boat. The third day, though, they have been unable to resist the natural flow toward each other—the gang is all together. An odd feeling, if you will, of being small instruments of history, separates them from the other passengers: tourists or individuals bent on private missions.

Then there is the landing in France when an American sub-consul comes on board and looks them over and says—Of course I don't really know where you're going but I can tell you right now you won't get there. If anyone wants to go back I can arrange his passage for him. The official waits. The boys look at each other; a grin goes around.

The official leaves; he's done his duty.

Pick them up making their night of Paris. After all, it's Paris, and they may never see it again. Here perhaps for the first time the growth of soldier psychology begins to become apparent. It will be difficult to show in a film, the more difficult because you can't use soldier language before the public, and you can't show all the places soldiers go. But what is important in the recording, in the understanding of this movement of International volunteers, is the exact relationship between their soldiering and their ideology. True, this is a new kind of soldier, but still, a man as a soldier, needing the same psychological, the same physical releases to a continuous brutal experience. And that mass-leveling begins now. The idea that persists constantly in the soldier-mind takes hold of them here in Paris; though they felt it, reacted to it even on the boat: the idea that one may be doing each thing for the last time—This may be my last crossing, I may be dead soon. This may be my last look at Paris, my last meal in a good restaurant, my last night with a woman. Life's so short, why save any of it?

Here too, the boredom, the tedium of waiting begins, the kind of waiting that is doubly insupportable because the man doesn't know just when it will end. A day?

*Continued in center of page 197*

ISA MIRANDA
Hurrell Photograph

MARY BRODELL
Hurrell Photograph

# Love Story Come False

### She had hoped that a writer would not assume she was the woman in her husband's book

### by LINK HANNAH

• FICTION •

Frank Weldon's last book, *Woman of Love*, is a bit out of date now but its spicy fragrance still clings to Rose Weldon's reputation. Her achievements in sculpture are not nearly as important to most people as the fact she is supposed to be the heroine.

Rose Weldon still lives in Washington Mews, that famous row of old carriage houses that have been converted into studio apartments for the great and successful of the Greenwich Village world. But it would not be the picturesqueness of Rose's home which would cause your Village friend to point it out to you, nor yet the fact that Rose Weldon has become a world-famous sculptor in the ten busy years since Frank Weldon's death, but rather the fact that Rose Weldon the woman lives there. And if you had been going down Washington Mews on one particularly warm and rainy evening of last October you might have caught a glimpse of the lovely Rose herself, leaning her elbows on the ledge of the little bedroom window just above the green entrance door, and watching the traffic swish by on the wet pavement of Fifth Avenue. She was on the lookout for a visitor and she was in a very romantic mood. She had just laid down *Strange Meetings* and the dreamy look in Rose's eyes was due to the fact that the expected visitor was the author of that volume, Nicholas Forbes.

Rose had met Forbes just two weeks before and they'd gotten on famously from the start because with him she had been able to forget her accustomed shyness. She liked to talk to writers because she knew she talked well on the subject of writing. Living with an author-husband had taught her that. For her own art she had great intelligence, and for all other arts rare appreciation and respect, but she talked well on only three subjects: sculpture, writing, and dogs.

Rose was a dog-lover and had living with her a grim little Scottie named Mac. Rose was rather afraid of Mac. He was so decided in his opinions, so ruggedly upright in all his beliefs. Mac would certainly have given her a jaundiced look right this minute had he seen her leaning on her elbows out the window in a dither of sentimental expectancy because she was waiting to see Nicholas Forbes turn the corner into the Mews.

These stories of Nicholas Forbes' were responsible for the dither. He wrote a mean love story—a provocative one. She'd been reading along restlessly ever since she came back from dinner. It seemed to Rose that any one of Nicholas Forbes' heroes would have been delightful to be with—perfectly delightful. She opened the book at her place to re-read the passage at which she had stopped. Such a nice man, the lover in the story, so understanding, tactful, indulgent and kind!

Mac gave a warning bark and she closed the book with guilty haste, hid it under the window-seat cushion, and ran down the stairs to admit Nicholas Forbes.

"Mrs. Weldon, you're too kind," he said.

"It was nice of you to come! Let me take your hat."

He looked around at the studio appreciatively. "I've wanted to see the inside of this place for years."

"Have you really?"

"Ever since I first wandered down here to the Village to look around as a youngster about eight years ago."

"I'm very comfortable here." So he'd been a youngster about eight years ago! He didn't look it. He looked considerably older than that and she felt a little annoyed with him for pretending to have been a mere infant when she was already an established artist.

She sat down on the sofa under the big studio window and he came to sit beside her. Mac got down to make room for him and marched off with a slight sneer in his very walk.

"Nice dog," said Forbes casually and Rose was quite certain he detested Mac.

I'll never enjoy this man's company if I don't stop picking on him, she scolded herself. And she did wish to enjoy his company. She didn't meet so many friendly, attractive and unattached men that she could afford to start picking on this one the moment he walked into her house.

"I've been reading your stories," she said. Knowing writers as well as she did, she knew this wouldn't seem abrupt to him. The sooner one got on the subject of their work with writers, the sooner one made friends of them.

DRAWINGS BY TONY PALAZZO

"How do you like them?" he asked.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. And thank you for sending them to me."

He laughed. "I'm too vain to let a woman as attractive as you are know me long without reading them."

What did he mean by that? Were the stories his credentials? Did they speed matters up for him? She was silent.

"And in the meantime I've been reading about you, too."

"About me?"

"*Woman of Love*," he said.

"Oh, but of course . . ." she started to protest.

"You're blushing!" he cried. Mentally she struck him with something large and heavy. The man was making her feel a fool.

"Surely, being a writer yourself you can understand that my husband—that the woman in the book is not necessarily a real person."

"One look at you and I remembered all the things I'd ever heard about you. I rushed home that same evening and phoned all my friends frantically till I finally got a copy of it. And then when I read it I knew it couldn't be anyone BUT you!"

She looked over at Mac and for the first time wished he were a large and vicious dog that would tear visitors limb from limb at her command. She knew, and how bitterly, the woman that her husband had had in mind when he wrote *Woman of Love*.

"But then I must suppose that the men characters in your *Strange Meetings* stories are all autobiographical." She meant to deflate him, but he beamed as though she'd paid him a great compliment.

"Any author who pretends that every character he writes is not in some degree autobiographical is both a hypocrite and a great ass," he affirmed. He was annoyingly smug.

"Ah, yes, well—perhaps," she said. And now how was she going to get rid of him? "Would you care to hear some music? I have some Debussy recordings—"

"Not now, please! Let's talk—for the present."

*Continued in center of page 116*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

## It seems the propaganda boys are at it again, and China takes the role of tender, bleeding Belgium

### by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

The facts of history are so ironical of themselves that they do not need the rhetorical irony of a Gibbon or a Strachey to point them.

In the year 1265 A. D., the Mongol emperior, Kublai Khan, having subjugated Korea and having fixed Peking as the capital of the gigantic Chinese empire his grandfather Gengis had created, sent envoys to the Mikado of the "Wa" (little people, or dwarfs) of the islands off Korea to notify him that the Big Shot was taking over his racket and that it would be healthy for him if he didn't give Kublai any argument. The Mikado sent word back to Kublai telling him to go chase himself around the Great Wall of China.

The Big Shot organized a fleet of 900 vessels and 40,000 troops and sent them to Japan, armed with cross-bows and primitive muskets fired by gunpowder, both of which weapons were unknown to the Japanese, whose fighters were swordsmen, accustomed to fight hand-to-hand. But after large decimations in their own ranks they took two strongholds which the Japanese held without surrender or retreat until every last one of them was killed. Then the invaders met with such dismaying resistance that, when a storm came up they took to their ships, knowing that if a heavy blow came up their ships would crack up on the rocky coast and they would be at the mercy of these little people who didn't have sense enough to give up or retreat. Several ships foundered, so the commander of the fleet beat it back with what he had left of troops and ships as fast as he could.

Tony Palazzo

Kublai fumed and fretted in his pleasure dome and then made plans for a more extensive assault, but he thought he might save himself some men and money by first sending another delegation to the Mikado and telling him to hand over or else. This time the Japanese beheaded five of the delegates and let one of them go back to report what had happened to his buddies. Kublai then dispatched a fleet of 1000 vessels and 70,000 troops; but this time the Japanese were laying for them. They got together some fishing smacks and grappling hooks and when the Mongol fleet hove in sight, they went after as many vessels as they could, grappled with them, boarded them and showed the Mongols what hand-to-hand fighting was like. The Japanese forces were vastly outnumbered and the battle waged on land and sea for fifty-three days, when another storm came up and shattered the Mongol fleet. A drag-tailed remnant of the great Kublai Khan's fleet snuck home. And that was the end of that.

The Japanese, meanwhile, who had established their own culture based upon adaptations of Chinese calligraphy, arts, crafts, industries and Buddhism and who had found themselves self-sufficient, decided to have no more truck with the peoples of the Asiatic mainland or any other peoples. And they didn't for two hundred sixty-two years. They successfully resisted various attempts at invasion and made no attempts to have commerce with the Chinese or Koreans.

Then in 1542 Portuguese traders landed in Japan and because they were not Orientals but white Europeans, the ruling nobles who made up the Shogunate admitted them in the hopes that the whites would teach them the manufacture and use of gunpowder which the Mongols had been using in war for centuries. At the time when these first white traders landed in Japan, Lisbon was the commercial capital of Europe; Henry VIII was about to marry Catherine Parr; Mary was Queen of Scots; Galileo had just died; De Soto had just discovered the Mississippi; Coronado had begun his expedition to what is now New Mexico; and the French were trying for the fifth consecutive time to recover power in Italy.

The Portuguese traders were followed in 1547 by the leader of the Portuguese Jesuits, Francis Xavier, who had already implanted Christianity in India. Xavier wrote that "the Japanese surpass in virtue and probity all peoples hitherto discovered. Their character is gentle. They are no tricksters, and they reckon honor to be superior to anything else."

But this was the beginning of alien exploitation of Japan, an exploitation so selfish, so ruthless, that after just exactly one hundred years of it the Japanese, already beggared by the foreigners who fomented uprisings and forced the Japanese to buy what they did not want and to sell their products at a price that would insure the invaders a handsome profit, kicked all the foreigners out and decided to live by themselves again. Within forty years after the landing of the Portuguese in Japan, Philip II of Spain had annexed Portugal, taken over the Philippines, made Cacao in the Bay of Canton a Spanish port, and was preparing the invasion and annexation of Japan. In this preparation he was aided by the Jesuits in Japan who were so rapidly undermining the allegiance of the nobles that the Emperor Hideyoshi ordered them out of the country; but the Jesuits were succeeded by Dominicans and Franciscans. In 1613 the English East India Company entered Japan and secured a trading charter with the emperor. Then came the Dutch, who though they were in competition with the English, conspired with them to stir up the Japanese against the Spaniards and Portuguese Catholics. Then the English not only succeeded in persuading the Japanese government that Japan was in need of rifles, cannon, ammunition and warships (which England was willing to, and did sell, them) to protect themselves against piracy and invasion, but also convinced the Japanese that the Dutch had no country and were no more than an immoral, atheistical bunch of crooks, thieves and pirates who ought to be evicted. The moral suasion practiced to such profit by the Britons was so earnest and characteristic that the Japanese decided to kick them all out, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch *and* English. And they did, expelling the last aliens in 1642.

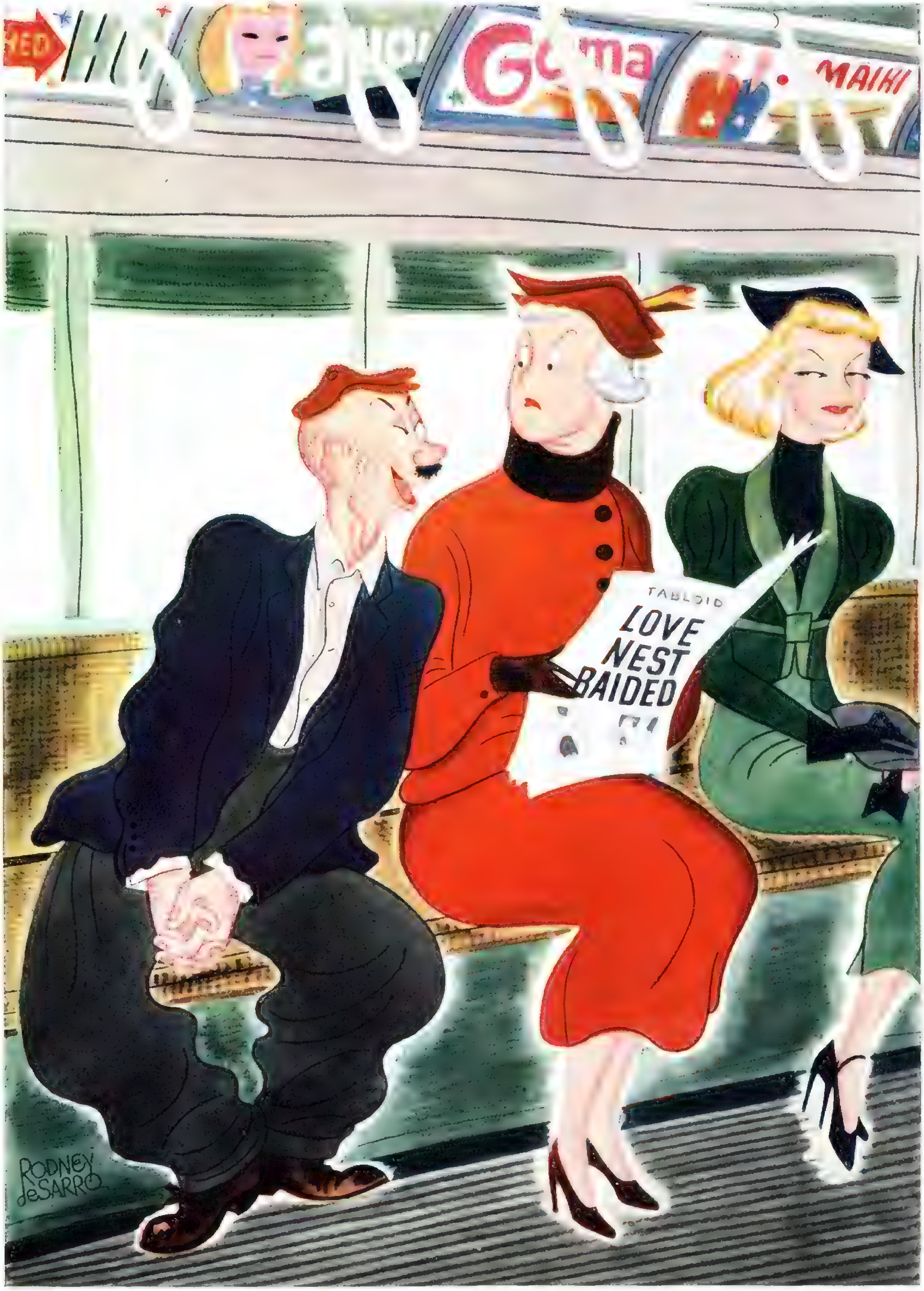
They kept the rascals out and lived by themselves for two hundred and ten years.

Then, there's where we came in.

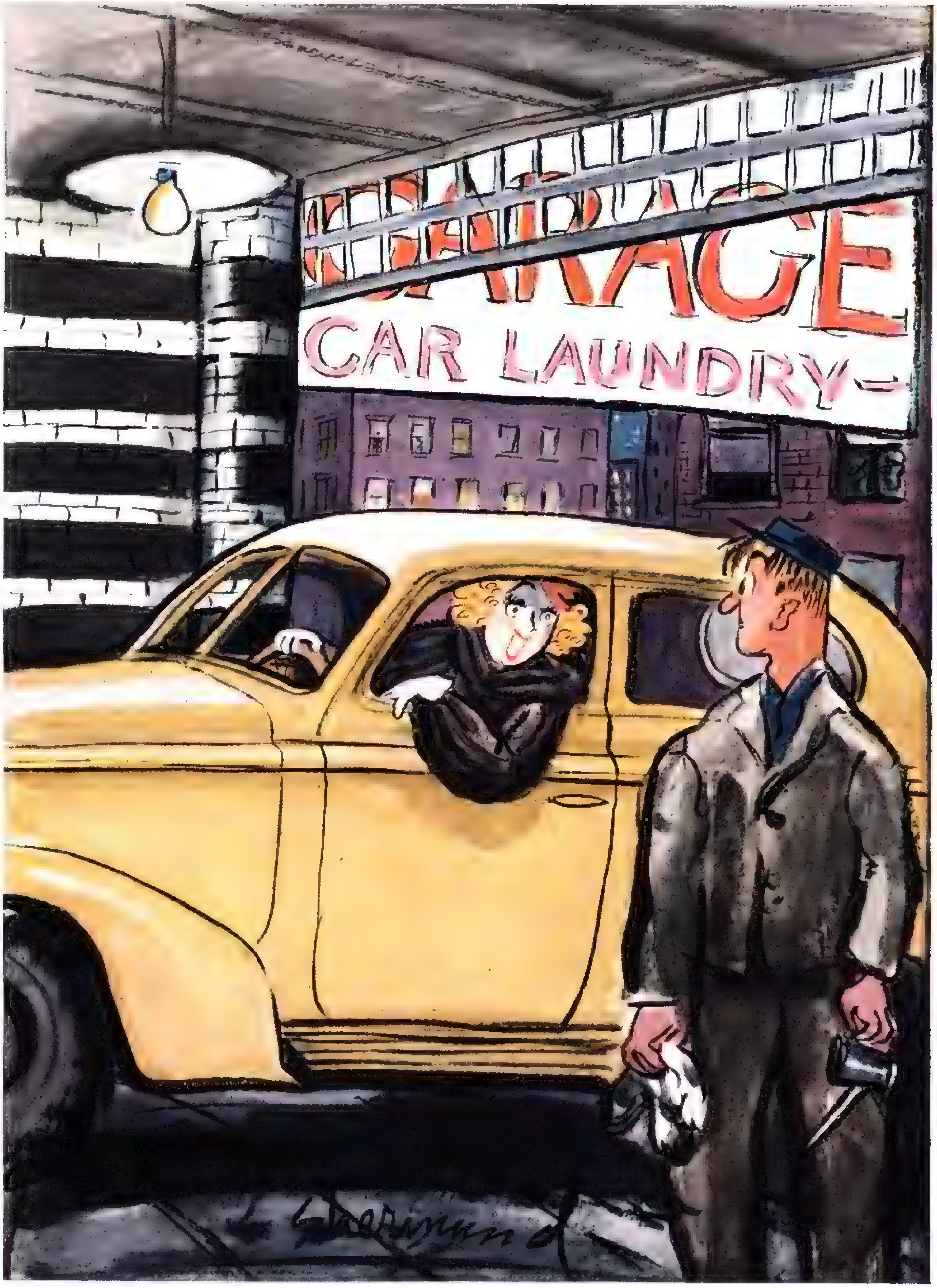
We wanted to sell the Japanese some goods; so we decided to make them buy whether they wanted to buy anything or not. We are a moralistic race like the English when we want to put something over and so we decided that Japan was a backward nation, hindering progress by closing its doors and saying, "No! No buyee, please, today. No buyee tomorrow, please. Thank you!"

The time was right to make our proposition. A depression was on in Japan owing to a succession of crop failures. Discontent was general. An unsuccessful revolt against the Shogunate had taken place in Osaka; and this revolt had been followed by strained relations between the Shogunate and the young Mikado. The latter was profoundly alarmed by, and warned his countrymen against, The White Peril. The Japanese had a White Peril scare long before Mr. Hearst discovered a new bugaboo for Americans in the Yellow Peril. The Japanese fear was not so fantastic: the whites were pounding on the door and ready to muscle in. The Mikado's warning prevailed against the wavering and decadent Shogunate (the Shogunate, after 700 years, went to pot shortly thereafter and ceased to exist in 1868) and the Japanese

*Continued on page 147*


TABLOID
LOVE
NEST
RAIDED
RODNEY deSARRO

*"I guess we all enjoy a news story with a biological angle, don't we?"*


GARAGE
CAR LAUNDRY

*"Well, here we are again, ready for our Saturday bath"*

# Roulades and Cadenzas

### Why do singers break character by popping from deathbeds and racing to the footlights to take a bow?

### *by* CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

If opera were not, for all useful purposes, non-existent in our country, the recent curtain-call incidents would ruin it. At the Metropolitan's first *Otello* in twenty-five years, Giovanni Martinelli, having just slit his throat and inserted a memorable death gurgle in Verdi's score, leaped to his feet and dashed into the footlights before the strangled Desdemona could get off her bed and locate her slippers. In San Francisco Lauritz Melchior (whose tuft-hunting is so obvious that he has been known to stalk on the stage at the end of *Die Götterdämmerung* in his street clothes) refused to allow Kirsten Flagstad to have a solo curtain call during her farewell operatic performance there. When the stage director and the management asked her at the end of the second act of *Lohengrin* to appear alone before a clamorous public, Mr. Melchior stood in the way, shouting in true tenor fashion, "I won't have it!" and threatened, I am told, not to go on with the show. He excuses himself now on the ground that he was protecting his lesser colleagues, who receive scant applause and who complained to him. This they deny, and the fact is Ludwig Hofmann took a solo curtain call during the same intermission with no objection from Mr. Melchior.

Such scrubby back-stage conduct not only is evidence that our tenors do not yet qualify as gentlemen but are arrogant and swag-bellied victims of their own vanity; and it raises the question of the validity of curtain calls. Though we know that our operatic tradition does not encompass, as it should, a series of co-ordinated dramatic incidents, but is instead a string of individual triumphs, must we crow over this tragedy at every intermission?

In any intelligent society, curtain calls would be abolished. They encourage the claque and honest enthusiasts to drown with noisy whacking the final strains of every act. They flaunt the fact that our operatic system is a puppet system. It may be that the triumphal scene in *Aida* will withstand a few hand-hurrahs and genuflections, but audiences do not discriminate and it is positively uncanny when *Siegfried*, *Scarpia*, or *Boris*, *Mimi*, *Manon*, *Marguerite*, *Fiora*, *Juliet*, *Leonora*, *Melisande*, *Violetta*, *Cho-Cho-San*, *Carmen*, *Thais*, *Tosca*, (I can go on for pages) or even the sleeping *Brünnhilde*, rise up from a death-posture to smile, fawn and curtsy like a burlesque dancer before brightly gilded curtains.

Of course, the public likes it. It has been trained to expect it. But the time is ripe for our public, including the perfect Wagnerites, to harken to *the* Master and subscribe to the policy he inaugurated in his own theatre. Let the applause—if applause there must be pay tribute, as in Bayreuth, to the music. "Stars" have corrupted the thoughtful production of opera. Now, it has openly putrified and had to be embalmed. Its mummy attracts the artistically blind and deaf who, loath to give up a bad habit, use it to while away an hour between dinner and a supper club.

Anyone who knows the scores could not take seriously the Metropolitan's unrehearsed, makeshift performances. Revivals, which receive more attention, are at best barely second-rate and, at worst, are quite outside the category of music.

Judged by the instructions left by Verdi and their realization, let us say, by a Toscanini, Mr. Panizza failed to glimpse the true greatness of *Otello*. Certainly, his lack of attention to detail lost the naturalness, beauty, and intensity of the recitatives and he did not build from the melodic fabric climaxes coinciding with the crises in the drama. He failed to synthesize and integrate the whole performance, which was framed on a scale too small for the heroic proportions of the drama and the music. *Otello*, gratuitous as it is to say, is a great play and a great opera.

Mr. Martinelli was all over the stage, wildly gesturing, gesticulating, and yelling. In moments he was convincing, showing the fierce temper of the Moor; in others he was fussy and merely petty. The nobler side of Otello, the strength and largeness of a Shakespearean hero, even of a Verdian hero, escaped him. It takes courage at Mr. Martinelli's age to attempt this role: his middle voice is gone and his upper shows signs of strain. Yet to perform this opera there must be a tenor and Mr. Martinelli, despite his lapses from the pitch and deficiencies, vocally and histrionically, is the most acceptable substitute.

Lawrence Tibbett grows in his carefully-drawn concept of Iago which, though it is easy to disagree with, is arresting, picturesque, and effective. A certain bluffness, a frankness, a habit of looking you straight in the face (which is the surest sign of a born liar, male or female) and an external suavity cover the inner craftiness and malevolence of his villain whose voice is capable of infinite inflection and every shade of meaning. A blind man could have followed Iago's thoughts throughout the drama and would have ranked his singing of *Era la notte* tops.

Elisabeth Rethberg was wisely cast as Desdemona. Her singing, a model of *bel canto*, reached its heights in the final arias, which she sang with scant orchestral support. The conductor was in a coma just then. Her acting had that same sincerity and simplicity which honorably distinguish her vocal art. As might be expected in a completely restudied performance, her *prie-Dieu* was placed so she had to turn her back on the Madonna and pray straight at the audience. Earlier in the opera a motley collection, according to Pitts Sanborn, of Nürnberg ladies, Russian tea-waitresses, and "Scheherazade" slave-boys, disported themselves over the island of Cyprus, no doubt hoping to be mistaken for Venetian visitors and Cypriot residents.

* * *

Gounod piously declared that *Don Giovanni* was a revelation of perfection, a miracle, a work without compare. Whether he would have thought so had he heard it at the Metropolitan's revival on New Year's afternoon is questionable. Here, again, Mr. Panizza, heavy-handed and dull, was the chief offender.

Mozart's music is obviously not a routine conductor's affair. His scores, unlike Wagner's, will not play themselves by their own physical weight. For them, nothing but superlative execution—beautiful, expressive, and polished—is acceptable. The phrases are so clean and straightforward that even an absent-minded listener detects the moment a player swerves a hair's breadth from perfection. On the other hand, good Mozart playing goes unacclaimed because it seems simple and obvious. Therefore, we hear few performances of Mozart's operas, and what we do hear effectively destroy his reputation.

The band at the Metropolitan scraped through their parts, making no attempt to create Mozart's magical atmosphere or outline the variety of his dramatic characterization. There were always two voices *and* the orchestra or four voices *and* the orchestra. The ensemble never sounded as one voice exquisitely blended and woven into an expressive and meaningful tapestry of sound.

Ezio Pinza made a colorful Don, handsome, vital, irresistible, unscrupulous, whose virtues were as natural to him as his compelling smile, his abandon, his dashing dress, and his seductive vocal inflections. In short, he was himself as Don Giovanni—at moments, a bit crude and perhaps too vulgar, not enough of the grandee, but always plausible and sincere, rising to supreme heights in the

*Continued on page 191*

# The Crazy Guy

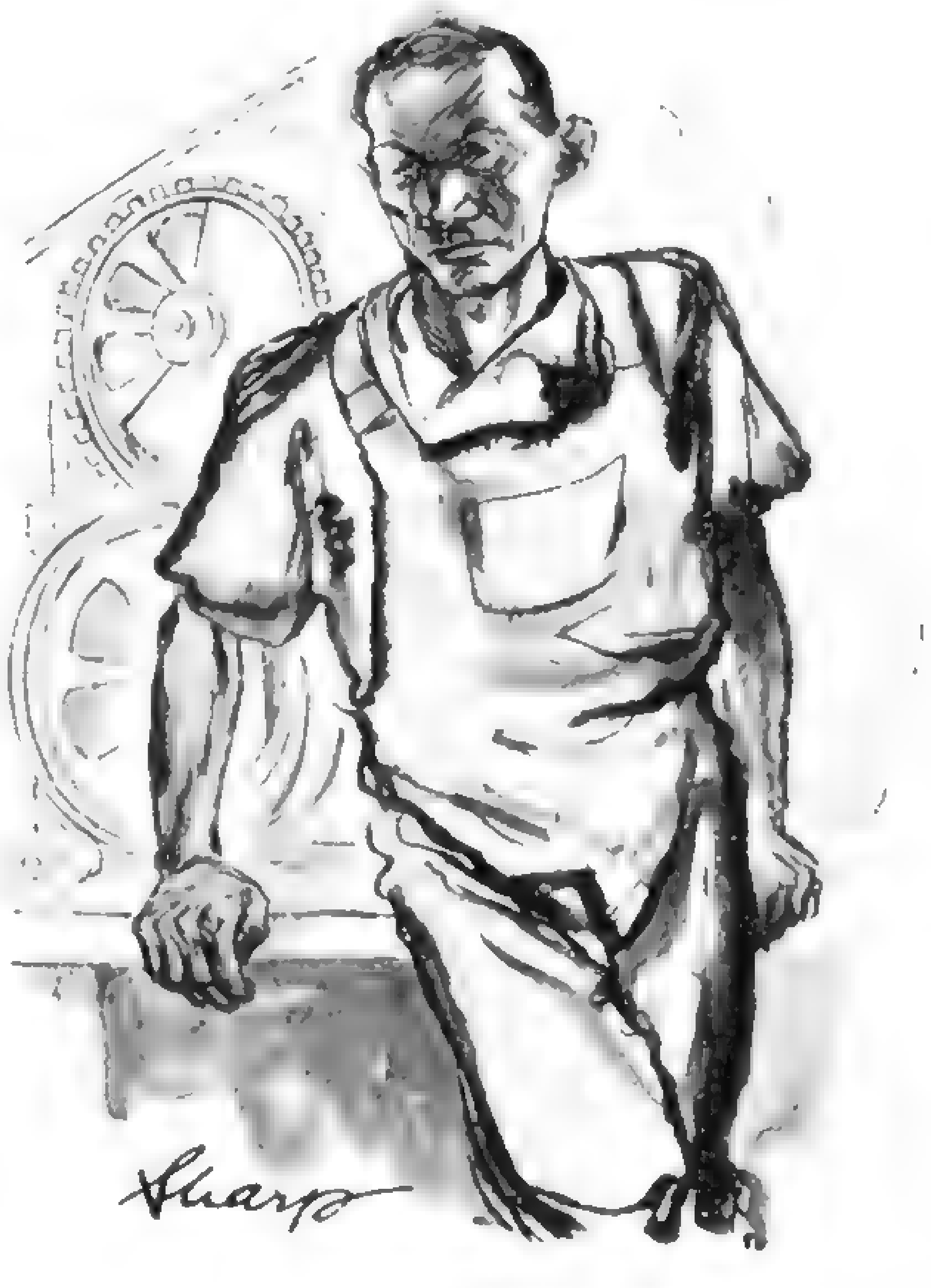
### Stanislowski wasn't a Red, he only wanted to know whether they were running the world for nails or men

### by HARRY SYLVESTER

FICTION

Yes, sir, I been working in nails ever since I was a kid. Started out running errands for the company when I was a kid and went into the factory when I was seventeen. No white collar jobs for me. Never did like a tight feeling around my neck.

No, I'm not a union man. There ain't no unions down to Peerless Nail & Wire. No, I didn't try to do no organizing. I just had a job and wasn't bothering nobody. Yeah, I was there when that Stanislowski thing happened. That's how come I was fired after being there so long and in line for a foreman's job and everything.



Who, me a Red? Hell, no. And he wasn't either. He was a Catholic. I used to see him at Mass every Sunday. You can't be a Communist and a Catholic at the same time. And this Stanislowski was a Catholic. Then why was I fired? Well, if you want to hear it, I'll tell you but it's a pretty long story. Thank you, I will sit down.

Of course, there ain't no use in talking too much about it. It's all over and he's dead and I'm fired but maybe it can do some good because then you'll know why they canned me after fourteen years when I didn't do nothing wrong at all. And if you'll give me a chance I'll show you that I know nails. I can take one of them old-style machines right apart for you and put it together again. You got the old-style machines, ain't you? I was hoping so. Them new ones—that's why Stanislowski got killed and why I got fired and why a lot more guys'll be out of jobs.

Yeah, I'd heard that—that you were going to keep on with the old-style machines so long as you could make a go of it. That's damn white, I mean it. That's why I come up here. I'll even move the family up although all of them was born down-state.

Oh, yeah, about Stanislowski. Well, that guy wasn't crazy at all, at all. No sir, not at all. That's the whole story. Why I was fired and everything. And he wasn't no Red. He wasn't crazy and he wasn't no Red. And that's why I got fired.

Sure, I know it sounds screwy but here's how it happened. Like I said, I'd been working there a long time, fourteen years, and I was in line for the next foreman's job that opened up. All that time, of course, there'd been improvements made on the machines and some guys had to be let go but they never let me go. I never liked Lithgoe, the super, or some of the assistant supers but they didn't bother me much, so I never had no trouble with them.

This Stanislowski comes to the plant one day about a year ago. I don't know how he got a job because he was no kid. He must of been around fifty, although sometimes he acted younger and he was damn strong. He wasn't a very tall guy but he was built like a fire-hydrant with big arms and a big, square face, kinda lined but good. His eyes were way deep in it and kinda bright and he had a thin mouth that didn't talk much. Sometimes it didn't look thin and that was usually outside the factory.

They put him on the machine next to mine and he could work it all right and repair it if something happened. At first I was worried about him getting the next foreman's job instead of me, but after I got to know him I wasn't worried any more. I don't know why I wasn't except that he wasn't what you'd call an ambitious kind of a guy. He was easy-going and he never even got mad when the assistant supers kidded him about his name and his accent and said they didn't know who the hell had taken on a Russian Red with a name like his. Of course, they knew he was a Polack but he didn't know they were kidding him. He didn't say anything at first but later he told them: "I ain't no Russian. I'm a Pole. My grandfather killed Russians. Germans, too," he says because one of the assistant supers is a guy named Krause. But they kept on kidding him, though maybe not as much. And I knew he was no Red because I'd seen him at nine o'clock Mass every Sunday, the children's Mass.

I got to know him better. His first name was Pete and he'd come to this country when he was a kid. Outside of that he didn't tell me much. He'd worked all over Ohio and in Pittsburgh and he'd been in steel down to Johnstown. He didn't have no family and he lived in a room in a house owned by some other Poles on the edge of town that kept chickens and had a little truck farm. Saturday afternoons he'd give them a hand around the farm, and Sundays and most evenings he'd read. Stuff he called encyclicals and books I never heard of by some guy named Block or Belock. He wanted me to read some of them but I got no time for reading anything but the papers, what with the kids around the house and having to hit the hay early.

He was such a lonely sort of an old guy, although it didn't seem to bother him much, that I asked him out the house for Sunday dinner but he wouldn't come till about the third time I ask him. He was pretty shy in front my wife and kids and he didn't eat much. He loosened up some later and talked about how bad the factory system and mass production was and we should all go back on the farm. He said how the kids might be a hindrance in the city but on the farm they'd be a big help. I asked him why he didn't go in for farming, himself, if it was such a hot job and he said he was waiting until he could own a farm outright. He didn't want no mortgages on it.

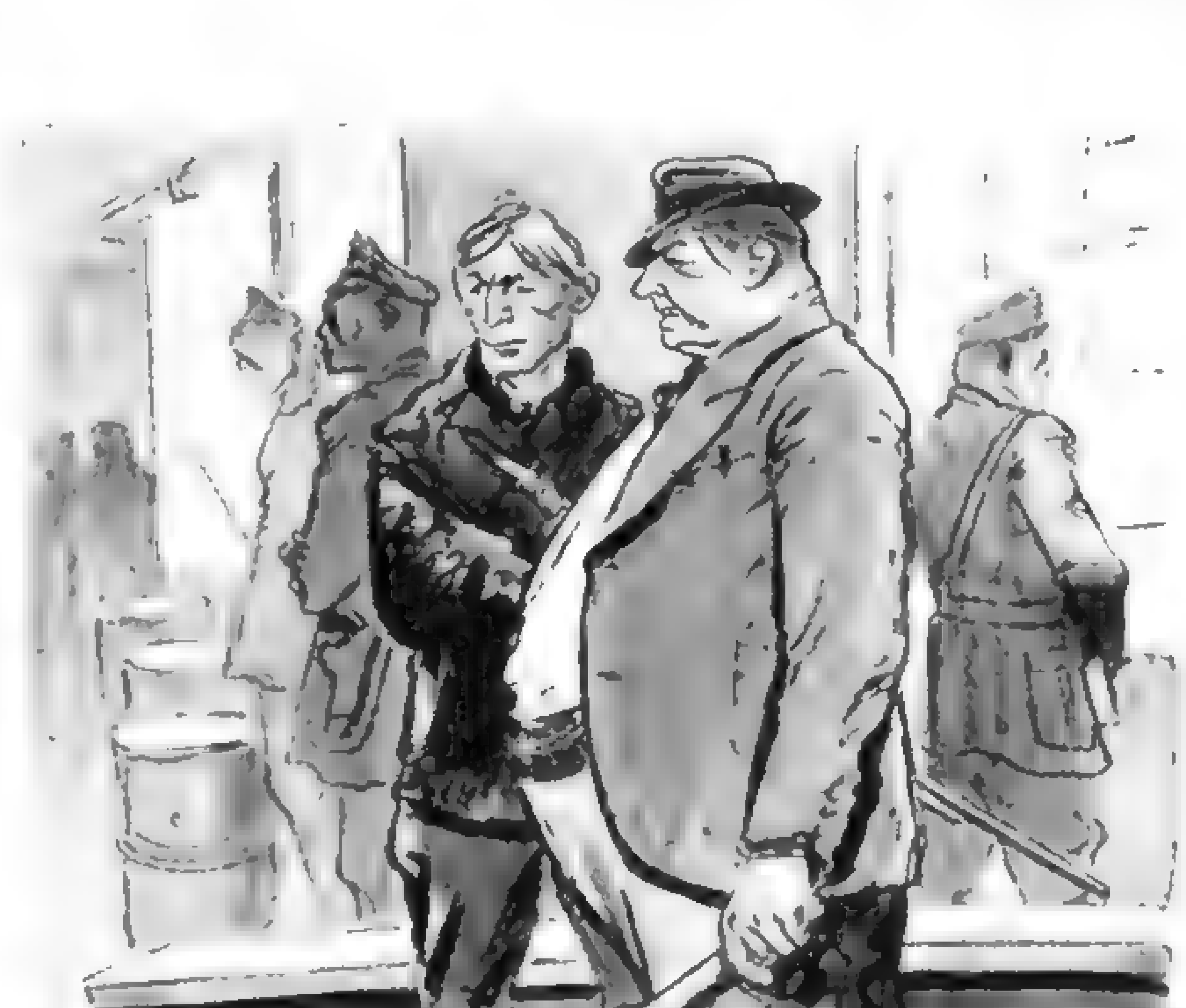
So I said that was okay but somebody had to work in the factories. He said, yes, so long as they kept working in them it was okay pretty much, but what was going to happen when only a few guys was doing the work of a lot? "How many guys was working in the factory when you come there?" he says. "About 1800," I told him. "And now there's about 1200," he says, "and they're putting out more nails than ever. What about those other 600 guys?" he says.

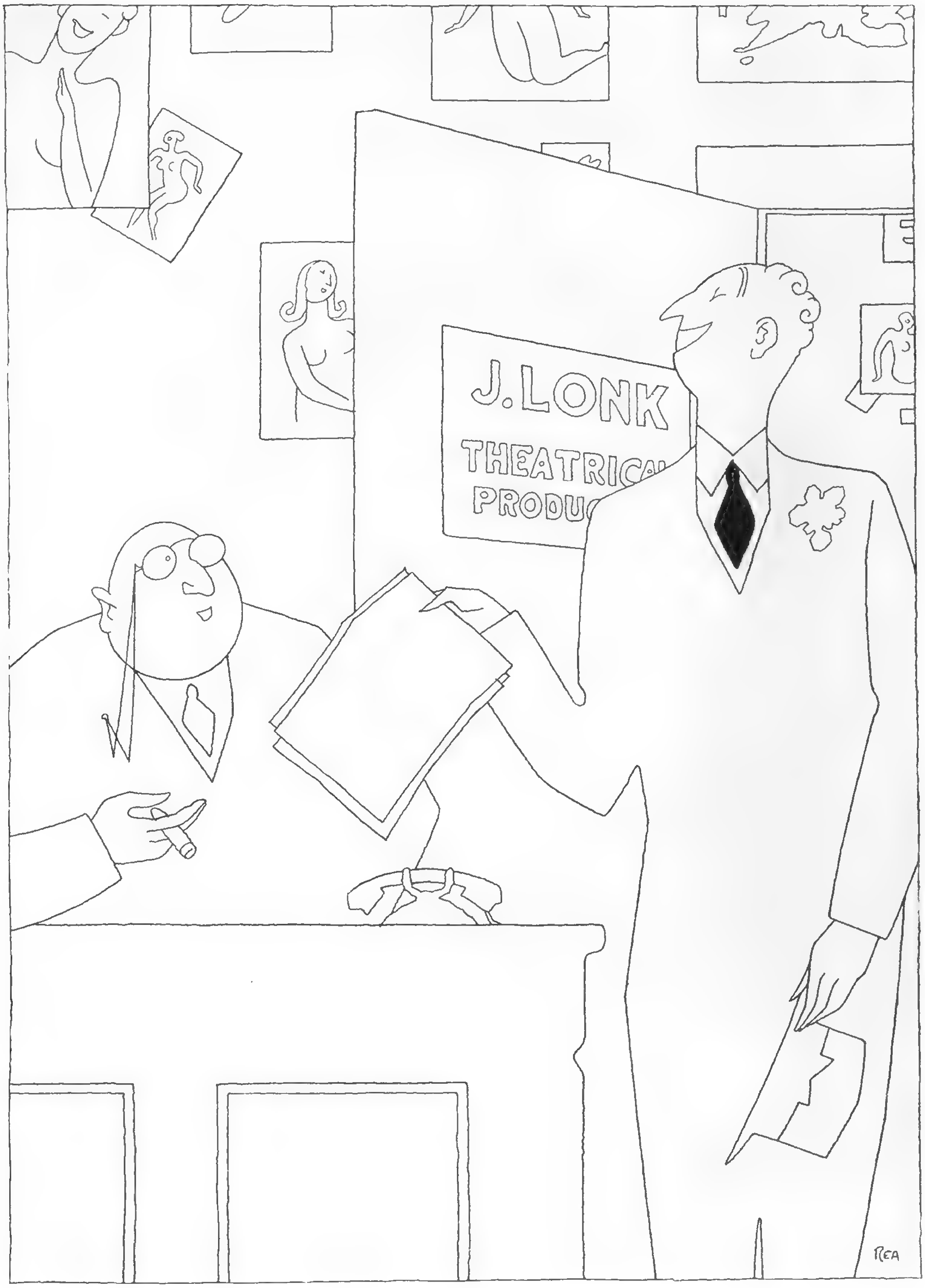
"Well, I never thought of that," I told him. "But what are you going to do about it?"

"Do we have to have new machinery?" he says. "The old machinery made enough nails."

"I don't know about that," I says. "You can't interfere with the march of progress."

*Continued on page 188*




J.LONK
THEATRICA
PRODUC
REA

*"Nine acts and it all takes place in a bathtub"*

# To the Barrens for Rattlers

## When you're hunting rattlesnakes for steak, the important thing is not to kill them too many times

### by H. B. KNOLL

• SPORTS •

WE HAD orders not to bruise the meat. "You don't pound a steer to pieces before you slaughter him," said Greene. "No more do you flail rattlesnakes to a messy pulp. Bring them in clean."

So we were to provide Greene with *his* dish for the gods. We were to enter a den in which rattlers were reputed to be teeming and to dispatch them neatly while they buzzed and struck at us. What had begun as a sporting expedition had developed into the cold business of gathering provender.

"Eating rattlers," said Breon in disgust. "None of them go into my belly. I'll show you where they are and maybe kill you a bagful. But after I've broken off the rattles, I don't want to see the snake again."

Breon and Shilling, snake hunters of large experience, cut two-handed clubs that would have knocked down a bear, while Greene regarded them balefully and cut a two-foot switch with a fork on one end.

"You fellows must be afraid of them," Greene said.

"Sure we are," said Shilling cheerfully. "And we don't get bit—at least we haven't yet."

Me? I was only an amateur at that time and didn't count for much. I had been inveigled into the hunt by Breon, who maintained that of all sports rattlesnaking was the most dramatic and required the most skill. I carried a hatchet that Greene had handed me for some unknown reason, and, seeing that two of the party had clubs and only one a forked stick, I chose a forked stick and thus more or less balanced our offensive power. What worried me most was that Greene wanted to bring back two alive. How, in the name of the ten thousand acres of scrub oak in which we hunted, were snakes to be coaxed into the tin boxes now suspended from straps over Greene's shoulders?

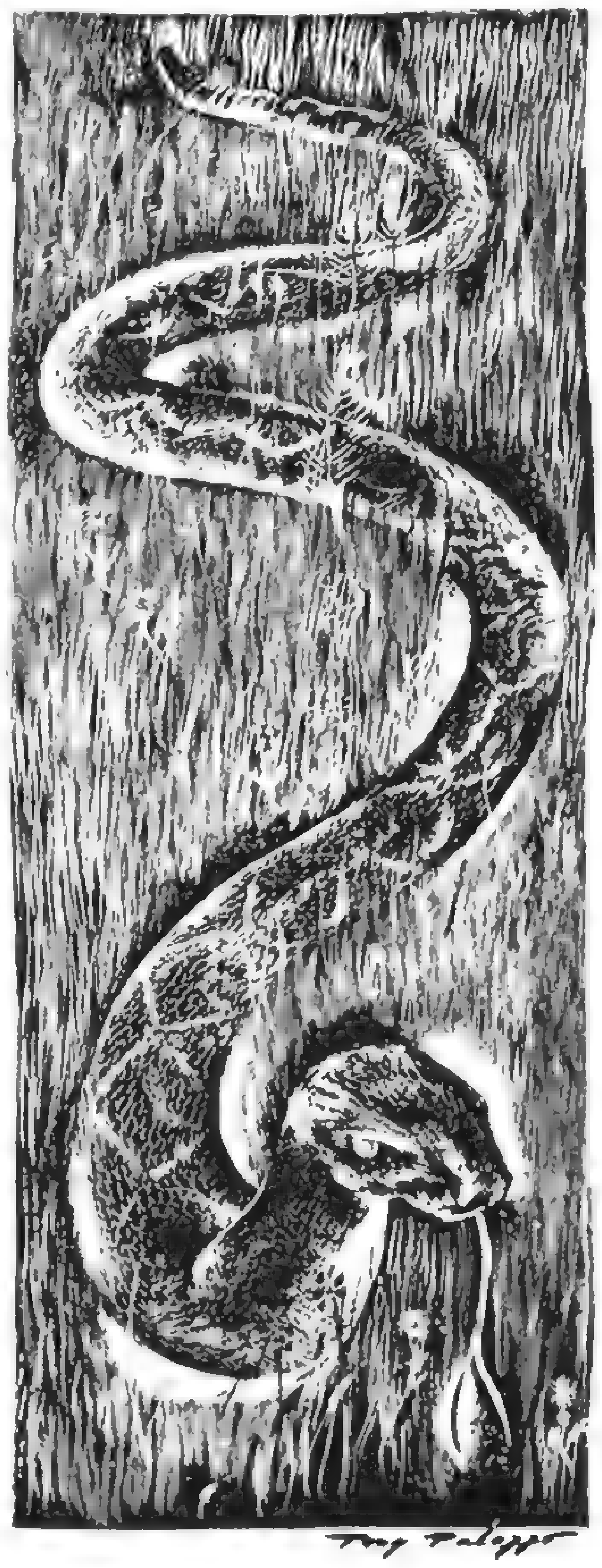
We ran along a path in a desolate, foreboding wilderness known as the Barrens. Yes, we ran, under the heat of a June sun and sometimes through brush that ought to have stopped an army tank. Why we ran I don't know even now: we weren't going far and we had plenty of time. But then I've noticed on other occasions that woodsmen on a trail or even half a trail careen ahead as if they were in a foot race. On this occasion I was the bewildered rear guard. In snake country one somehow keeps up.

"There's the place," said Breon, stopping at last.

My first impression was blurred. For one thing the brush was thick; for another, I was winded; for a third, the "place" was a sort of disordered cemetery with a blue sky for a background. Here on the top of a gently sloping hill was the only outcropping of limestone I have ever seen in the Barrens, and it was of strange nature because of the size of the stones. They were as large as automobiles and seemed to be in communion with one another. Brush grew thickly between them. A ring of trees gave an enclosing effect.

"When I was here last," said Breon, "I found a mess of them. I had a rough time of it. They popped out everywhere. So I climbed up on a boulder and shot all I could see. They can't get you if you are on a boulder—or you can get them before they get you. Why didn't someone bring a gun along today?"

"We don't need a gun," said Greene. "Let's see how many are left."



Even the veterans seemed to catch their breath like a swimmer before a plunge into cold water. I noticed that I was trying to stretch myself into the air so that as little of me as possible was close to the ground. Shilling was slightly ahead of me and to my left.

I managed a few steps. I saw that I should have to be bolder or be the last to reach the den. Pride got the better of me and I took several rapid, careless strides. Nothing happened. I strode ahead even with Shilling who glanced at me quickly.

"They don't always bark before they bite," he said.

I think I smiled a bit, but I advanced more cautiously. Those anticipating moments were among the worst of the hunt. My blood pressure was rising with the rapidity of mercury in a thermometer suddenly immersed in boiling water. I could imagine a rattler lying behind this bush or that bush waiting for me to come within reach before it struck. The agony of it was that the visibility was zero. I used my switch plentifully and kicked the brush. A small bird darting away gave me a nervous twitch.

"Here's one! A big one, too!"

Despite his caution, Shilling had been taken unawares. His right foot was high in the air; he was incapable of movement. Beside him lay coiled a frightening, repulsive, black timber rattlesnake ready to strike. There was power in his thick body, his slender neck, and his triangular head. In the center of the coil, pointed straight up and vibrating in a blur, his rattles buzzed and set my hair a crawling. The sound was dry like that of an autumn wind. For a moment the world stopped.

"Don't kill him!" While Shilling hovered between being struck and not being struck, Greene was all business. He scampered towards us as Shilling fell away to the left. The rattler uncoiled and glided toward deeper brush. It looked as long as a garden hose.

Somehow I was on him. I got my forked stick over its middle, and it struck at it quickly and savagely. I got my stick over its ears and watched it squirm in rising convolutions. The waves of snake almost engulfed my stick.

Then such a buzzing began. Rattlers were everywhere, all of them raising that terrible dry warning. Rapidly my eyes covered the ground around me, and saw nothing but brush and dead leaves. But the buzzing was there and getting louder by the second. I froze into place so that no movement would invite an attack. I glanced at the snake I had pinned. It had wiggled loose and was almost ready to strike. I pinned it again just as Greene arrived.

"Hold him," he said calmly.

"They're everywhere! Look out!" I shouted.

"Let's take them one at a time," he said.

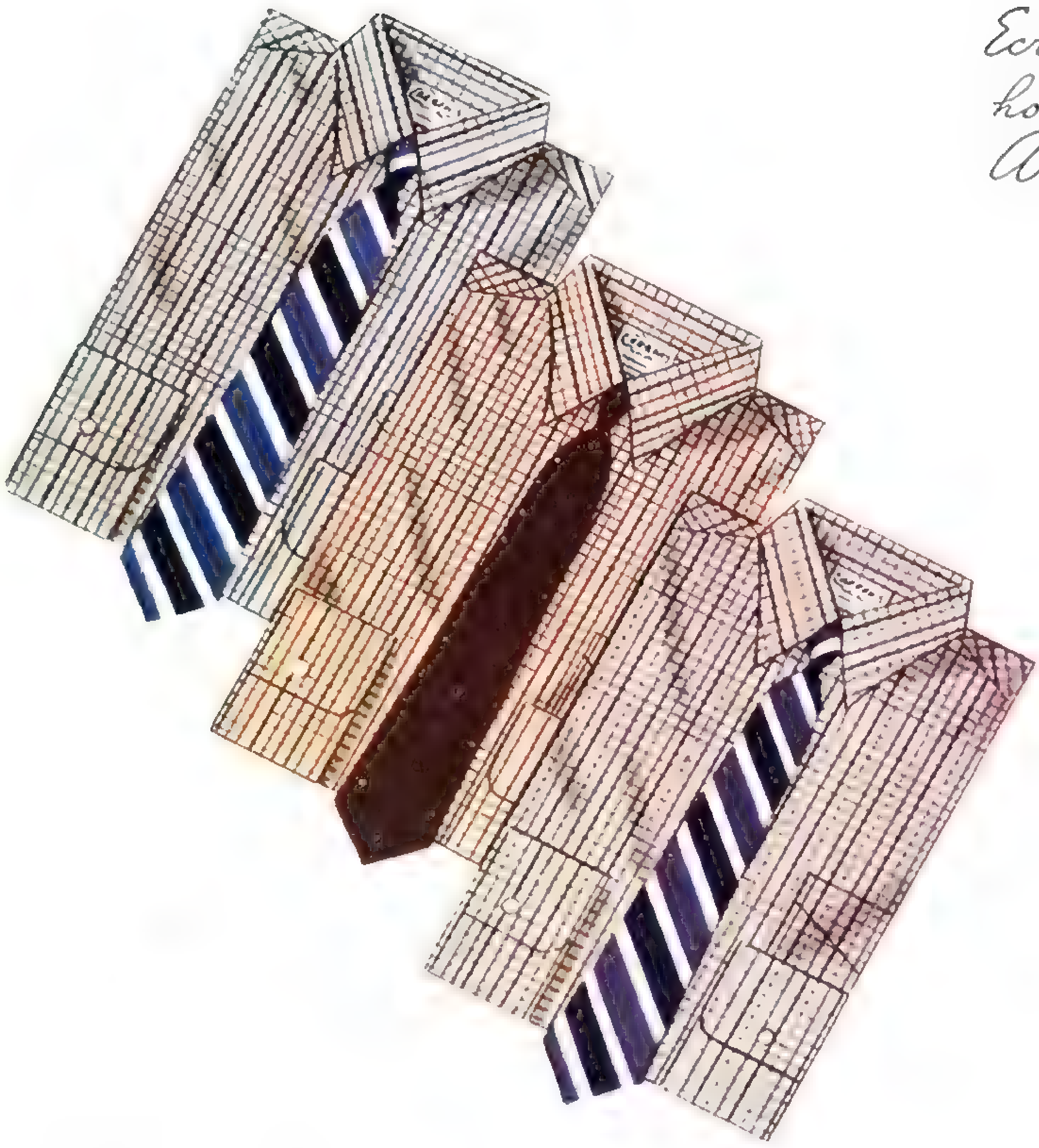
Greene walked around me with the air of a pedestrian lost in heavy traffic.

"There's one," he said. "There's another, and there's a third—all out of reach. They won't come after us."

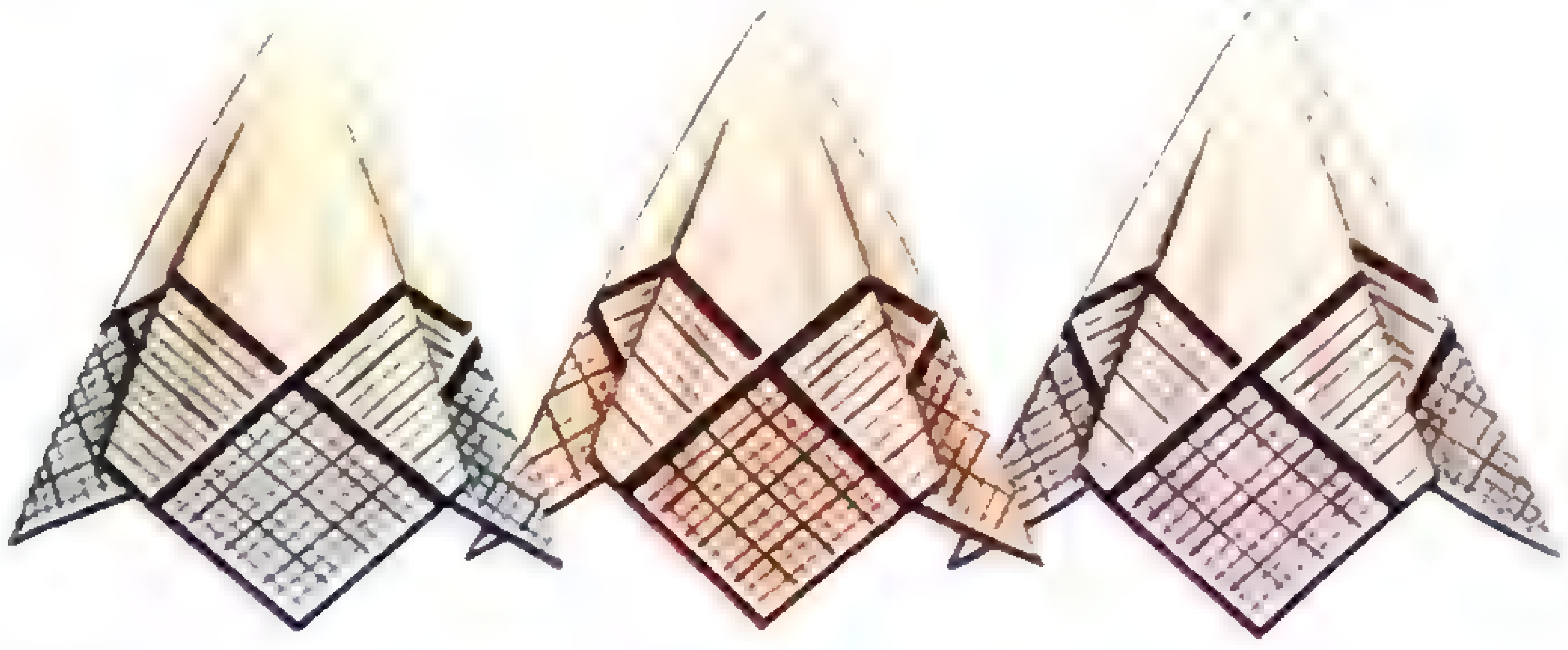
He dropped an opened snake box beside the pinned rattler and placed the fork of his stick just back of its head. I held my stick in place. The snake, held firmly against the ground, had its mouth forced wide open and showed its long, sharp fangs. Its tail threshed about. Greene felt along its slender neck until he found the spot just back of its ears. The operation was slow, deliberate, hazardous. His fingers were less than an inch from the fangs. The snake did not wiggle as he put it into the box tail first and, when all but the head was stowed inside, flicked the head downward and snapped the lid shut in a single movement. The danger of getting rid of the snake was met as simply as that. I began to breathe more easily, but Greene was hot after the next victim, an-

*Continued in center of page 170*

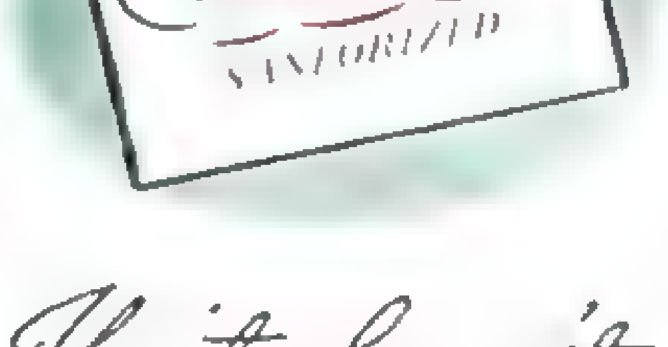
Ecru (the color of raw silk) is the shirt shade of the hour. And here it is in a limited-edition Arrow pattern—Triotone Checks $2.75.



This "Triotone" name comes from the three colors in the checked design. These colors are subtly re-echoed in Arrow's Triotone Cravats $1.50.



Third member of the Triotone clan is the Triotone Handkerchief. It makes the ideal pocket companion for the shirt and tie. 50¢.



If it hasn't
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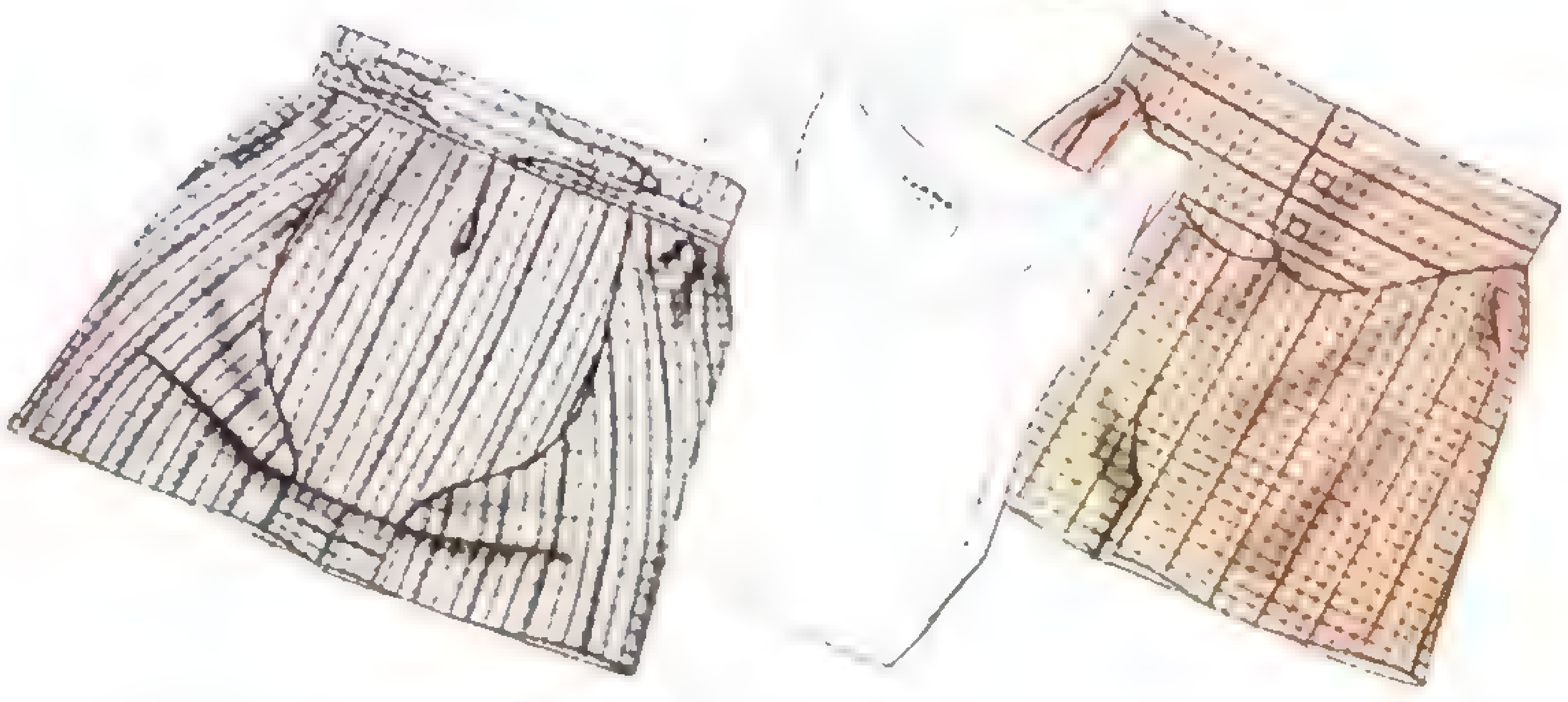
Arrow Claridge is a "de-luxe" white shirt —made of a wonderfully soft and silky broadcloth. Sanforized and Mitoga Form-fit, like the rest of the family. $3.50.



The fewer seams the more comfort! Wear Arrow's seamless crotch shorts and find out. In our new Triotone Check pattern, $1. Undershirts, 50¢ up.

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YOU will look far before you find another foursome as distinguished as the four whiskies here presented.

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ONE QUART
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
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ONE QUART
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
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(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)
Overholt
U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
1 QUART
100 PROOF
REG IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
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**OLD OVERHOLT**—128 years famous for its rich, robust rye taste

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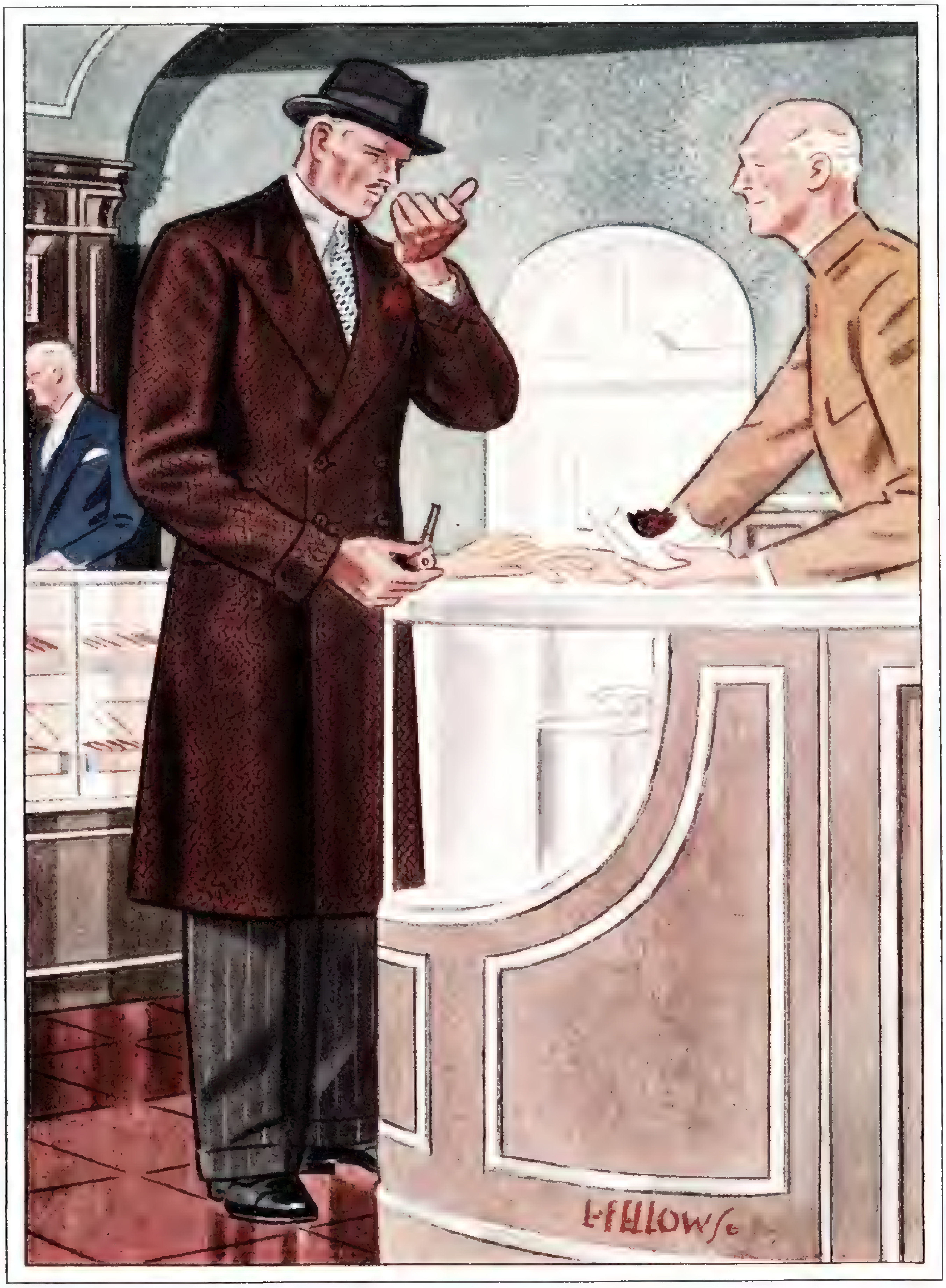
**OLD TAYLOR** — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history



# CAREFUL STUDY OF AN ARTFUL NEW BLEND

With black shoes, black Homburg and a striped blue-grey suit, the obvious concomitant according to all the old rules of conservative dress would have been a dark grey or blue topcoat. But just when a thing becomes obvious is the psychological moment when men of taste begin to get away from it. Hence, a brown Shetland topcoat goes to town with this outfit. The result is a dash of "difference" from the usual. Note, by the way, that the coat has but four buttons instead of the tradition-sanctioned six and that it has turned-back or gauntlet cuffs. In case you care, these throw back to cavalier days when a guy used them to keep the lace from interfering with his sword hand during friendly arguments. The candy-striped shirt has the relatively long pointed lounge collar with whale bone stiffeners. Getting away from past practice this collar is invariably worn without a collar pin.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

# "*Wonderful days*"

## They never die for the thousands who carry a Movie Camera

YOU think at the time you'll never forget them—those wonderful days the two of you had together.

You think you'll remember the very colors and shapes of things:—that shore line, those mountains, that sunset. You expect to recall them with the same sharp delight you feel now.

But in even a year—if you trust to memory alone—how much of it will be gone beyond recall!

Keep the door open into the past—so that you can revisit it at will. If you're starting out on some new experience—a longed-for holiday, a journey to a new country, a honeymoon trip—take a movie camera along, and make a lasting record that will be a joy forever.

Thousands of people have found that a movie camera is an unfailing way to insure life's greatest treasure—the memory of one's best and happiest days.

☆ ☆ ☆

With Eastman's finer home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—even the novice can get wonderful movies: clear, brilliant, pulsing with life and motion. These are the two most popular of all 16 mm. home movie cameras.

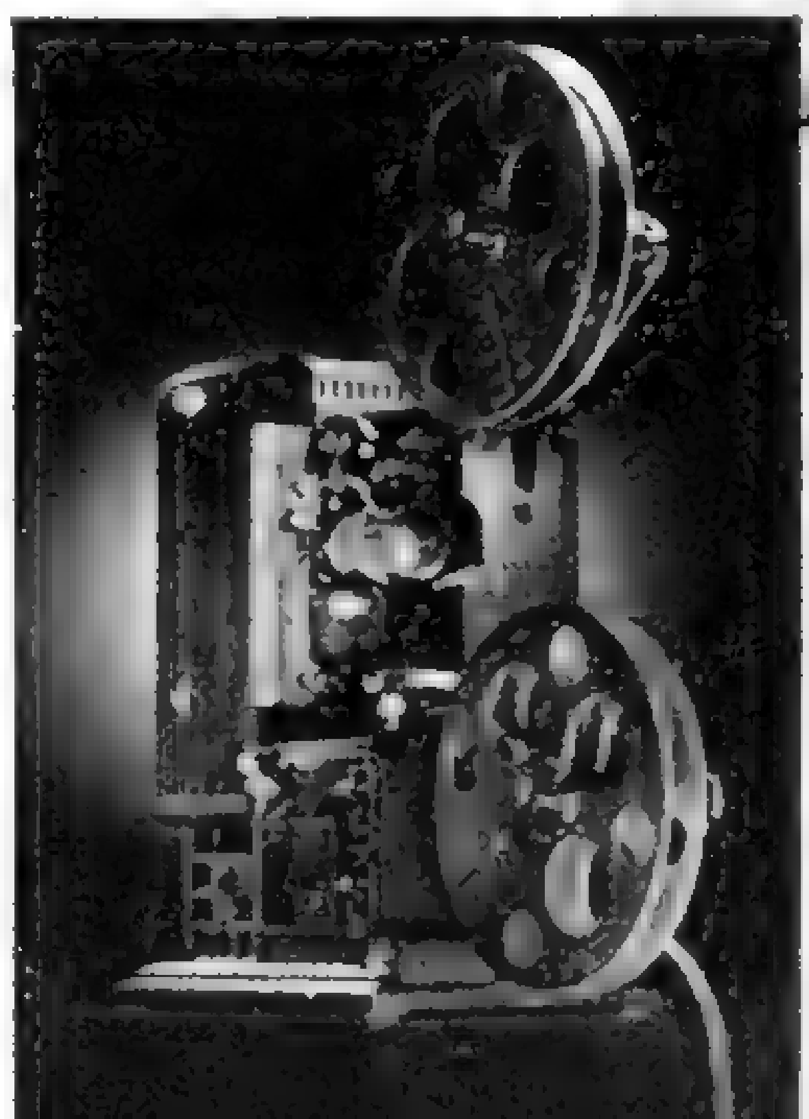
**FULL-COLOR KODACHROME** — And simply by changing your film—loading your Ciné-Kodak with Kodachrome instead of with black-and-white—your movies will be flooded with the glory of gorgeous full color.

You can hardly imagine, until you see them, how marvelously lifelike and beautiful color makes them.

Drop in at your dealer's—let him show you these 16 mm. Ciné-Kodaks. And some sample reels, both in black-and-white and full color . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**. . . AND FOR PROJECTION**

For clearer, more brilliant projection, use Kodascope, the Eastman-made projector which teams up beautifully with Ciné-Kodak and shows your pictures at their best. Ciné-Kodaks, Kodascopes, and Ciné-Kodak Film are all Eastman-made, designed to work together, and backed by world-wide Eastman service.



**MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK**

loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including combination carrying case, $137.50.

**CINÉ-KODAK "K"**

is the most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including carrying case, $100.

*Ciné-Kodak*

**EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

# A PAGE OF PIGSKIN IN INFINITE VARIETY

Pigskin is a handsome leather to begin with and its attraction is further enhanced by the fact that it grows old so gracefully. In accessories for men it comes made up in all manner of things as, for instance, a pigskin saddle, pigskin suitcase, pigskin bottle case, pigskin traveling utility case, pigskin fitted case, whangee and pigskin riding cane, pigskin town shoes, pigskin belt, malacca cane with pigskin handle, pigskin pullman slippers, pigskin braces, pigskin fly book for trout fishing, pigskin gloves for town or country, silk umbrella with pigskin handle, pigskin cigarette case, pigskin keycase, pigskin pipe and tobacco pouch, pigskin wallet, pigskin jewelry box with pigskin cufflinks and watchguard, wrist watch with pigskin strap, traveling clock covered in pigskin. As a man's gift, pigskin strikes the common denominator of masculinity and still allows ample leeway for individuality.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Uncle János' Devotion

*Continued from page 61*

from the line, the chickens from the coops. He made a profit on everything. When he fixed the electric system, he was rewarded. In addition, he was separately given money for wires, nails, tools. When he called in a tradesman from outside, he was always his accomplice. He was just throwing dust in everybody's eyes when he bargained. In secret he got a percentage of the money paid for repairs.

One could not argue against these facts. All the evidence and testimony had been collected. The cook and her staff had done a good job of it. They had reason to. They all hated the tyrannical old man who stood before them, absorbing the warm sunshine of the Mosonyis' benevolence.

It was winter again. Uncle János knew nothing of the investigation. Unsuspecting, he was scraping the garden-path free of snow, when György Mosonyi sent for him to come to his study.

A dramatic court scene ensued.

György Mosonyi, the chief justice, sat behind his desk. With a stern face; with drawn-together eyebrows. In front of him the massive brass inkwell, the blotter, the portfolio, and a small, bronze bust of Heine. Beside him sat his wife, a little lower, in a deep *fauteuil.* An embittered juror, because one could see in her eyes how much she was enraged by every word which was pronounced in her presence about her beloved, one-time minion.

Along the wall sat the long row of unmerciful witnesses for the prosecution. The persecutors, whose every statement was true, and who looked at their conquered adversary with faces intoxicated with victory.

Uncle János stood in the center of the room, under the chandelier. In his thin, gray hair snowflakes were melting, and his shapeless boots were snowy, too. Around his neck a red woolen knit scarf. His pipe stuck out from his pocket. He was a little bent, but not with humiliation; nature and old age had made his posture such. He behaved brilliantly, again. The shining of his small, fox-eyes showed that he had appraised the situation:—that it was impossible to defend himself. He had been caught red-handed.

Thus, he didn't defend himself. He received the statements of the accusers and the deluge of reproach with wordless squinting. He just sighed once when it became quiet in the room for a moment, after the master had finished his peroration. It was a well-timed, dramatic sigh—it would have brought credit to even the greatest tragic actor.

György Mosonyi sent out from the room the chorus of accusation, and turned to the old scoundrel with sincere curiosity:

"Tell me, Uncle János, tell me by your soul, how could you do these terrible things to us who had treated you so generously?"

Uncle János fixed his eyes on the rug.

"I wanted to feather my nest. . . . I am old. . . . I wanted to provide for the time when I'll be too old to work. . . . When I'll be so weak that I won't even be able to stir. . . ."

This had a true ring. It sounded human. The couple glanced at each other in silence. A quick flash of Uncle János's eyes betrayed that the old man had noticed the glance: the atmosphere had become less hostile to him.

György Mosonyi asked curiously:

"Then, did you really save up something by doing all this?"

"Well, yes, I did, but ill-earned money is ill-lost, too. . . . The devil take it: what I had set aside, I lost on cards!" confessed Uncle János, mixing in an artistic manner in his hoarse voice the nuances of shame and anger.

The mouth of the chief justice remained severe, but slowly his eyes began smiling. As for the woman, she openly burst out laughing:

"I bet we are going to find a woman at the bottom of all this, if we go into it much deeper! Come, Uncle János, make a clean breast of it!"

Uncle János looked into the corner bashfully:

"Well, I won't say. . . . But I wasn't made of wood, either. . . . It's an expensive thing when you're past sixty."

The woman kept on laughing:

"Just like the gentlemen at the casino! . . . Cards and women!" she said to her husband, and then turned to the old man again:

"And what sort of woman was it, Uncle János? Pretty?"

Uncle János sorrowfully let his head drop down to his chest:

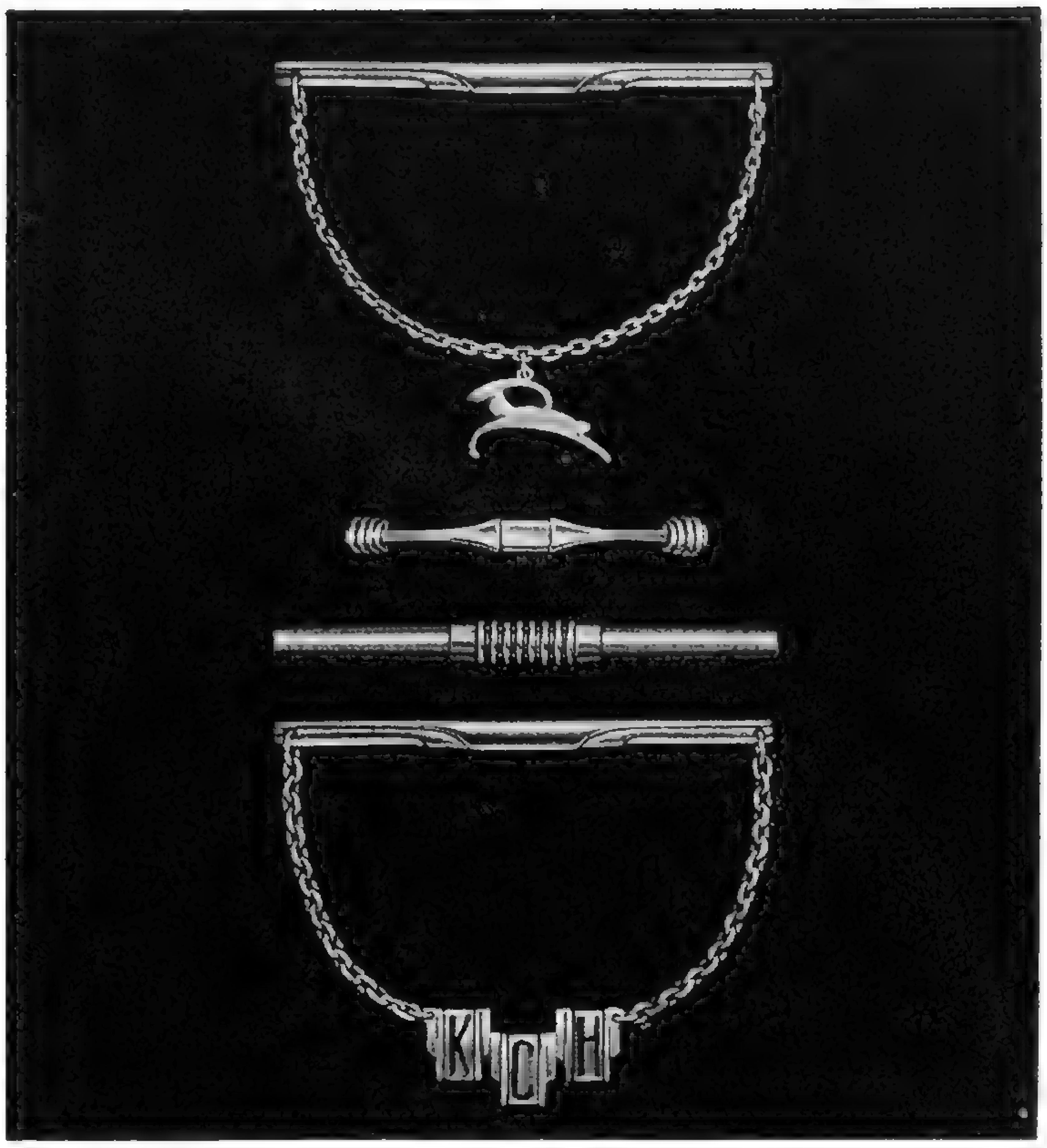
"The sort I can get. . . . Forty-ish. . . . A little pockmarked, a little fat. She had three silver teeth in the front. You must have seen her. . . . She used to come to the house to peddle milk, butter, and cottage cheese."

Uncle János continued his confession with contrite sincerity. He told of how he had spent every Sunday playing *ruff-máriás* in a pub with two policemen and with another man from the surface lines. They always won from him. As for drinking, he didn't do much of it, but the silver-toothed cheese wife was very fond of beer. In addition, she was always tormenting him to be taken to the cinema. Finally she even made him buy her a ruby brooch.

The master and his wife glanced at each other again. And Uncle János derived new courage from their glances. He sniffed, and blew his nose:

"Well, I kiss your hand, goodbye now! Let me go. . . . I don't deserve sparing. . . . I am a weak man. . . . Even when I was a young fellow I knew that I'd never amount to anything in this world."

*Continued on page 112*



HICKOK

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FOR MEN WHO DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

● Spick-and-span every minute is the first big MUST at Annapolis—and that doesn't mean maybe! Midshipmen have to be well-groomed—get clean, close, long-lasting shaves in *double-quick* time. Half-mown whiskers are out! Only perfect shaves pass inspections. That's why 7 out of 10 men at the U. S. Naval Academy use Gillette Blades in their Gillette Razors every morning.

A BUGLE BLASTS "WAKE UP"—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE!

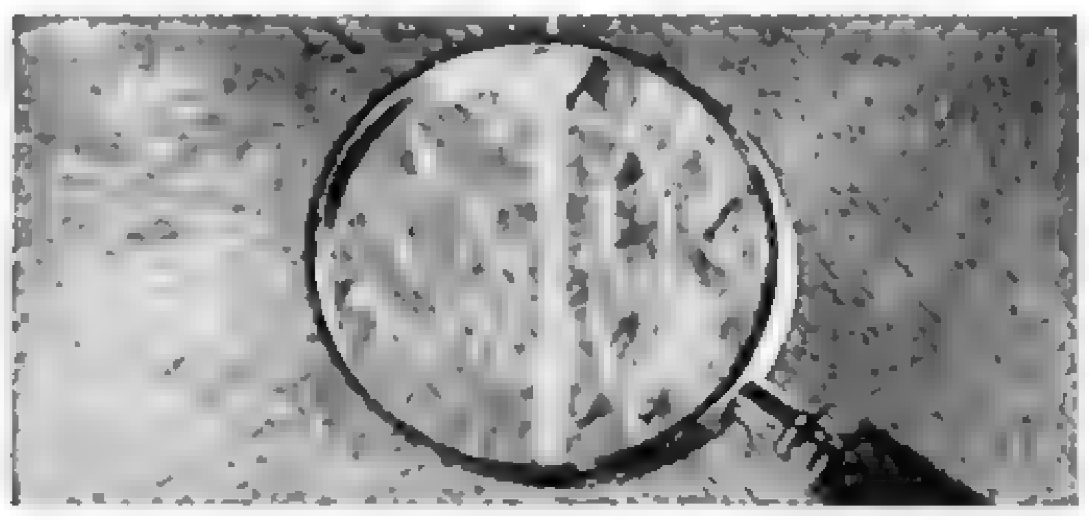
● The bugle ends sleep at Annapolis, but it takes clean, close, refreshing Gillette shaves to wake up faces! No other method is so quick and smooth—makes one *feel* and *look* so fit!

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SEE A MISFIT

● Some misfits are funny—but a misfit razor blade isn't! Avoid faulty shaves—they look bad, feel worse! Gillette Blades fit Gillette Razors perfectly—shave closely, cleanly!

GILLETTE!
REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

● Your face is *always* on parade—wherever you go, night or day! Don't make it a proving ground for shaving experiments. Demand Gillette Blades and get the world's best shaves for *less than a cent a day!*



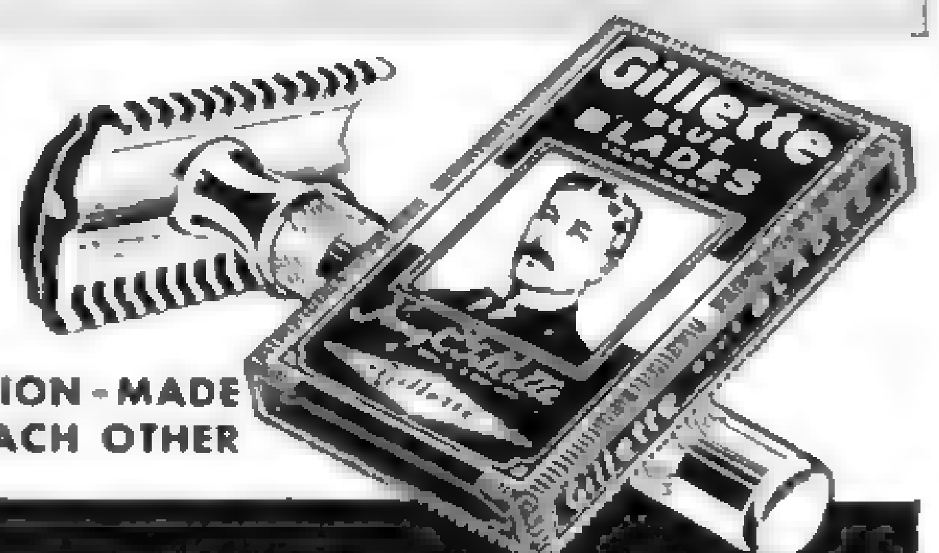
GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette removes whiskers cleanly, giving you a *base-line* shave that really lasts!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

NEW BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

● Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's revolutionary new Brushless Shaving Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry bristles, stays moist throughout the shave, won't clog your razor. Try a big tube for only 25¢. You'll like it!

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades



PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Gillette *Blades*
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

## Uncle János' Devotion

*Continued from pages 61-111*

György Mosonyi asked with dignified repose:

"And if we discharge you now, where will you go?"

"I don't know," answered Uncle János with tragic simplicity. "It's winter. I'll sit down on some threshold, and maybe I'll be lucky enough to freeze to death between evening and morning."

Suddenly the woman turned from juror into attorney for the defense. She didn't say a word. But Uncle János's sharp eyes noticed the long, silent glance which she had cast at her husband. He knew what it meant.

György Mosonyi stood up festively behind the brass inkwell, and passed sentence. It was one hundred per cent pure mercy.

"Go back to your room, Uncle János! Do your chores. And if you refrain from relapsing into your old evil conduct, there will be no one in this house to reproach you for having been found erring once!"

Uncle János was very grateful. But he cut himself short. Because he knew that this kind of people didn't like crawling, humiliating gratitude. Then he went out of the room, his back bent in two.

But down in the kitchen he straightened himself. He yelled at the cook haughtily:

"My coffee!" and he added: "You squealed on me to the master? Thank me, you swine, for not getting you all fired!"

* * *

A half-year passed during which Uncle János really pursued the policy of the clean hand. Although—it must be said—it was very hard on him. Besides his asthma, he was suffering of mental disorders. His red-edged, sly, old eyes were dim and full of sorrow, like the light of a flickering candle. Not that his position had become worse. His employers, if this was at all possible, loved him even more than before. But still it wasn't the real life!

Something was lacking from it, which made him pine away.

One day he went to see his mistress, and, after long hesitation, he blurted it out:

"I kiss your hand, could you fix it up with the master so that I might leave? I can't stand it any longer in this place!"

She asked him astounded:

"But why, Uncle János? Don't we treat you as if you were a member of our family?"

The geyser of desperate frankness erupted from Uncle János:

"That's just it, I kiss your hand! Because you are so merciful to me! I told you once that I have an evil nature.... And in a place like this I just haven't the heart to do my pleasure.... Every day, every hour I am wrestling with my evil nature.... I say to myself: 'Don't do it, János! You mustn't do that to these nice people!' It's killing me! Let me go, or else I won't be able to vouch for myself! I am afraid I might do something I'd feel sorry for afterwards, I kiss your hand!"

The woman pondered long. She thought of her own life. How pleasant it was! In the winter she went to Partenkirchen for winter sports; in the summer she swam in the North Sea. She had beautiful clothes, fur coats, jewels. She went to concerts and to *premières.* And this poor, rheumatism-drawn, old man had hardly received a thing from fate. As a young man he had been a vintager. He had spent his life hoeing. And how clever he was, how nice! Now, in his old age, he had finally found a little amusement with the silver-toothed cheese-wife and with his card-playing cronies! Something gripped the woman's throat. Well, she was not going to make this old man miserable! Let Uncle János have a happy old age!

She blushed, and she winked at the old man, almost embarrassed:

"You know what, Uncle János? If it means so much to you, well, I won't mind if you *do* something now and then.... I'll overlook it.... I'll even try to smooth it over for you if there's any trouble.... But don't you go and tell my husband, or brag to the cook about it! I am making an exception of you."

Uncle János paled from the great shock:

"Every word you say, I kiss your hand, is like a stab in my heart! That's just what I want to leave for, I kiss your hand!—Let me go! I swear I am a heavy burden on this house!"

And the next day he did go. All his belongings were tied up in a dishcloth. As he walked toward the city, the policeman stopped him.

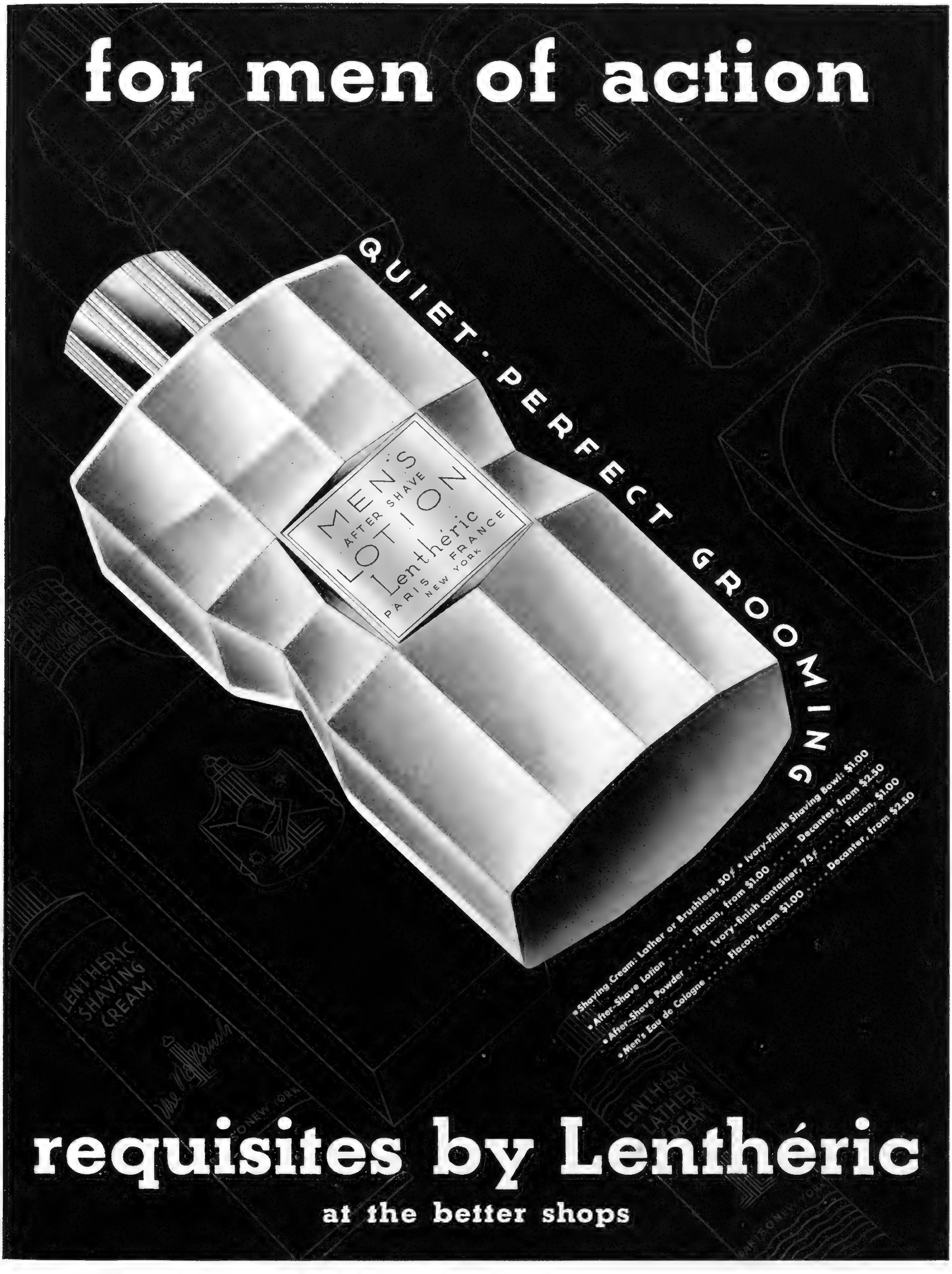
"Well, you finally did get kicked out!"

Uncle János's eye cast a haughty spark as he answered him:

"Kicked out, hell! I'm leaving of my own free will!" And it was already on the tip of his tongue to say something flattering about his former employers, but then suddenly he felt ashamed because of his softness. So he added only this:

"Those people are crazy! By God, I wasn't going to stay in a bughouse like that!"

And then with uncertain steps he started out toward the city, the bundle in his hand, to find a new employer who would not be quite so soft as the one he had just left. #



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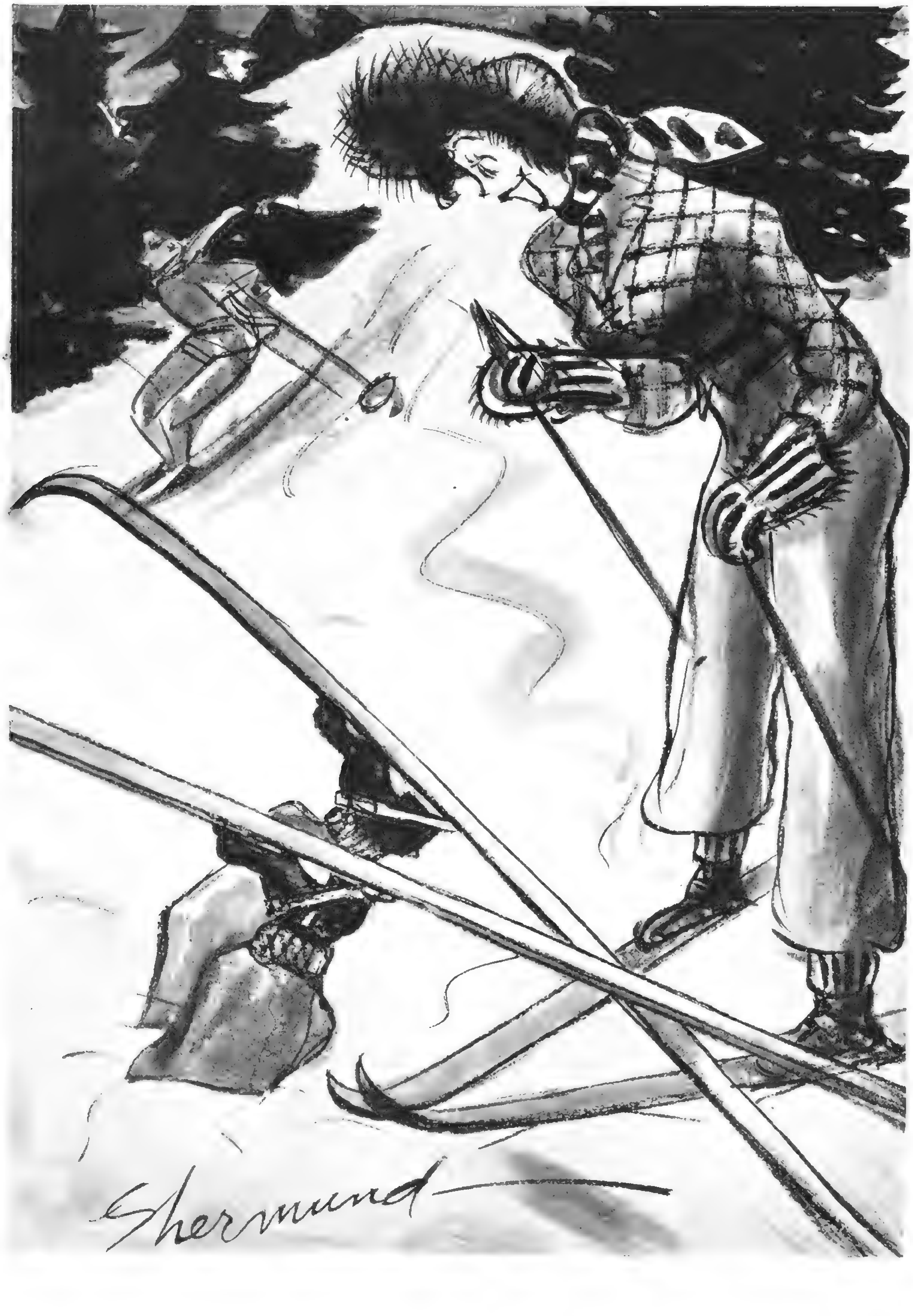
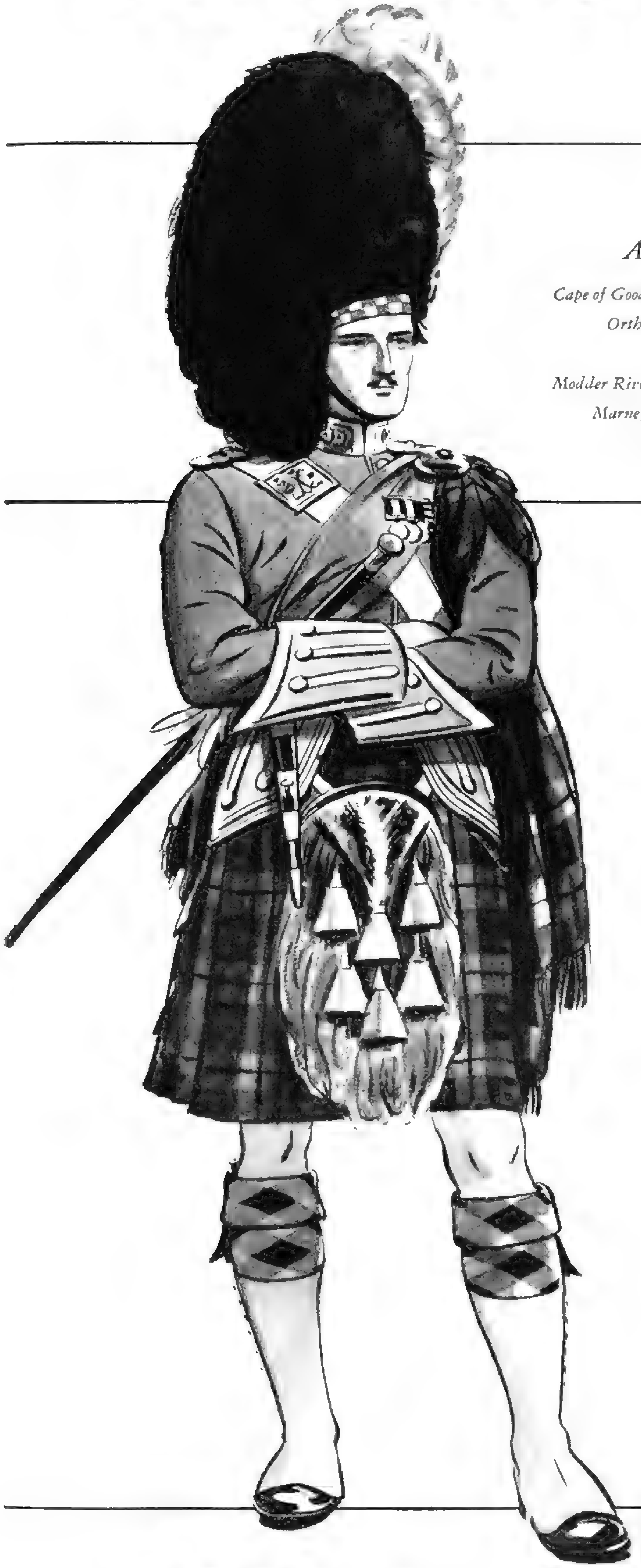


*"Ah, ah, Mr. Milton—no fair hiding!"*

# For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE
ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

*Cape of Good Hope, 1806 Rolica Vimiera Corunna Pyrenees Nivelle Nive*
*Orthes Toulouse Peninsula South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3 Alma*
*Balaklava Sevastopol Lucknow South Africa, 1879*
*Modder River Paardeberg South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Le Cateau Loos*
*Marne, 1914, 1918 Ypres, 1915, 1917, 1918 Somme, 1916, 1918 Gaza*
*Arras, 1917, 1918 Cambrai, 1917, 1918 Doiran, 1917, 1918*

*HONOURS OF DEWAR'S*

## "White Label"

MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

*Medal of Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.*

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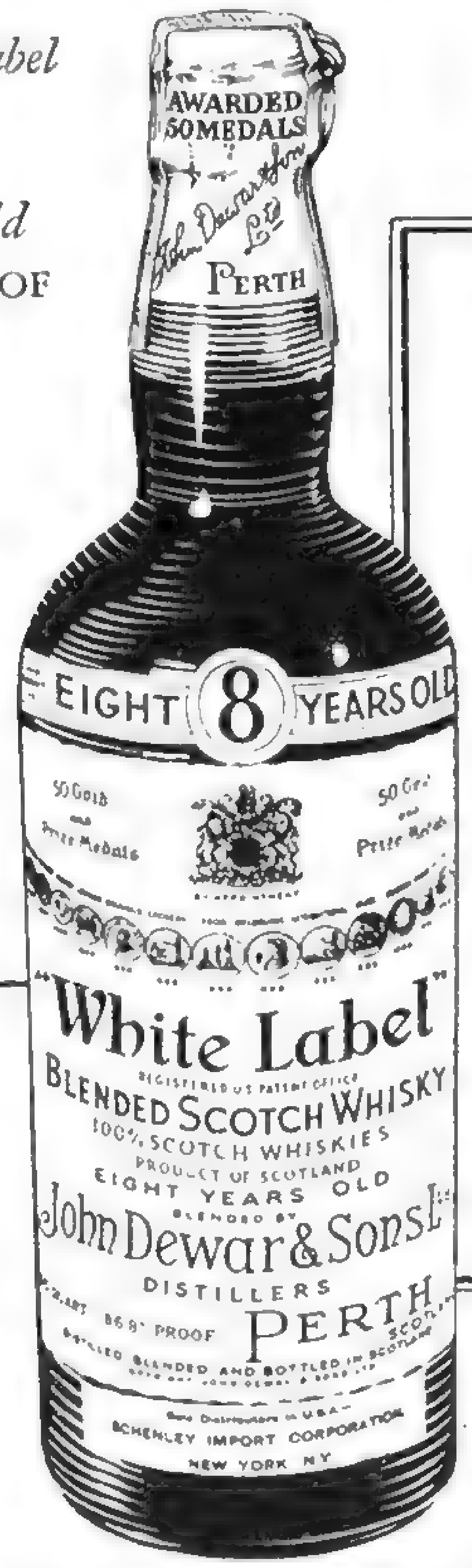
*White Label*
**8**
*years old*
86.8 PROOF


AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
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PERTH

Schenley IMPORT

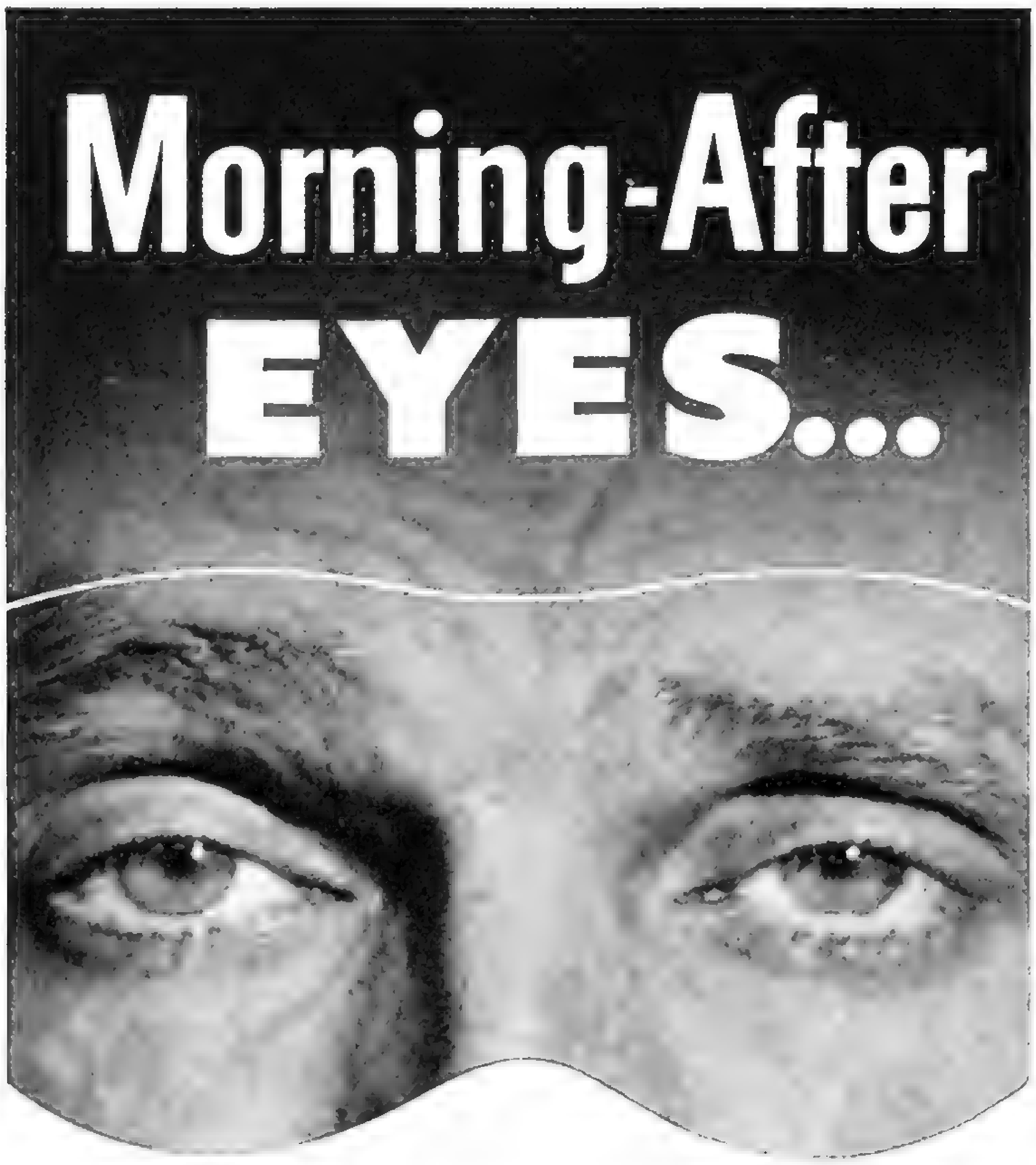
*Dewar's*
(*Pronounced Do-ers*)

# "White Label"

*The Medal* **SCOTCH** *of the World*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

*Copyright 1938, Schenley Import Corp., New York, N.Y.*



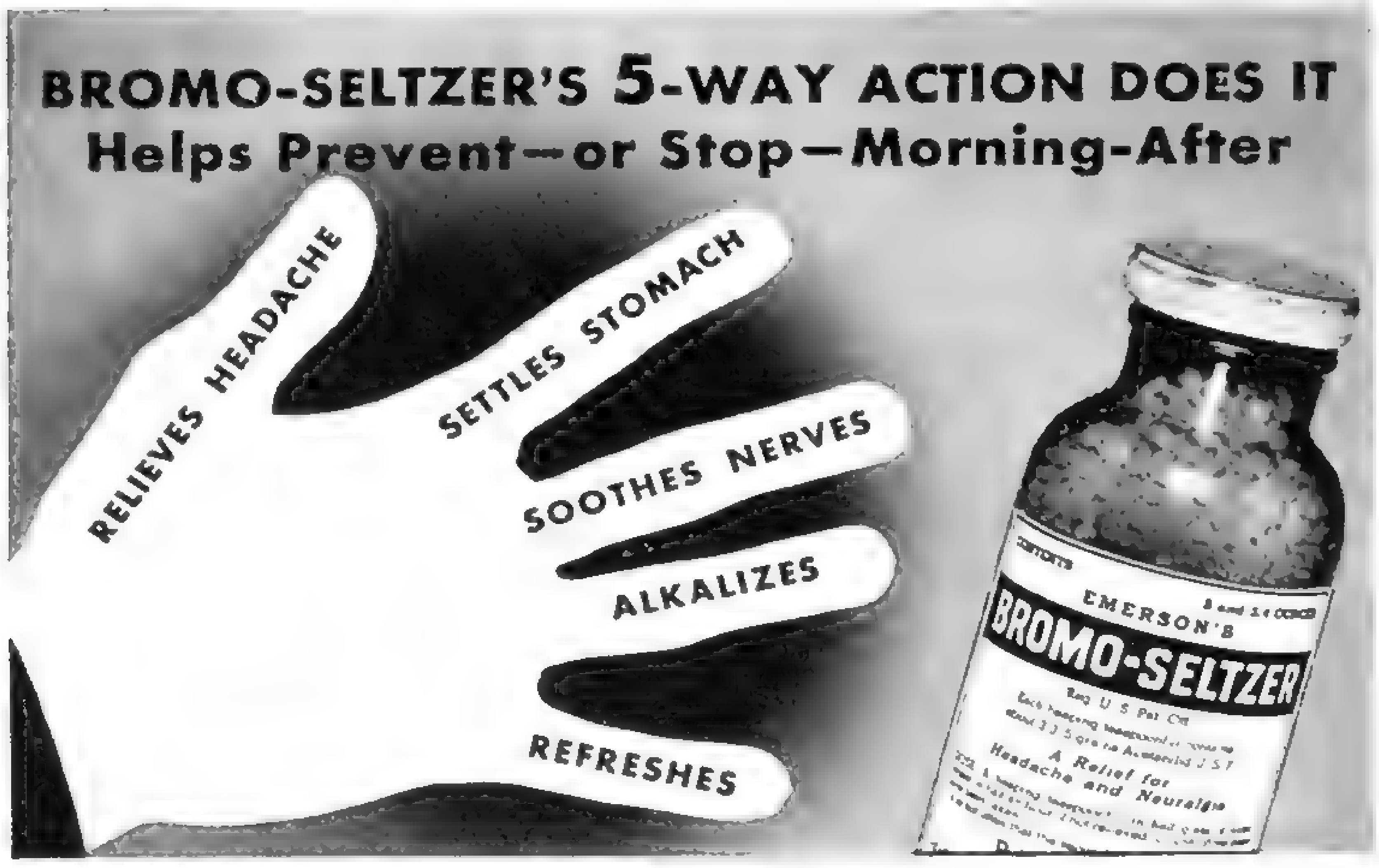
You can avoid them this *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

MORNING-AFTER MISERY shows in your eyes. They look the way you feel . . . dull, heavy, sick. Why not *avoid* this agony—wake more clear-eyed and keener?

Take Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE you go to bed. While you sleep, it counteracts the causes of a morning-after headache . . . settles an overburdened stomach . . . soothes jumpy nerves . . . ALKALIZES!

Usually it helps you wake without a headache. AFTER you wake—to feel peppier—take another Bromo-Seltzer. It checks the effects of fatigue.

At all drugstores and soda fountains. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet at home, too!


BROMO-SELTZER'S 5-WAY ACTION DOES IT
Helps Prevent—or Stop—Morning-After
RELIEVES HEADACHE
SETTLES STOMACH
SOOTHES NERVES
ALKALIZES
REFRESHES
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
A Relief for Headache and Neuralgia

## Fashion Is a Fairy

*Continued from page 36*

stomachs, as well as such impractical and uncomfortable affectations as all-white rooms. Stuffed doves and clusters of entwined fat cupids are considered amusing notes in the decor of the modern home; but surely they are not the expression of the normal American husband or wife. One woman of fashion, whom I shall call Mrs. Twigley, is so completely under the spell of an effeminate, though talented, decorator, that she lets him do over her bathroom every year, because he has convinced her that it relaxes her personality. One year it had a glass floor with tropical fish under it, so that every time you went to the toilet you felt like William Beebe. And once there were silver stars pasted all over the ceiling, until the natural effects of steam took their course, with the result that one fine morning during a hot shower stars fell on Mrs. Twigley. At the present time, the room is covered with zebras, and Mr. Twigley is slowly going nuts. The effect on his elimination processes has been alarming.

In a similar manner you can trace the influence of the lily lads in the more blatantly elegant artificialities of the theatre, the ballet, painting, photography and gay life. Since this is primarily a dissertation on the ruinous effects of perversion on women's clothes, I will not attempt to enlarge upon the ever-spreading menace in kindred fields. But it should serve to awaken you to the dangers of this virus which is gradually emasculating the country. The next time you hear something highly touted as "dreadfully chic" or "terribly amusing"—whether it be a new parlor game or ladies' high buttoned boots, be on your guard for the taint of swish. It is up to the hundred-per-cent normal males of the land—if there be any such still extant—to combat and subdue this tendency. The ladies are too far sunk in it to help themselves. And where it's a question of fashion, they do not think; they only follow blindly. But it's their menfolk who have to pay. They are the ones who suffer the consequences—both emotionally and financially. So up boys and at 'em! Take your women out of fashion's Chamber of Horrors and put them back in bed—where they belong. The future of the race is in your hands: the next time your wife buys a hat, you go with her—or the fairies will get her if you don't watch out! #

## Love Story Come False

*Continued from page 97*

For the present? Was he insane? She was silent again and Nicholas Forbes got up to wander around the studio and examine her sculpture and her belongings. His comments showed he had good artistic judgment and she found herself softening toward him. Perhaps he had no background or was just naturally tactless. Certainly he was rated a capable writer. She had read reviews of his books and stories.

He paused before a sculptured head of a young man, which she had done herself. It was not a portrait but a stylized conception of a young man's face—cruel, ruthless and passionately beautiful.

"Someone you knew?" asked Nicholas Forbes.

"Just any young man," she answered and came to stand beside him.

"What does it mean? That youth is beautiful?"

"No, I think not."

"Don't you think youth *is* beautiful?" How insistent he was!

"More crude than beautiful, perhaps."

"What's the matter? Do you resent me when I ask questions and try to talk frankly to you?"

"Oh, not at all," she lied.

"Don't you think we owe ourselves and each other that much respect, as artists?"

She saw what he meant. He was right. Real artists should be above flimsy niceties. It is hard enough to see clearly. It is painfully difficult sometimes to see even one object—even one act—so that it can be truly represented in an art form and its essential spirit conveyed to the observer. Yes, they *should* be above the silly camouflage of polite conversation.

"Yes, I do think so," she said gravely. And because he had made her feel mean and overly critical, she touched his hand with her own and added, "We must be friends. I need someone who is real to talk to at times."

"Well, then, tell me about the young man who modeled for the sculpture."

"I hadn't any actual model. I was just trying to capture the look I have seen on the faces of young men—at times."

"At times when they look at you?"

"No, no!"

"But you *do* know young men, surely? Young men who consider you exciting and beautiful and wish to be your lovers. You *have* known them."

She had to decide right now. Either he was sincere and friendly or he was the worst boor she had ever encountered. Her gentle nature handed down a decision in his favor. Perhaps if she told him a little about herself he would understand her better.

"I have known young men, sometimes," she said slowly, "who would have liked to be my lovers, I think, but I have always been careful not to give them a chance to say so."

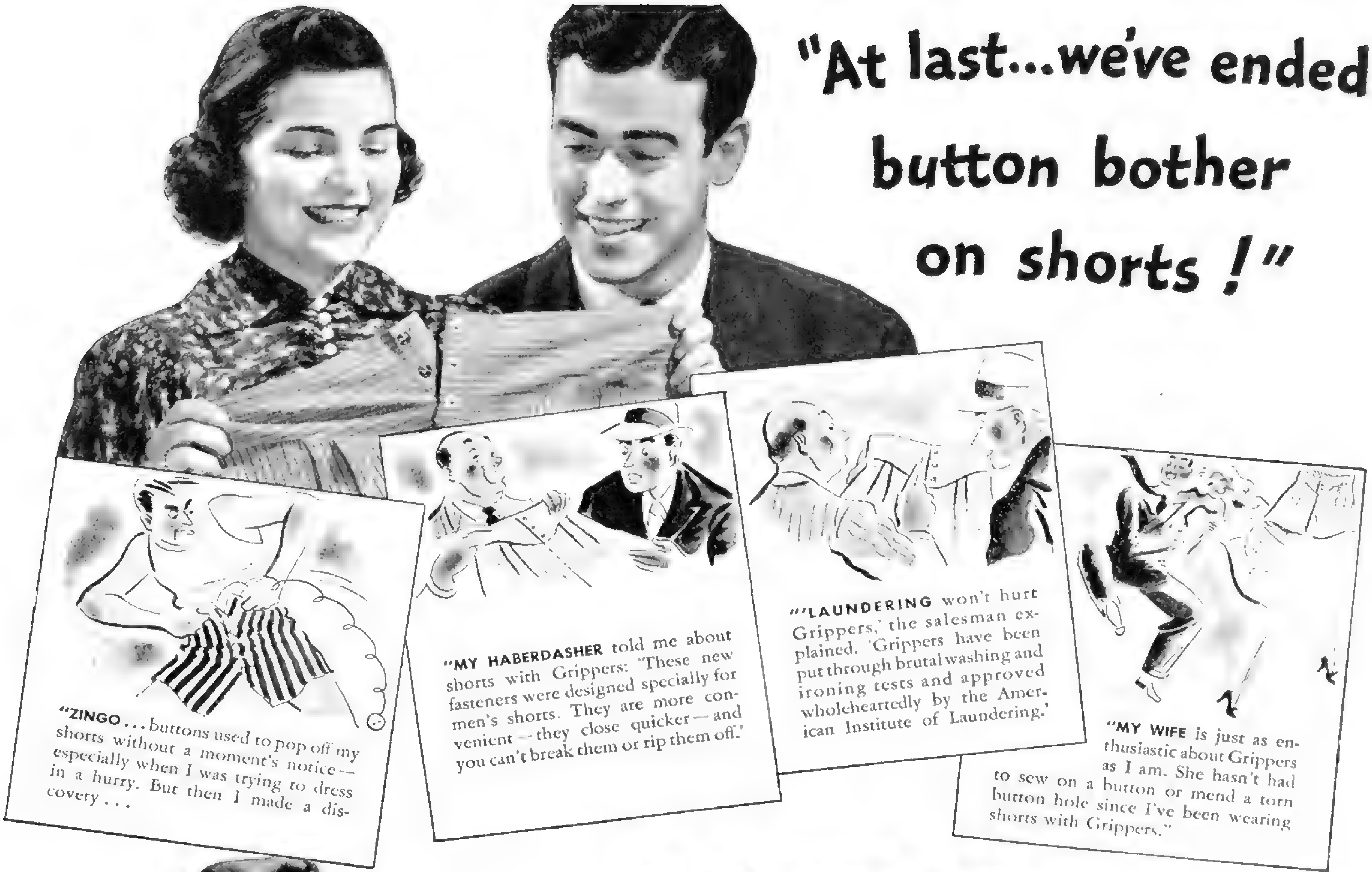
"But why? You live here alone. You're not responsible to anyone else, are you?"

"Just to Mac," she smiled.

"You never confide in anyone?"

*Continued on page 118*

# "At last...we've ended button bother on shorts!"



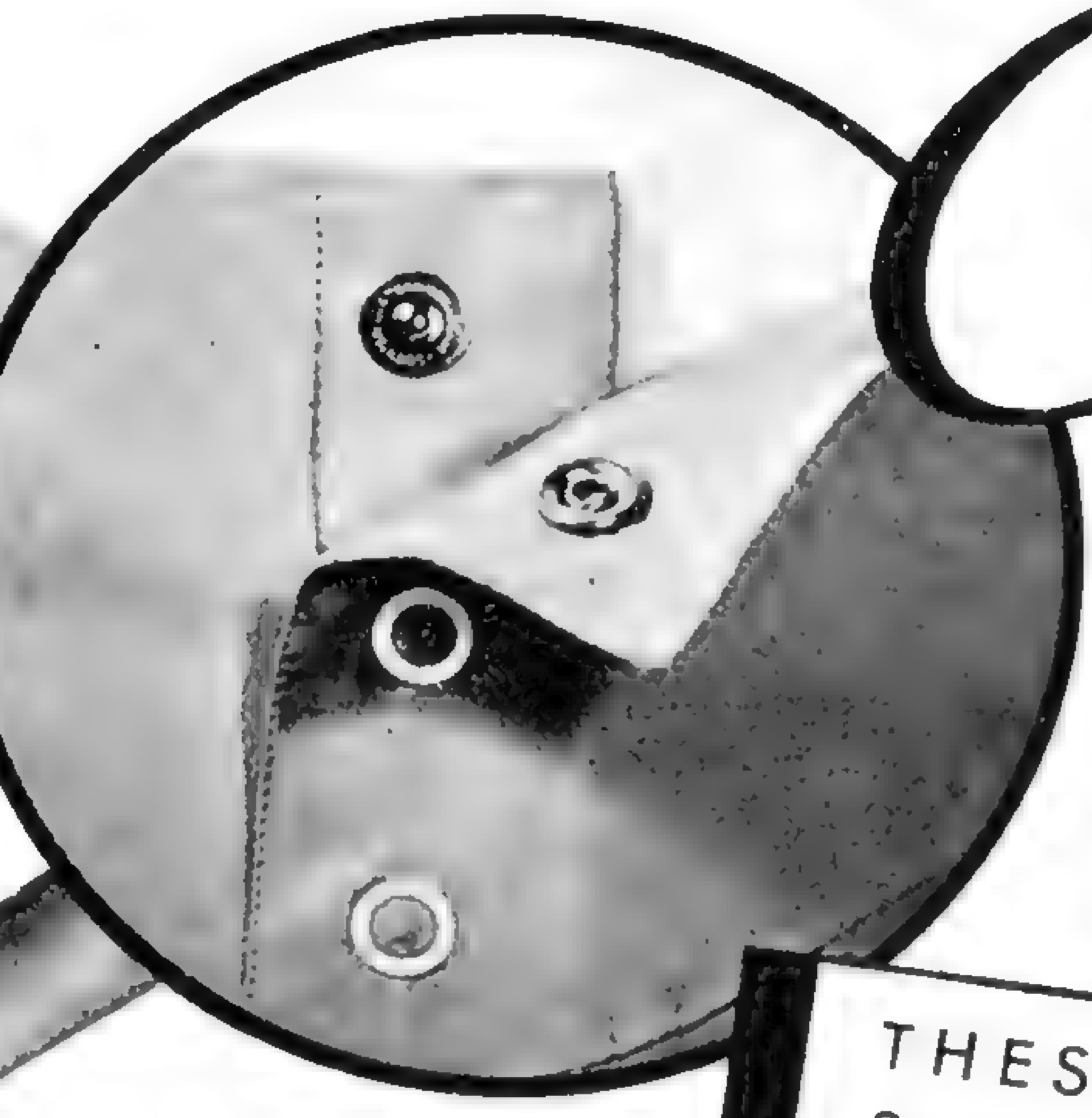
"ZINGO . . . buttons used to pop off my shorts without a moment's notice—especially when I was trying to dress in a hurry. But then I made a discovery . . .

"MY HABERDASHER told me about shorts with Grippers: 'These new fasteners were designed specially for men's shorts. They are more convenient—they close quicker—and you can't break them or rip them off.'

"'LAUNDERING won't hurt Grippers,' the salesman explained. 'Grippers have been put through brutal washing and ironing tests and approved wholeheartedly by the American Institute of Laundering.'

"MY WIFE is just as enthusiastic about Grippers as I am. She hasn't had to sew on a button or mend a torn button hole since I've been wearing shorts with Grippers."

## insist on SHORTS with *Grippers* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. instead of buttons



*Grippers are more convenient and they're laundry-proof*

*Guaranteed by*
Good Housekeeping
*as advertised therein*

**LAUNDRY-PROOF**

Grippers won't break or tear off. **But be sure you get genuine Grippers.** The name "Grippers" is stamped plainly on every fastener.

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THESE LEADING BRANDS OF SHORTS HAVE GRIPPERS . . .

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**AROSNAP SHORTS** by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
**MANSCO SHORTS** by Mansco
**ALLEN-A SHORTS** by The Allen-A Company
**B. V. D. SHORTS** by The B. V. D. Corporation
**SEALPAX SHORTS** by The Sealpax Company
**SHORT-EEZ SHORTS** by Superior, Inc.
**GOODSNAP SHORTS** by Goodenow Textiles Co.
**VARSITY SHORTS** by Varsity Underwear Co.
**CREVELING SHORTS** by Johnson & Creveling

Many department stores also carry their own brand of shorts equipped with Grippers. These quality shorts are made by **THE MOSES ROSENTHAL CO.** • **REGATTA MFG. CO.** **SEEGULL MFG. CO.** • **AINTREE CORPORATION** • Canadian-made shorts with Grippers include Arrow, B. V. D., Forsyth, St. James and Lewis. • Mexican-made Shorts with Grippers include High-Life and Society.

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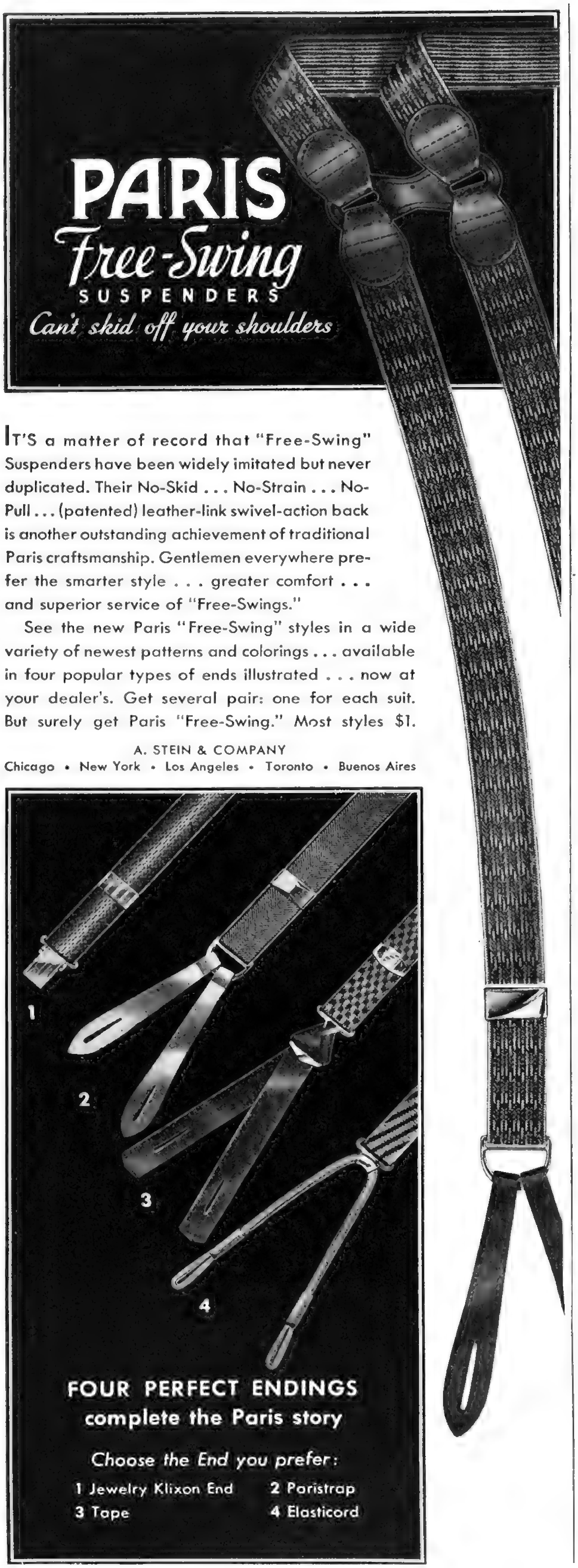
SCOVILL **SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
*Button and Fastener Division, Waterbury, Connecticut*



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FOUR PERFECT ENDINGS
complete the Paris story

Choose the End you prefer:
1 Jewelry Klixon End 2 Paristrap
3 Tape 4 Elasticord

## Love Story Come False

*Continued from pages 97-116*

"No one but Mac, and he's ever so discreet."

"Well, I'm discreet, too, and damnably curious about you." She found herself beginning to like his directness. It seemed masculine and admirable now.

"What do you wish to know about me?"

"Why you don't give the young men a chance to become your lovers."

She bit her lip and went to sit down again. He came and sat beside her and was quiet and after a moment she started to talk to him.

"I was married for five years to Frank Weldon. I loved him very much and I think I was happy with him. And then he wrote that book—about the woman—and I knew everyone thought it was I. It made me self-conscious with men—although you're the first who has ever dared mention it."

Nicholas Forbes laughed. "Go on," he said.

"Well, after Frank died other men tried to pay me attentions, of course, but I was always afraid they had read the book and would expect me to be like her."

"Who was she?"

He'd asked the question so suddenly she had no time to get behind her defenses again. "Frank's mistress," she said.

"Go on."

"That's really all. These past few years I've been working very hard and I've learned a way of being contented here alone. And strangely enough, I've learned that a great many people envy me. That seems to help keep me from feeling dissatisfied, though I don't know quite why."

He supplemented this idea. "And a great many men look at you covetously so you have no need to prove your fascination for your own satisfaction."

"Perhaps that also is true." How nice he was, after all! She felt at ease with him.

"And so you're telling me that you've lived here—chastely—all these years?"

"Yes."

"But, my God, you're wasting your life!"

She shook her head at him.

"And you never even think of wanting a man? Come on, prove to me that you can tell the whole truth when you try."

He was a disturbing person. Perhaps he was dangerous. But now Rose was tipsy with the wine of confession and couldn't stop. She spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"Before you came this evening I was leaning out of my window watching for you. I remembered you as a very kind and pleasant man and I think I was hoping that you would prove to be someone I could fall in love with."

"Now you have *me* blushing," he said. "Are you trying to tell me that I've already killed my chances with you?"

"I'm afraid you have. You've made me say too much about myself. After this, I should always be uncomfortable with you."

"But you *did* think you'd like me. Why me—and none of the others?"

"Because I thought surely *you* wouldn't expect me to be like the woman in Frank's book—because you're a writer and make up characters, too."

"I see."

"So if you don't mind," she said, rising, "I think it would be nice if we went for a little walk."

"Just as you say." He seemed abstracted.

"I'll get my things." She ran up the flight of stairs leading to her balcony bedroom and went into the clothes closet after her hat and coat. When she came out into the bedroom again he was there, his back against the door, and she could hear Mac growling outside.

"Please wait for me downstairs."

"You need a man."

"But perhaps I don't feel that I need *you*."

"You've been so long without one, you don't know what you need!"

Her face felt stiff with anger and her lips could hardly form words. "Please go downstairs, at once! I don't like your coming up here to try to force yourself on me."

For answer he walked over to her and seized her roughly. She fought him and he threw her on the bed. He managed to get his lips against hers. It was useless to push against his chest. He was too heavy and too strong. Her whole attention became fixed on freeing her hands. A full moment before she succeeded and then she dug her nails into his forehead and brought them down across his face. He swore and jumped away from her.

He hurried over to a mirror to inspect the damage—two bright rows of bleeding scratches. Rose lay right where she was, faint and panting. Then his vanity struck her as being funny and she laughed, a rough rasping laugh that she could hardly believe.

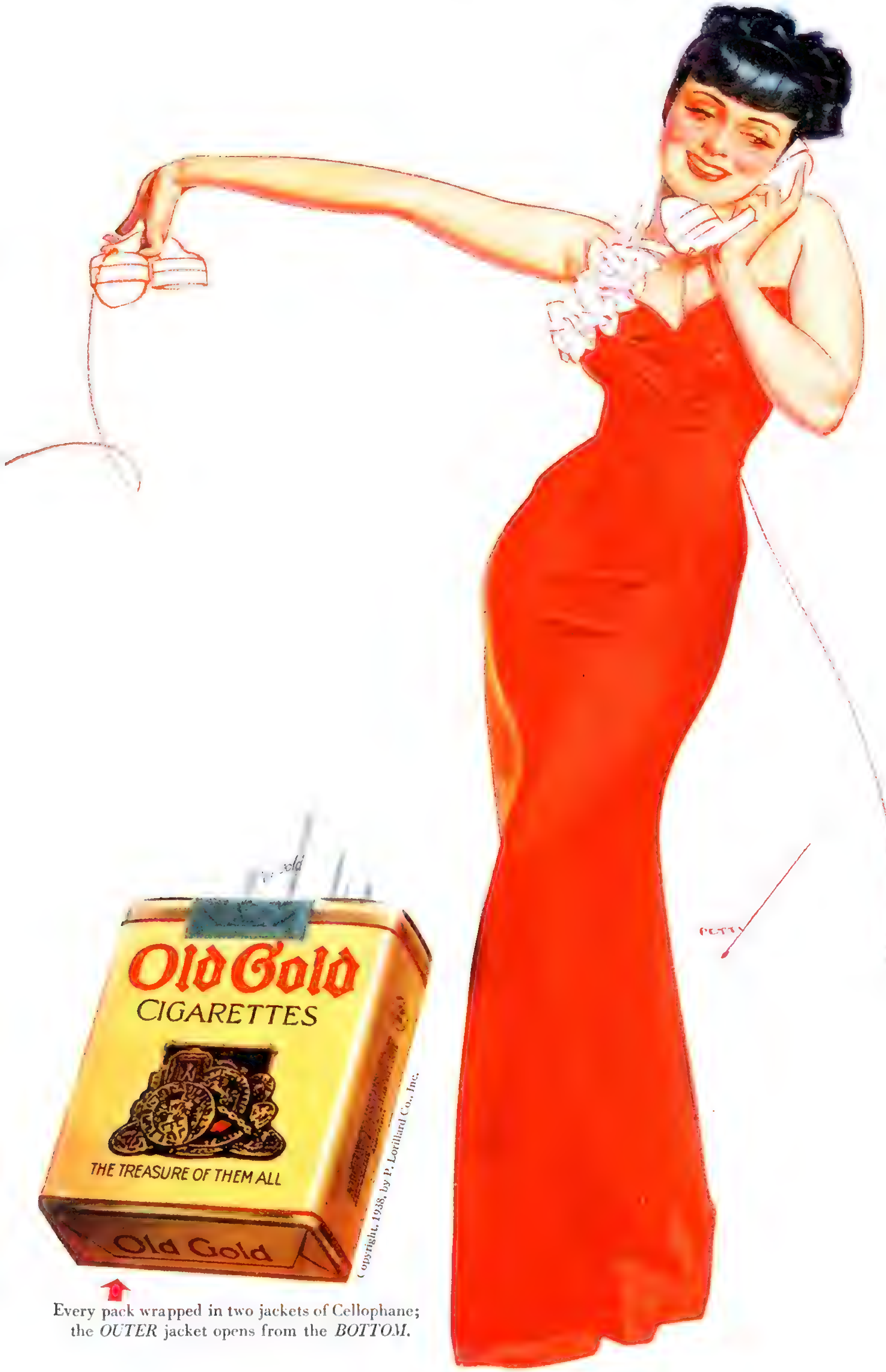
He rushed out of the bedroom and Mac slipped in, snapping at Nicholas Forbes' trouser legs in passing.

She heard his feet going down the stairs, across the studio (he was after his hat) and then back again and the entrance door opened and slammed. With one leap she was off the bed and had his book from under the window-seat cushion. The window was still open and she saw his head just passing underneath. With all her might she hurled the book and it struck him right behind the ear. She was pleased to see that he staggered a little as he stooped to pick it up from the alley's muddy pavement.

"Put *that* in your next book for *me!*" Rose shrieked.

He didn't even look around. He had his book of love stories and he ran—right out of Washington Mews. ##

# Leading a Double Life!


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
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PETTY

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane;
the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

No, no! We don't
Mean the gal!
We wouldn't know
About her.
We're talking about
Old Gold Cigarettes.
You see,
Old Golds are
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Because they're blended
From double-fine
Prize crop tobaccos.
Really double-aged
(3 years or more).
And they're
Double-delightful
Because they're always
Double-fresh . . .
Kept that way
By a
Double-wrapping
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Two jackets
Instead of one
Double-guard
O. G.'s freshness.
You'll find
Fresh Old Golds
Double-rich
In flavor.
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We'll bet
You'll say . . .
Old Gold's
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Like the gal!

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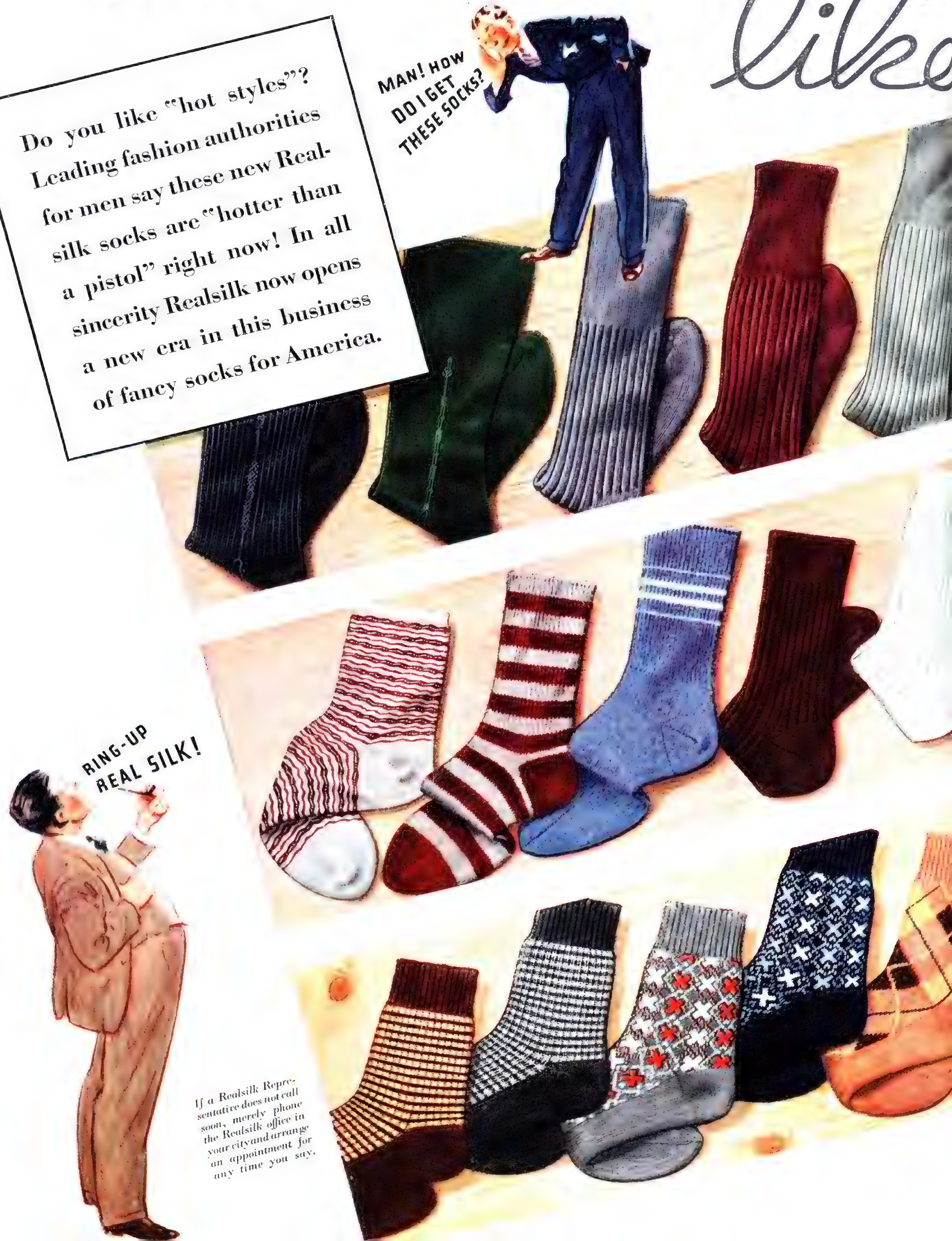
For Finer *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

# You've been asking

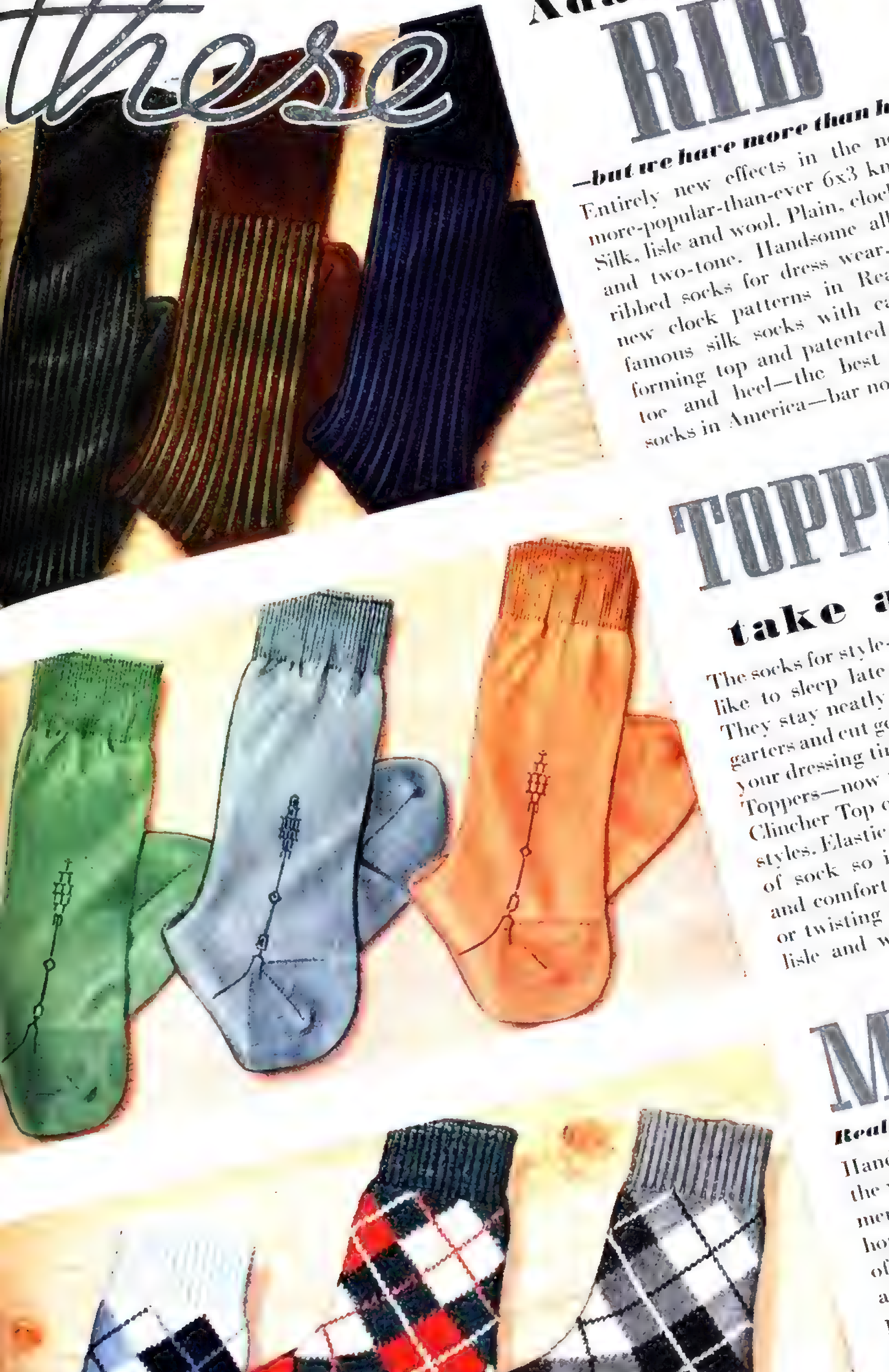
# lik

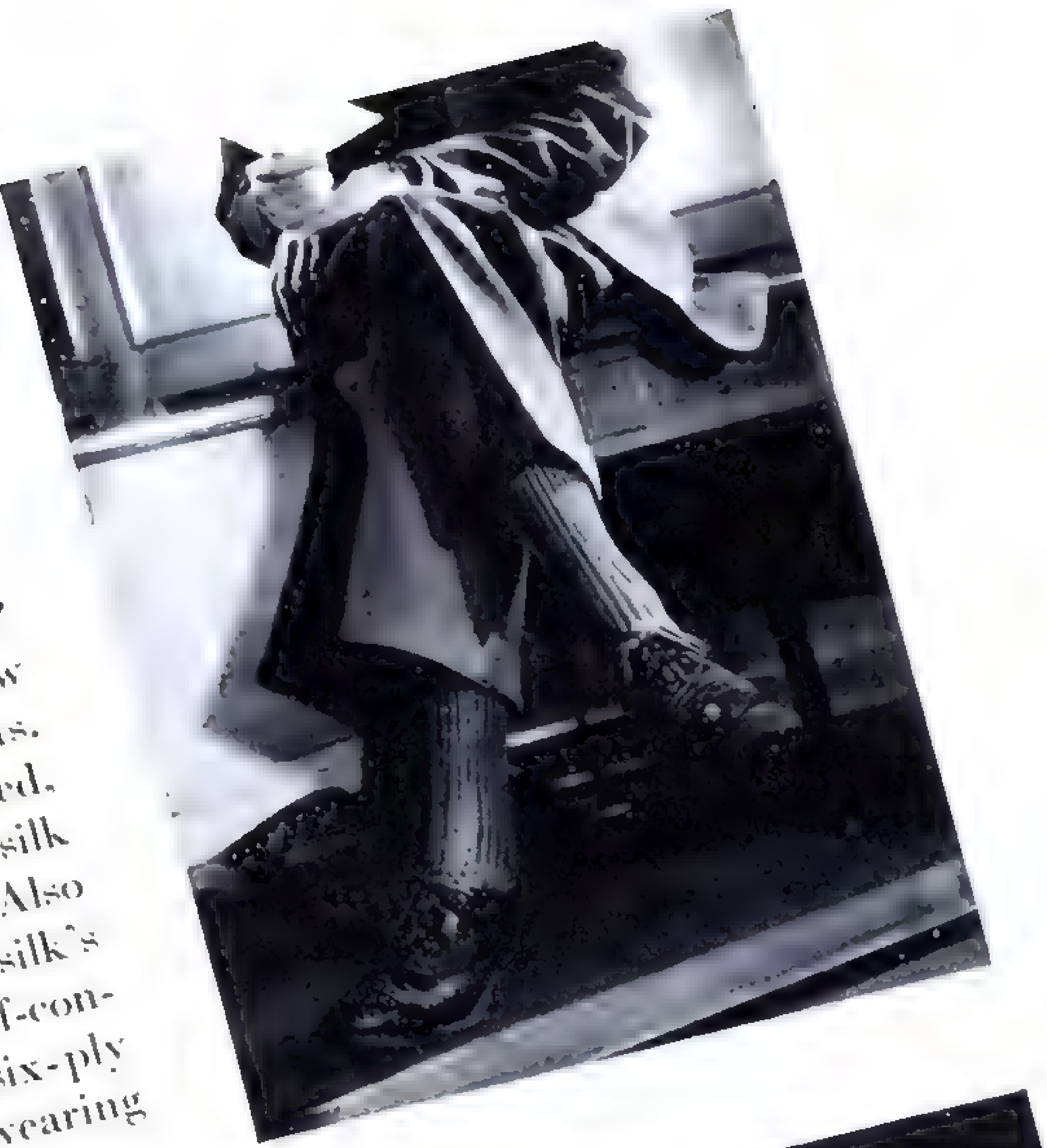
Do you like "hot styles"? Leading fashion authorities for men say these new Realsilk socks are "hotter than a pistol" right now! In all sincerity Realsilk now opens a new era in this business of fancy socks for America.


MAN! HOW DO I GET THESE SOCKS?
RING-UP REAL SILK!

If a Realsilk Representative does not call soon, merely phone the Realsilk office in your city and arrange an appointment for any time you say.

# for socks these





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Typical of Shirley's "guild" workers is Mrs. Cummings Walden shown in kitchen of her home, which looks out on the main street of the village.

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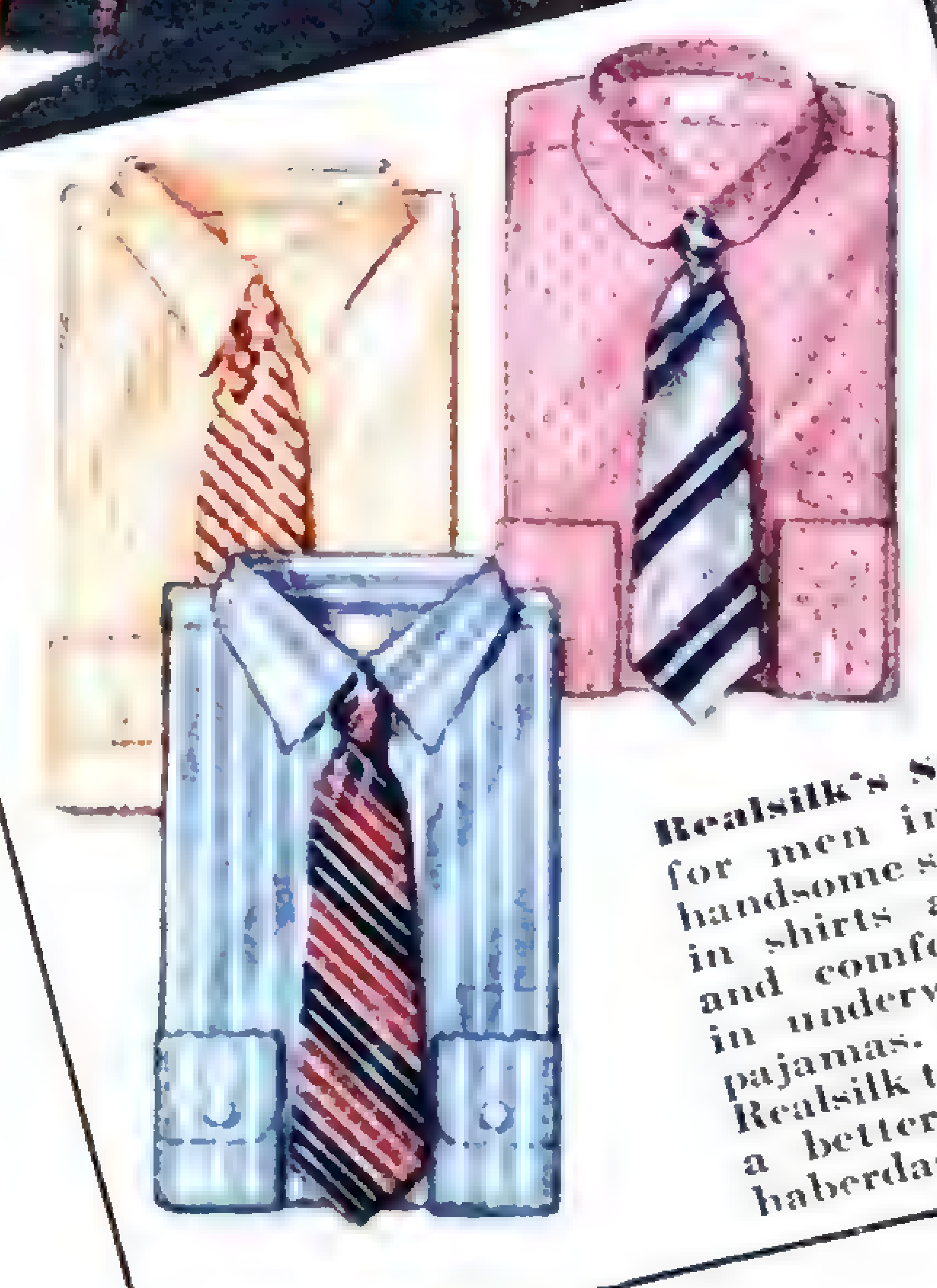
Hand-frame knitted for Realsilk in the village of Shirley, Maine, by the men and women living there. A real home industry—probably the first of its kind since the Revolution and a paradox in these days of mass production. An actual return to the old guild idea. Made by Americans, in American homes from pure American wool. These are the highest priced socks in our entire line, but you individualists will be glad to pay more when you see them.



**Realsilk's Service** for men includes handsome selection in shirts and ties and comfort ideas in underwear and pajamas. Made for Realsilk to give men a better break in haberdashery.

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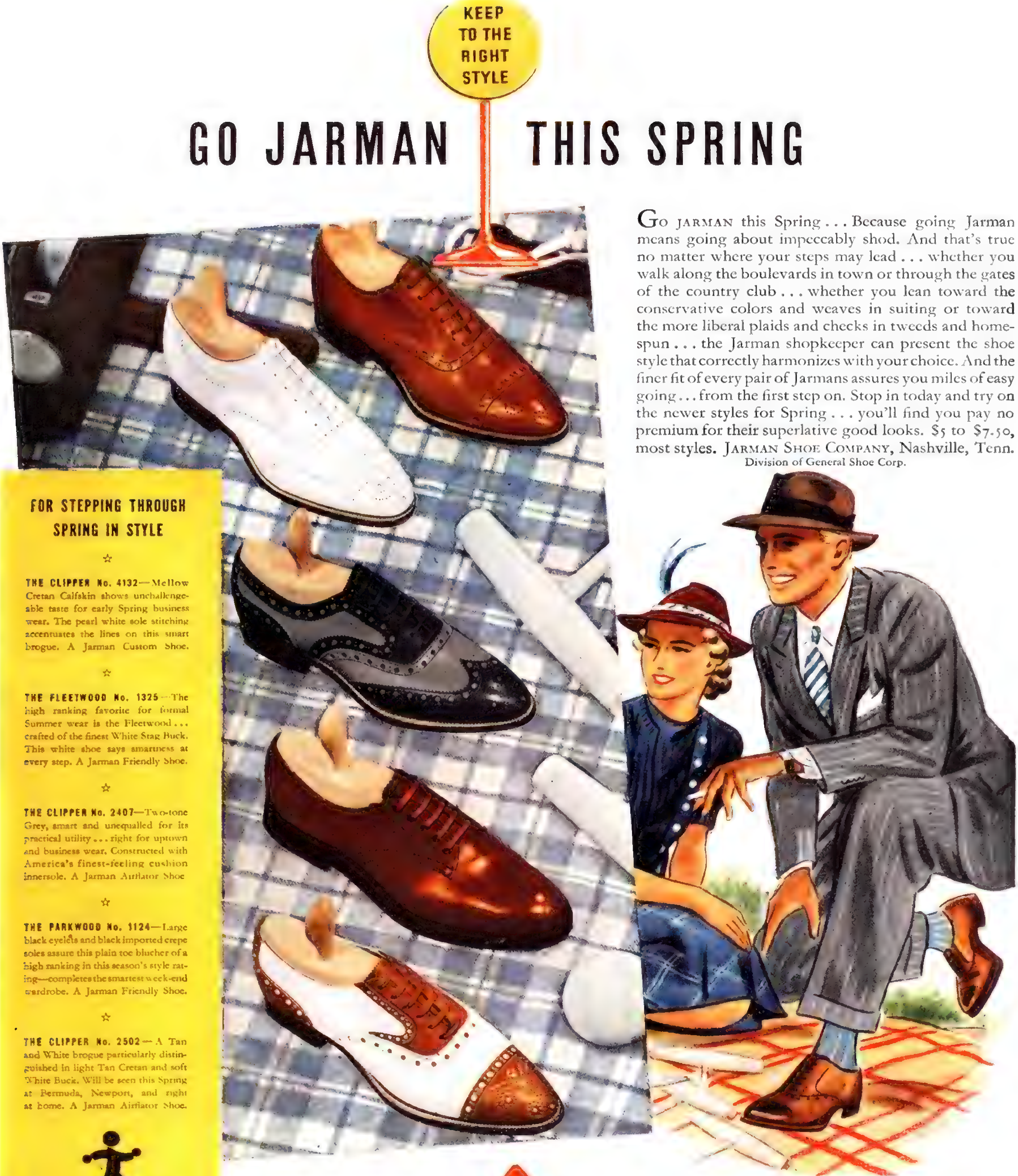
# GO JARMAN THIS SPRING



Go Jarman this Spring . . . Because going Jarman means going about impeccably shod. And that's true no matter where your steps may lead . . . whether you walk along the boulevards in town or through the gates of the country club . . . whether you lean toward the conservative colors and weaves in suiting or toward the more liberal plaids and checks in tweeds and homespun . . . the Jarman shopkeeper can present the shoe style that correctly harmonizes with your choice. And the finer fit of every pair of Jarmans assures you miles of easy going . . . from the first step on. Stop in today and try on the newer styles for Spring . . . you'll find you pay no premium for their superlative good looks. $5 to $7.50, most styles. Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tenn.
Division of General Shoe Corp.

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☆

**THE CLIPPER No. 4132**—Mellow Cretan Calfskin shows unchallengeable taste for early Spring business wear. The pearl white sole stitching accentuates the lines on this smart brogue. A Jarman Custom Shoe.

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**THE FLEETWOOD No. 1325**—The high ranking favorite for formal Summer wear is the Fleetwood . . . crafted of the finest White Stag Buck. This white shoe says smartness at every step. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

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**THE PARKWOOD No. 1124**—Large black eyelets and black imported crepe soles assure this plain toe blucher of a high ranking in this season's style rating—completes the smartest week-end wardrobe. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

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**THE CLIPPER No. 2502**—A Tan and White brogue particularly distinguished in light Tan Cretan and soft White Buck. Will be seen this Spring at Bermuda, Newport, and right at home. A Jarman Airflator Shoe.

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$5 TO $7.50

## Jarman
SHOES FOR MEN

## Who Will Win the War in Spain?

*Continued from page 41*

enormously magnified, speaking into the forests, stimulating him into downright eloquence. "I was over there with you and my belly was empty. I was in rags and my skin crawled with lice. And now I have been here for two days, I have eaten well, I have new clothes and the lice are gone! After all, what are you trying to get, you over there?"

That's how he spoke. We all laughed, and a Political Commissar whispered in my ear: "I am green with envy when I hear what a popular language this fellow has!"

This speech became so famous that the government made him a sergeant.

Thus we continually improved our propaganda, and at Guadalajara it assumed huge proportions. There we had before us four motorized Italian divisions, which at first, with their superior numbers, broke our lines several times in succession. But in reality these Fascists were no real Fascists at all. They were unemployed men who had been forced into the army. They did not want to fight. When they advanced toward us, they happened to make their first attack upon the Garibaldi battalion. The name Garibaldi has a good ring among the Fascists also. (Even Mussolini has to make use of this champion of democratic freedom in his demagogy.)

The Garibaldi battalion easily repulsed the Fascist attack, and learned from their prisoners that they were facing Italians. At once they began to shout across to their lines and actually succeeded in bringing over deserters. These told them that the Italians had not the slightest desire to fight the Garibaldi troops, having heard that they were excellent.

You know the outcome of Guadalajara: the precipitate flight of the Italians, the loss of a great part of their arms, their ammunition, their tents. Trucks, tractors, guns, flame throwers, trench mortars and mountains of gasoline tanks fell into our hands. Franco had to bring up his last reserves in a hurry to halt us. But even these fresh troops we demoralized, and they too began to come over to our side.

### III

Since our offensive near Brunete in July, 1937, the disintegration in the Fascist army has assumed large proportions. Sometimes thirty deserters came over to our ranks in one day, and there were quarrels and uprisings behind the enemy lines.

But the causes of these conflicts are rather to be sought in the conditions behind Franco's lines. Who actually stands behind Franco? Obviously the powers of intervention, Italy and Germany. And right here begins the disorder and the dissension. You hear so much of the difficulties between Anarchists and the popular front parties, but they are in perfect harmony compared to the robber states trying to gain control of the iron ore of Bilbao, the Spanish mercury, copper, and all their other resources. Franco calls himself a nationalist, but in order to get sufficient arms and ammunition for victory, he has to bribe Germany and Italy, ceding them one part of Spain after another. For this reason he became unpopular with his own Fascists and other nationalist partisans.

The workers hate him, anyhow, because he has robbed them of their rights, and had them shot in great numbers in Badajoz, in Toledo, in Sevilla, and throughout Andalusia.

Franco's greatest problem is agriculture. All economists have declared that Spain could only be developed by the abolition of feudalism and a new distribution of the land. But all Franco's support comes from the nobility, the officer cast and similar groups. Therefore he cannot carry through any agrarian reforms. The peasant is hungry; he has not enough land, and his rent and taxes are too high. Thus the peasant opposes Franco.

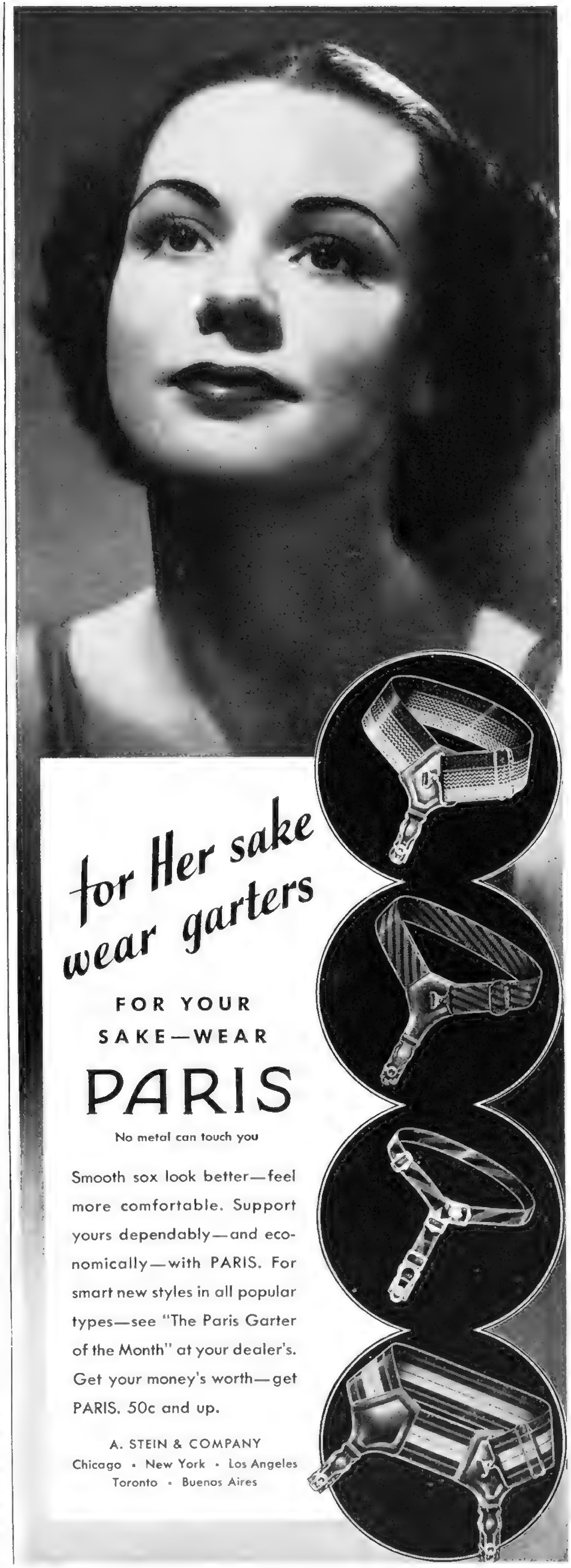
You may doubt this statement, but we can prove its correctness. Whereas the enemy can work behind our lines only with spies, we are sending special troops through gaps in the front to the villages behind the lines. Thus we are able to fight Franco even in the territory he has won. Without peasant sympathy this would be impossible. In this manner we organize guerilla warfare, or assist the peasants where they have already started it. In the south of Spain there have been several workers' insurrections. When the workers could not hold out against the troops who were trying to suppress them, they retreated to the peasants in the mountains. From there they attack and rob trains and supply columns, in order to get food, and also to harm Franco.

You can see that Franco has three problems on hand all of which are incapable of solution: the distribution of land, the workers, and the national question. That may help you to understand why there are nationalists on the side of the popular front. It is because they realize that the so-called national government of Franco will lead only to the sale of Spain; it is rather the government of the people's front that deserves the name of national.

### IV

What is the agrarian situation on our side? I must admit at once that it has been very confused. The government of Largo Caballero had at the end only the Anarchists behind it, and had become a hindrance to rather than a promoter of the people's front. The unification of the command was prevented for the sake of the Anarchists, who themselves supplied only a few good military

*Continued on page 124*



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## Who Will Win the War in Spain?

*Continued from pages 41-123*

leaders. Durutti and Mera were both friends of the people's front and of discipline. They could hardly be called real Anarchists any more. In a unified command the incapable Anarchist high officers would have had to be removed almost at once.

For the same reason, because he was losing more and more the support of his own Socialist party, Largo Caballero bestowed special privileges upon Anarchists in the administration, and that is why the so-called "Council" of Aragon could not be touched. This council was controlled by the Anarchists, and was super-revolutionary.

At last in the Summer of 1937 the Negrin government took measures and simply removed the Council of Aragon. On this occasion we also discovered what we had for a long time suspected, that the Council of Aragon had been having dealings with the Fascists. When, a few days after the removal of the Council, the best troops of Madrid appeared in Aragon in order to launch an offensive against Franco, the population received them as liberators with flowers and wine.

The liquidation of the special privileges of the Anarchists is necessary for the carrying on of production in Catalonia. It is by no means directed against Catalonian autonomy. In Barcelona the unified Socialist party and its trade unions, the U.G.T., have for a long time been stronger than the corresponding Anarchist organizations. This also makes the change necessary.

### V

During almost the whole of the war I have lived in villages, and I know, therefore, the feelings of the peasants. One night, when we were loaded on trucks to make a night attack on the enemy, the whole village flocked to the barracks to say good-bye. They were reserved, as the Spanish always are, but one could tell that they were anxious in our behalf. When the first officer came back, the peasants, men and women crowded around him, and asked about each one of us, if anything had happened to him.

I shall give you now an example of our educational work among the peasants. In the battle on the Jarama in one of our Spanish battalions there occurred numerous cases of self mutilation. These men had all shot themselves in the hand. We were not able to examine the individual cases. If we had, we would have found out that a Spanish major of our brigade had been in collusion with these men and discharged them from the army, so weakening our forces. These men were among the first conscripts, and were mostly peasants, who could not read or write. One day we received from the mayor of one of the villages to which these men had returned, a bill for paid wages, and thus we found out. We wired that the mutilators must be sent to us at once, and they obeyed without a word. According to the usual military procedure they should have been court-martialed and shot. But a law of amnesty permitted us to treat them differently, and so we put them into a punitive company.

To command this company I found a regular Spanish officer who had a good reputation. I explained to him that this company must be an educational, not a punitive, one. It was to be used behind the front for roadmaking and similar constructive work. All brutality and humiliating treatment must be avoided.

This company was separated from the other brigade and quartered in a small village. After some time I received the news that it had developed amazingly. The former mutilators had not only all learned to read and write; they had also begun to develop independently their own political life. The Spanish lieutenant had made them see why they must not only defend their own villages, but also the whole of Spain. He had filled these shirkers with such a fine spirit that when I dissolved the company, officers from all parts of the brigade came to me to ask for these excellent soldiers.

One day in a dugout of another brigade directly behind the front I met a teacher who showed me enthusiastically the copy books of his soldier-pupils, and complained only because he had not enough writing models to satisfy his pupils' zeal.

These military teachers are being organized in the so-called *milicias de cultura*.

Such work as the abolition of illiteracy and the transformation of shirkers into convinced defenders of the Republic is impossible in a Fascist system like Franco's, which is strange to the hearts of the people and hated by everybody.

This is the human basis upon which our cause stands much firmer than the cause of the Fascists.

### VI

Now I come to the question of foreign policy in this war. I shall not touch on the attitude of England and France, since you know it well enough, and it is probably as incomprehensible to you as it is to me. I should like to introduce

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you to a few strategic considerations.

The great military theoretician, Clausevitz, has established two principles: the strategy of annihilation and the strategy of attrition, or of wearing down the enemy. In the World War the Germans had to try to gain a victory over one of their two opponents by means of a short, decisive operation, which would force him to a quick conclusion of peace. Germany had to use such a strategy of annihilating the enemy because she lacked the foodstuffs and raw materials necessary for a long war. But, as you know, Germany was not successful. The allies used the strategy of wearing down the enemy, forced Germany into a war of resources, and won.

What is the situation today? For the Fascists it is exactly the same as it had been for Germany in the World War, only much more unfavorable.

The Fascist triple alliance—Germany, Italy, and Japan—is an alliance of countries poor in raw materials. Germany has at least coal, but hardly any iron, copper, oil or raw materials for textiles. Still worse is the situation in Italy and Japan. All three are also weak financially, and have not sufficient gold and capital. They are already having the greatest difficulty in buying raw materials for their war preparations.

If the lack of raw materials demanded already in 1914 a military policy of attack at any price, after the experience of the World War the German General Staff had to evolve a theory of "lightning war." One only needs to unmask the bluff of the Fascists: this theory of "lightning war" does not derive from the strength of the Fascists, but from their economic weakness.

The Chief of the Italian General Staff, Pariana, has declared before the Italian cabinet that Italy must gain a victory in Spain in the shortest possible time; that it could not afford a war of position which would use up too much material.

For this reason the German General Staff evolved a further theory, the so-called theory of basic points. That means that the Fascist forces intend to make small "lightning wars," in order to win basic points of support for the large war, the new World War.

Just consider what the Fascist powers have done during the last few years. First Japan occupied Manchuria as a point of attack against the Soviet Union and against China. Following this she tried to occupy Shanghai as a vantage point against China and against the trade and influence of the United States and England in China.

Then the Italians occupied Abyssinia and from this point threatened England's sea route to India.

Next Germany and Italy brought Austria under their spheres of influence, from which to attack Czechoslovakia, the ally of France and the Soviet Union.

Then Germany and Italy organized the Civil War in Spain. The Spanish general Sanjuro, a monarchist, received instructions for it in April, 1936, from the Nazi leaders in Berlin.

In a secret memorandum from the Reichswehr, September, 1937, you will find the following explanation:

"According to the theory of the lightning attack Spain may be looked upon as an ideal focal point. Spain has a dominating position at one of the crossroads in world politics. By means of the possession of North Morocco it dominates the Straits of Gibraltar (14 kilometers wide) the opening or closing of which in case of a war can be of great importance for all Mediterranean powers."

In this passage you see the "lightning war" and its importance for the support of Franco quite openly expressed by Hitler. But by their actions the Fascist powers have expressed it still more clearly.

Japan is right now occupying parts of China. Germany is preparing a sudden thrust against Czechoslovakia, and many assume that she is also preparing a civil war in Brazil on the Spanish model.

But! Something unexpected has happened. The war in Spain did not turn out as the Fascist powers planned it to. It is not a "lightning war"—since the Fascists were stopped before Madrid—but has become trench warfare, and therefore consumes supplies and raw materials, and reduces the ultimate benefits to the Fascists.

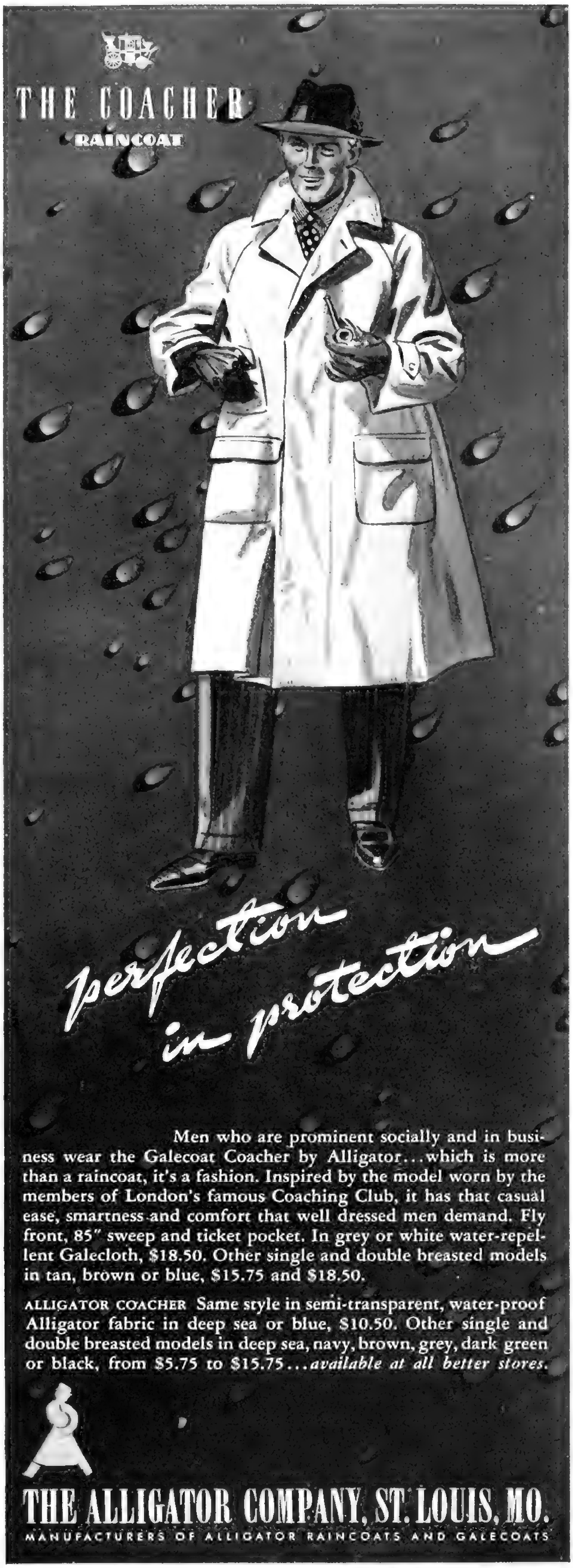
From the memorandum just mentioned we know that Germany had sent to Spain 550 planes, 300 tanks, 550 big guns, and more than 6,000 machine guns by September, 1937.

And we know more than this. The deserters used to complain of the bad care they got from the Fascists. But during the last offensive on the Aragon Front, the deserters have not been complaining on this score. We were able to capture their vast stores of supplies and foodstuffs. Among many other good things we found German meats sewed up in sacks. Are the Germans already being compelled to take from the stock which they had stored up for the Great War? It is well known that there is a shortage of meat in Germany.

The economic difficulties due to the war are being hard on the Fascist countries. Therefore they must try now at the last moment to change the war from a slow moving one to a "lightning" one. And so Mussolini sends planes and artillery to Spain in an uninterrupted stream. Now is just the moment to help Republican Spain, so that she may continue the war against Fascism.

Your President Roosevelt has spoken.

Help my Spanish brothers, and at the same time defend the old American democratic ideals. ##



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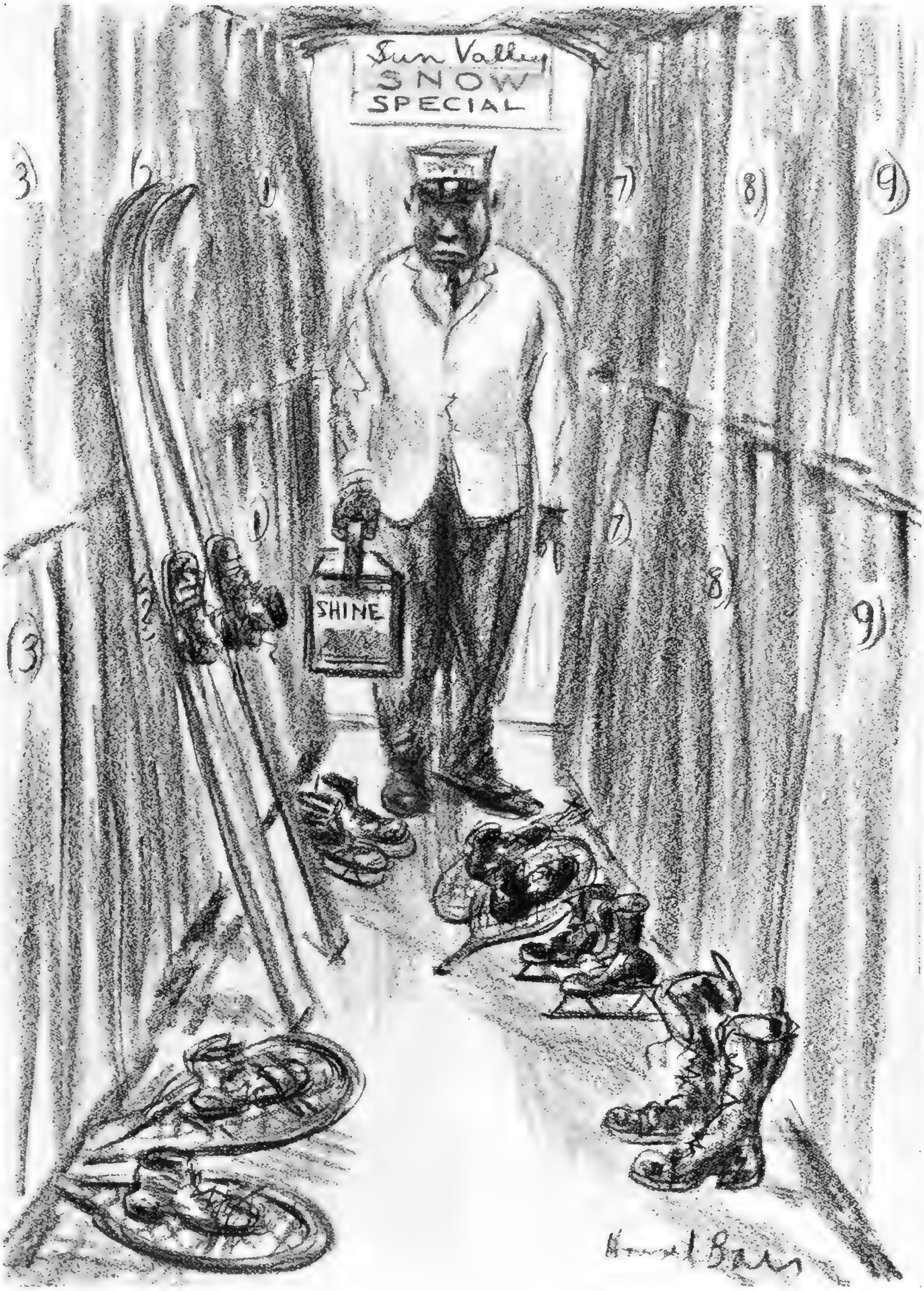
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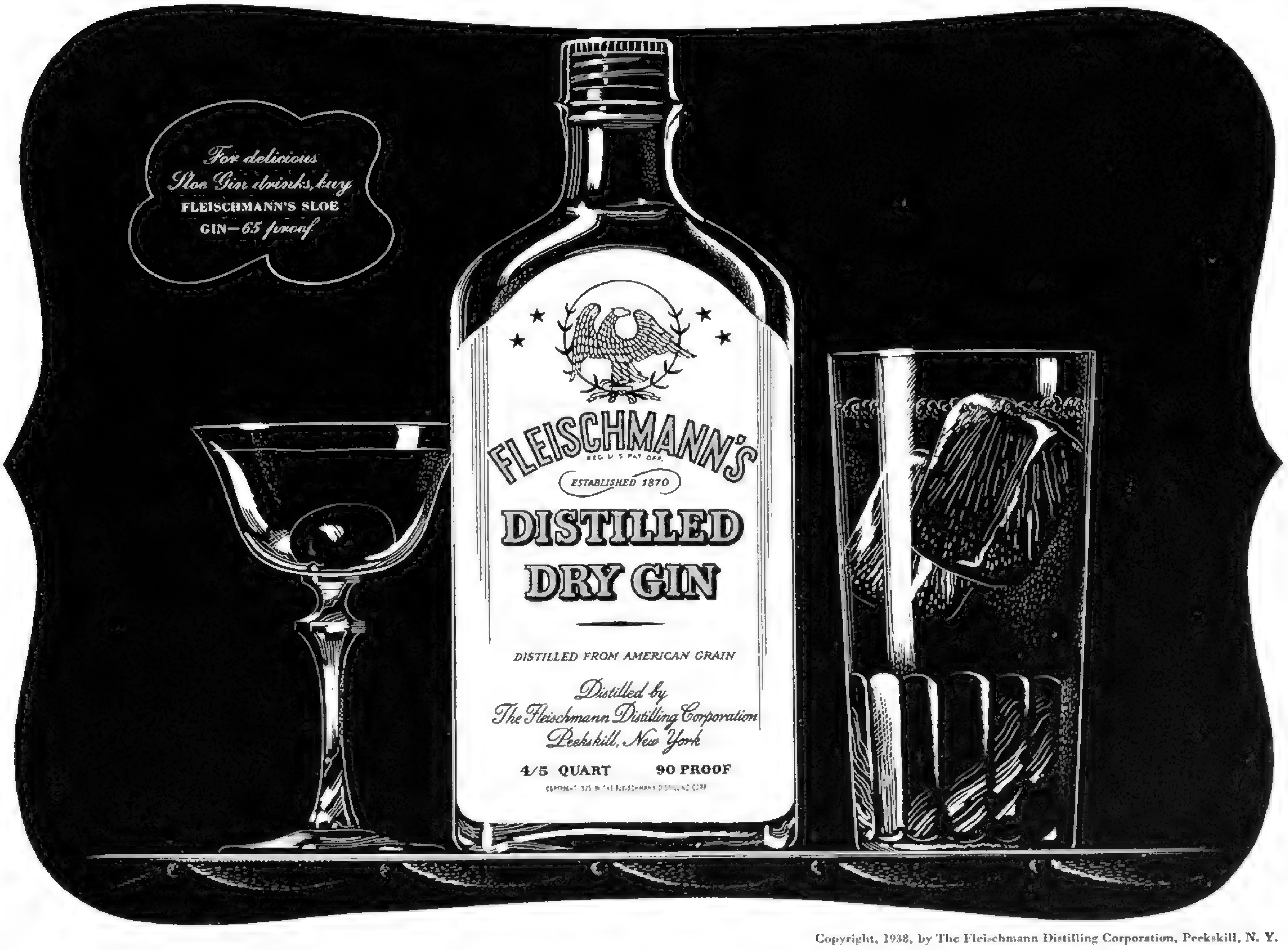

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## A Place of Refuge

*Continued from page 52*

magnificent rod and said Peachy! Why, it was like saying Hiyah Toots to the Pope—said Wentworth and sat weakly back in his chair.

But that wasn't all—he muttered, pain in his voice. She switched that rod, boys. She switched it as we used to try buggy whips in the old days. Switching a rod tells you nothing about it. To get the personality of a rod you hold the grip in your two hands and move it gently. Then it talks to you . . . Talks!

But this brat switched that Bilkins masterpiece and someone else came up the stairs and she turned to look, still switching, and the second joint came down on the back of a chair and broke squarely off at the ferrule . . .

Wentworth covered his eyes with his hands slowly and sat so a moment. When he spoke again his voice was strained.

It's something you don't talk about—he said. The red-head had a great deal to say. She said it tearfully, I presume, and loudly but I didn't hear. Not much. I had a buzzing in my ears.

But she didn't understand what she'd done. She hadn't the slightest comprehension of what she'd done. I know she muffed completely what she'd done because this is what I did hear her say:

"I'll have another made for you exactly like it," she said to Phil.

She's going to try to replace that rod—said Wentworth, shaking his head. She's going to have another *Last Supper* painted. She is going to have Taj Mahal duplicated. She's going—he said—to have another Polaris hung in the sky . . . the presuming little trollop!

You see, they don't get the essence of it. They're not constituted to catch the essence of the quality that makes fishing what it is. And having them around is, for one regardful of the prerequisites and prerogatives of his sex, like hearing a finger nail scratched on plaster.

Now, for another parable—said Wentworth. This is with the guns. With the guns and dogs in grouse country. In grouse country in October—he said, with his eyes going soft.

Mack and I were in our old Michigan territory. We'd had three marvelous days and are sitting down on a log on a big cherry ridge late in the afternoon, giving ourselves and the dog a breather.

We heard voices approaching and after a bit two hunters and a strapping black and white pointer come into sight. The pointer is doing a handsome job of work, too, and we watch him mostly. One of these hunters has stopped to tie a boot lace when the dog gets his nose full and begins making game.

It was about then that we realized the hunter behind the dog was a girl. I remember that Mack stopped filling his pipe and gawped. A veritable Brunhilde, and she walked as a man would. Supple and competent, I mean.

The dog had slowed down. He worked over to the left, scrooched close to the ground; stopped; went on cautiously; ran a few steps; swung to the right; threw up his head; crawled on again. Birds running ahead of him in the brakes, see? Birds for certain with a dog that tense and I stood up with a tingle running my spine.

Just then he went down. He went down like a rock. There was no mistaking it. He had those birds dead to rights.

Now, this girl never hesitated. She never looked back for the lad with her as plenty would have done. When birds act that way there's no telling what they'll do. She needed to have her eyes front every split second. She walked in just right, fast enough to give her a chance if they started on again and not so fast that she was off balance an instant. Just *right*, I say.

There were two of them. Two birds, I mean—said Wentworth and they flushed together right under her feet.

Two birds from under her feet, one swinging to the right, the other to her left, making a wide angle of divergence. Enough to rattle anybody, that. Enough to upset an old timer. Enough to throw the average woman into a fit.

But not this girl. That's what I'm getting at: not this girl.

The bird going left had less than twenty yards to thick cedars, and the one off to the right was heading for scattered clumps of choke cherries.

She swung as decisively as I've ever seen a gun swung in the field, I tell you. She took the left-hand shot first. She swung and pulled as she swung and the pat exploded but before the feathers burst out of him she'd changed her stance and was swinging to the right. Away to the right, understand: *away* round. She was right-handed and those right-hand cross shots are hard, see. You're swinging against the gun instead of with it and this bird, the rascal, changed his objective just as she snapped around. She had to twist further after she'd set herself, understand. She had to push her whole torso around. No time to shift her footing again. That bird had his top-

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knot up and his neck stretched out and was carrying the mail!

But—said Wentworth—she took him. She took him square in the pattern, must have. He went end-over-end and bounced and we could see his wings in the death flutter.

The guy with her had yelled at her first shot and started to run up. When the second bird folded he stopped dead and took off his hat, sort of reverently. Mack was swearing to himself, repeating the same oath over and over. That was shooting! That was shooting such as you won't see once in twenty seasons. Or ever. I'd never seen so clean and sweet and difficult a double in my life.

Well, she waved the dog out to retrieve and this lad came up to her. He stood and stared as you will when the incredible has happened. Without saying anything we started over toward them. She was taking the first bird from the dog, then, and looked up and saw us. We heard her tell him to fetch and saw her wave him out and hand her gun to this chap . . . her husband. She handed it over quickly, as if she wanted to get rid of it in a hurry and what d' you suppose that broad was in a hurry for?

Wentworth paused a moment for the question.

Why—he said, when it had been asked in due course—she wanted to powder her nose!

Yes, sir; after a double like that, with everything done as not one gunner in ten thousand will do once in a dozen life times, she was powdering her nose for the benefit of a brace of strangers!

Wentworth settled back and sighed and drew out a cigar.

Two parables—he said, holding up two fingers. Now for the third and last.

I saw a woman—he went on—kill a bigger muskie than I've ever seen in the flesh before. It was up in Wisconsin three years ago.

She and her husband, presumably, had come into this little hotel at a week end. She wasn't a hussy; didn't horn into the talk that went on around the fire nights. You'd have put her down as a sensitive creature unless you'd seen what I saw.

Now, the illustrative point roots in the fact that we saw her fight her fish and, so help me, better handling of a muskie never was witnessed.

She directed her husband in maneuvering the boat into deep water as calmly as if . . . as if she were having him help wind yarn for her knitting. She played that lunker with her whole body, gracefully, competently, with exquisite judgment. It was a long fight. He came to gaff just at twilight and we stood up and cheered . . . and could have bitten our tongues out for it because of what happened at the weighing.

The other boats were in before us and as this girl walked into the hotel, ahead of her husband with the fish, the proprietor handed her some letters.

Plenty of excitement, understand; and much crowding around while the scales were being brought out. So much crowding that the girl wasn't close up when he was weighed. In fact, she was rather elbowed to one side and I had to add two and two to realize what had gone on.

That baby weighed fifty pounds and three ounces . . . Fifty pounds and three *ounces*—Wentworth repeated. And when the scales had come to balance plenty made room for this girl to have a look and everybody was congratulating her.

She stood there with an open letter in her hand. She's opened it during the suspense, see? She accepted the things said to her graciously enough but those eyes of hers had a sort of half-there look, even so.

The dining room opened and the crowd broke up and I heard what she said to her husband. She said it to him as he put both hands on her shoulders, proud as Lucifer, the poor sap! . . She didn't give him a chance to say what he wanted to say. She said her say instead.

She tapped the open letter—said Wentworth wearily—and said to him:

"A note from Irma," she said. "And what do you think? The Bixleys are pulling out of the bridge club!"

Wentworth was silent a moment. He stroked his sandy mustache.

Fifty pounds and three ounces—he said beneath his breath. And she'd fought him as she had! Fought a fish that was created by the Almighty to challenge the primordial core of a man; a fish designed to reach right down into man's most elemental tissue and make it *crawl!* Fought him and killed him, too. With a man, nothing would have mattered for hours; family, business, creditors; nothing! And yet this vixen's head was filled with a matter so extraneous as to be downright obscene!

Whimpering Messiah! breathed Wentworth.

So—he said, drawing a slow breath—you see me no more in many places; you no longer find me doing many things. But don't think I'm without a pleasant vice—he said, narrowing his eyes. Don't think I have no place to go.

I have my shanty and spear—he said, wriggling forward and leaning elbows on knees. I have the province where the triple A's aren't going to venture. At least in numbers. I have my shanty and spear, lads, and a corner in sport where a man may escape for long this fouling feminine touch.

There's something about the spear that women can't abide. There's something about the spear too raw for many men, even. It's barbaric; it's crude; it's . . . inherently masculine.

It's the oldest weapon of the chase, saving sticks and stones. It is something that sportsmen and lawmakers frown upon. Chiefly today it is the device of the outdoor hoodlum. It is the method by

Continued on page 130

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## A Place of Refuge

*Continued from pages 52-129*

which lakes and streams are pillaged by poachers. But, after all, it is a man's weapon. A *man's!*

And then there's the shanty. A fish shanty isn't commodious. You can't even stand up in the standard shanty. Quarters are cramped. Air gets bad. But it's shelter, friends. On a wide expanse of frozen lake it's sanctuary from the elements and there is in us something that responds to small, crude shelter in time of storm.

My shanty happens to be made of canvas, painted black, stretched on a wooden frame. I have runners built on mine so transport is easy.

Understand, when this spearing thing gets into your blood you can't wait for safe ice. You start business as soon as ice will hold you up. You drag your shanty to the ground where you hope fish will be congregated. You spud a hole in the ice. You move the shanty over the hole. Then you build your fire in the midget stove and if you know the spearing life five pounds a day will keep you snug even in a blizzard.

All right. You enter, now, closing the door to exclude all light, and there you are, with the eerie, green depths below you. If the ice is new and the snow light, you can see fascinating bottom in many fathoms; the thicker the ice and heavier the snow, the more mysterious those depths.

You seat yourself on a box or a camp chair. You lower your decoy on its string. That decoy, now. . . . It's another art, making a decoy. You may shave and scrape and adjust metal fins for weeks; you may spend many nights, testing its gyrations in a bathtub. And when you finish, if your workmanship be good, you have a wooden minnow which, at the twitch of the line, will circle in amazingly natural movements, a lure for ranging fishes.

Nothing may happen for hours. But the wind sings to you. The ice, when making, will retch and boom to you. There's the stove, and a pail for toddy—or teawater. And always there's the decoy.

You try it away down; you try it nearer the surface; you make it move as in frolic or fright; you cause it to circle indolently . . .

And then a new shadow appears down yonder. It crosses beneath you prowlingly. Your heart picks up. You go back through the ages. Time and man are both young for you. You're away back yonder on your haunches, an animal skin over your shivering body, watching needed food come within reach. You can hear your heart pounding above the light draft of the stove . . .

You manipulate the decoy, trying your stuff. That shadow comes again, clearer this time. If it's a pike it comes slowly, eyeing your lure with suspicion. You coax him up, raising the decoy; up and up, closer to range. You tantalize him with that wooden sham. His proportions emerge. Shortly, you see his markings, wheedling him up and up . . .

Or, if you're on Mackinaw trout ground he comes faster. He comes into view with a rush. He comes in with a charge that takes your breath. He swoops in and sets the brakes. Suspicious, he may sidle off or turn and run. You bring the decoy up fast. He charges again. He's in clear view! He's in range! He storms in again and stops and you reach for the spear!

It's been hanging there beside you—Wentworth said. Mine's a seven-tine baby. The tines are like needles, the barbs divinely cruel. You can go to great lengths on the staff, too. You may contend for a long or short handle. You can spend months devising the weighting so it performs with uncanny accuracy . . . Still another art, spear building.

It's right there, dangling from the wall, tines in the water. You have it in your hand, finally, with a fish beneath you and your heart's going a mile a minute. Your heart is going like an air riveter . . . Your heart's going fit to strangle you when he comes within range. Your thighs go taut; belly constricts; you hunch forward, careful to make no sound . . . you wait, you poise . . . take a deep breath . . . strike!

You strike—said Wentworth, eyes flashing—and the barbs go home. They crunch through bones, burying deep in firm flesh. You let go the decoy; you lift him up. He threshes as he comes clear, spattering you. Water hisses on the stove. You kick open the door and drag him out into the light. He's bloody, man! He's oozing gore. He gasps and struggles and you put your foot on him and tear the barbs free. He flops there, dying, with the snow going crimson and ice forming on his body!

Gad!—said Wentworth, rising to pace the rug. It's savage, it's primitive. It's *male!* Maybe you've been there days before you have luck. Maybe you miss a dozen chances before you set the barbs home. But you've triumphed, now. You have food, taken as man took it when it was his only chore . . . And you quit at the day's end, treking back across the ice as Ab or Ug or whatever you call him went home to his woman . . . where his woman belonged.

D' you get it?—he asked. D' you see the difference? It's brutal, it's elemental and women won't be swarming into the ice shanties. They'd make faces and . . . and shiver from something other than cold. It's a man's game, spearing. It's a man's game, played as only men can play it . . .

But if—he said, stopping to peer down into the traffic. But if—he said—you should happen to know the one woman in a million who might be interested . . . Why, a shanty is a nice place. No interruptions, understand. And—he said—propinquity has . . . well, advantages. #

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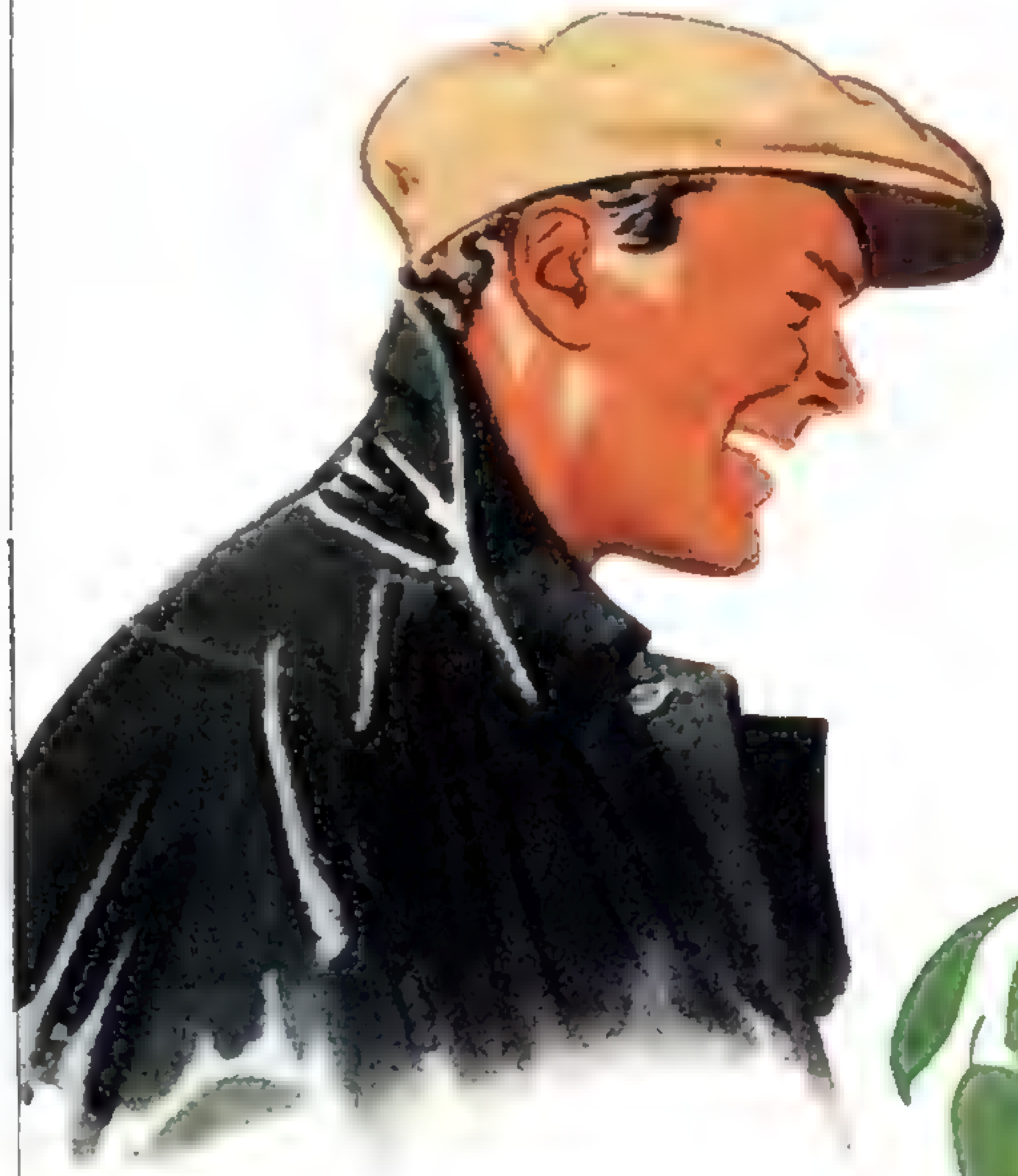
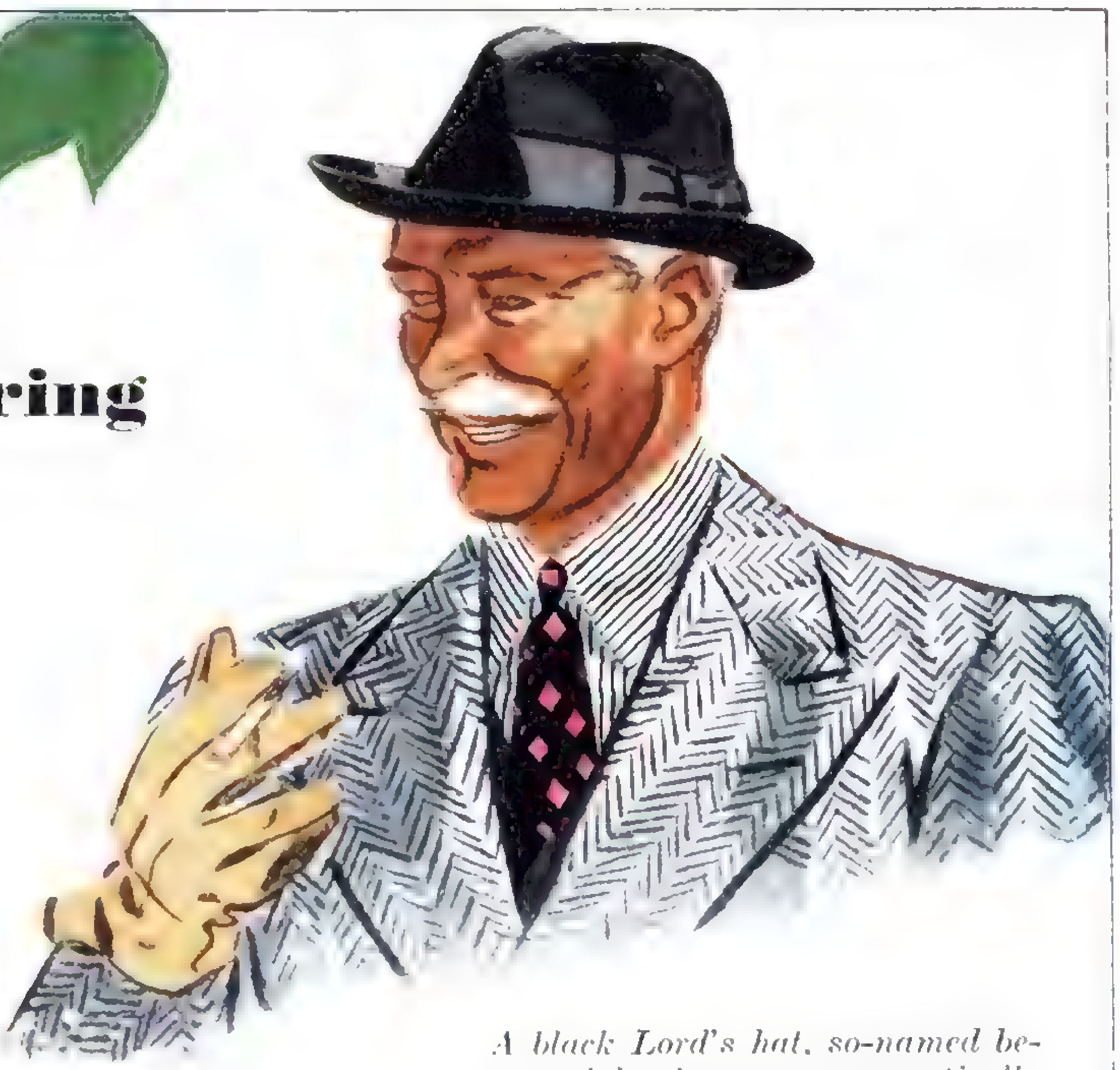
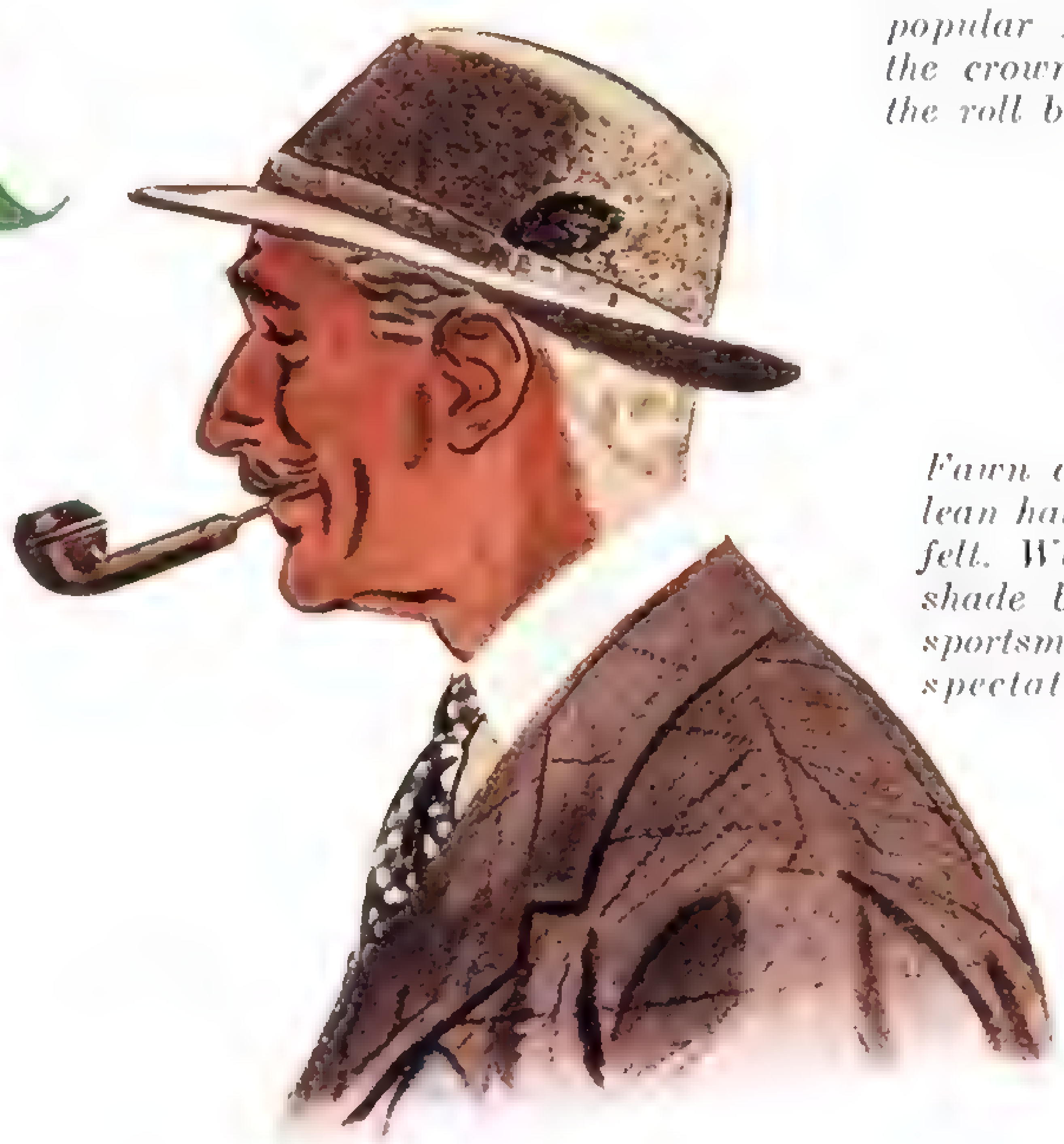
# Hats for Spring



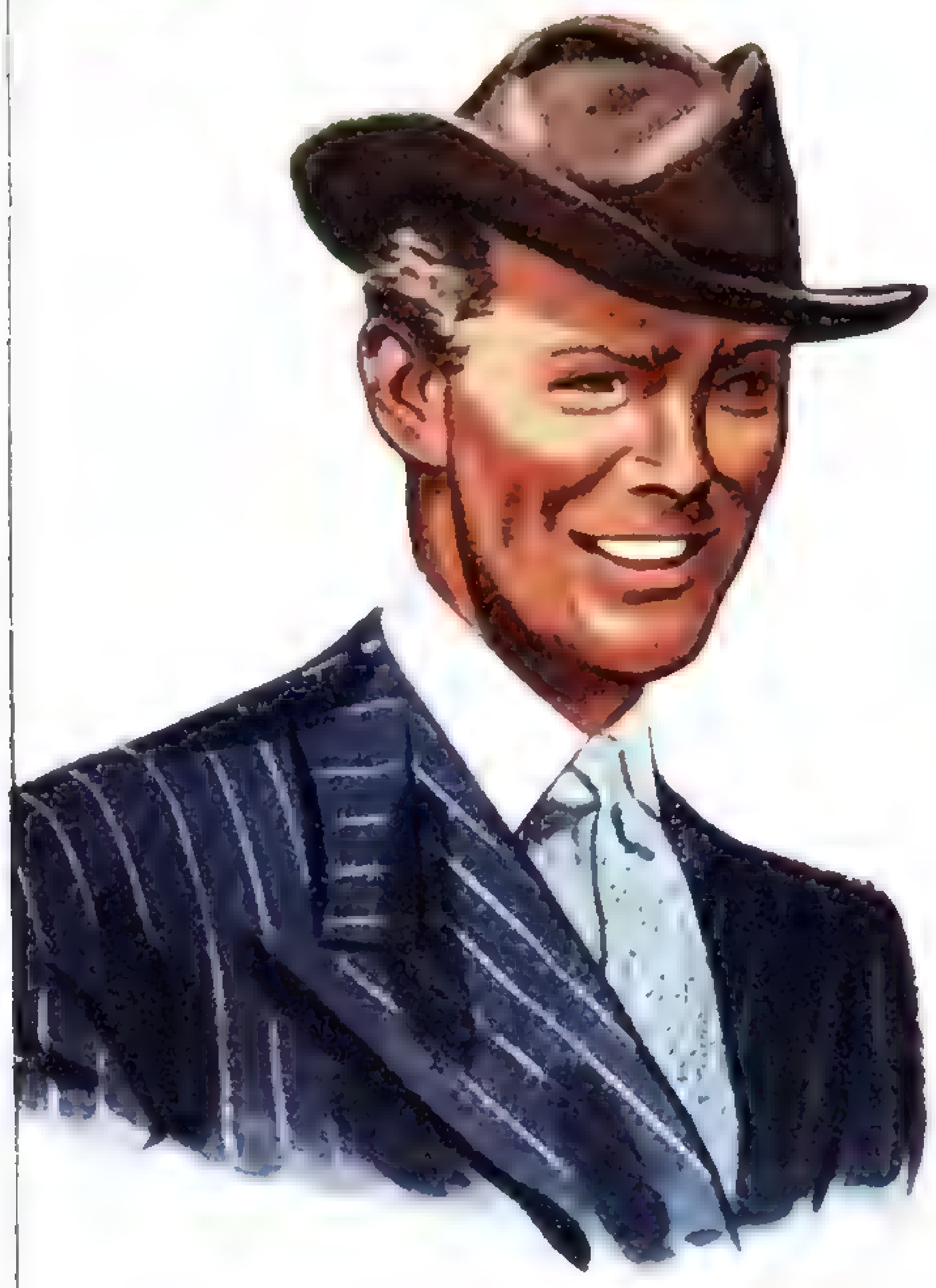
*Dune color corduroy cap, introduced last season in England and widely accepted by American sportsmen for country and travel wear.*



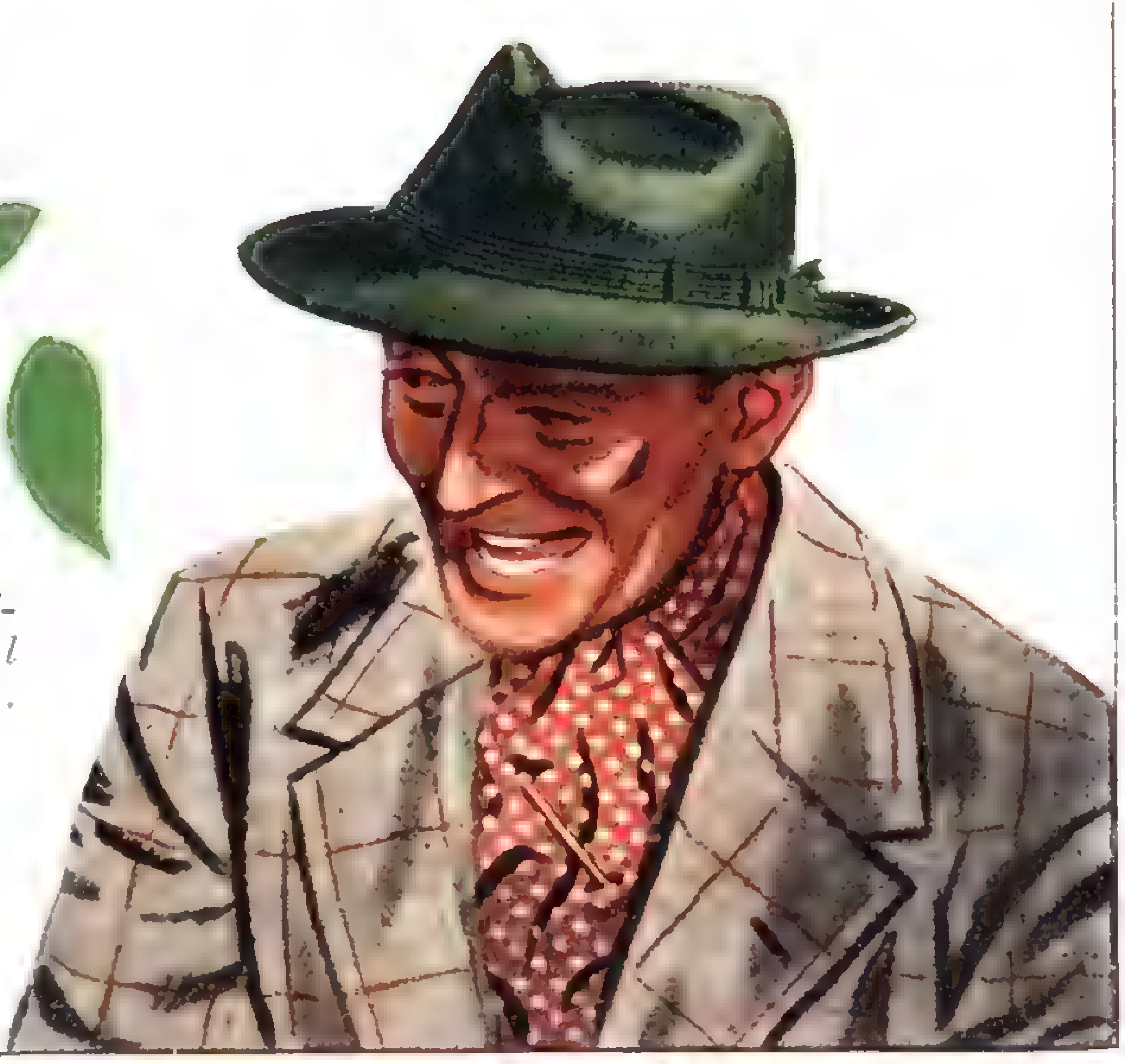
*A black Lord's hat, so-named because it has been seen on practically every well-dressed peer in London, correct with all types of town clothing. It is more informal than the popular Homburg, inasmuch as the crown is worn pinched and the roll brim carries a raw edge.*



*Fawn color semi-Tyrolean hat in pebble grain felt. Worn in this exact shade by international sportsmen for town and spectator sports wear.*



*Lightweight Cavalier hat worn by the best-dressed men in England and America for town and semi-sports wear.*



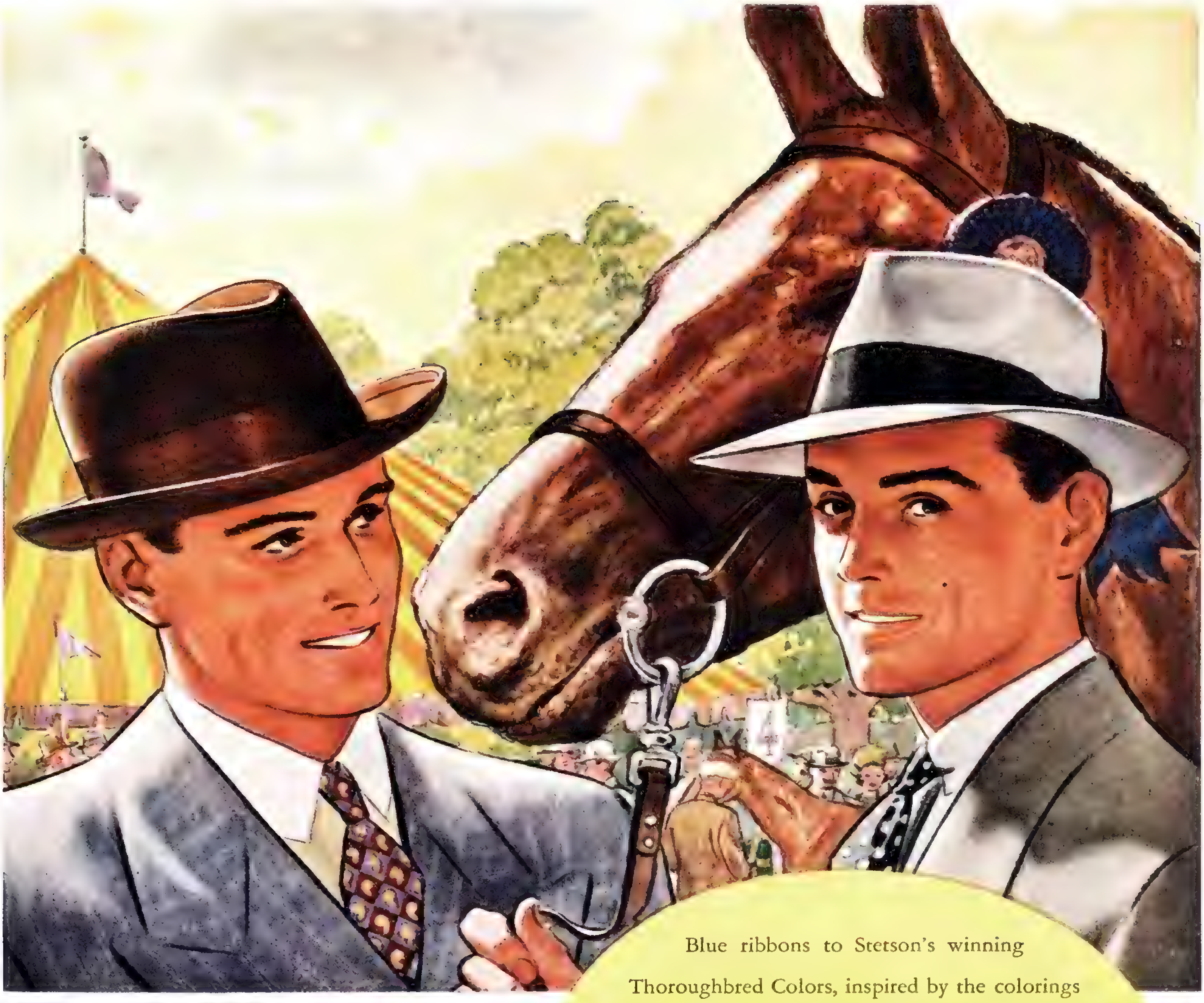
*Green rough finish semi-sports hat for informal country occasions.*

Robert Goodman

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

# Stetson Introduces

## THOROUGHBRED COLORS



Blue ribbons to Stetson's winning Thoroughbred Colors, inspired by the colorings of show horses! Left: The mellow "Hunter Brown" shade in a dish-brim style with low crown, lower band and well-cupped brim. Right: A distinguished "Barb Gray" color with raw-edge snap-brim of unusual width. Wear it pinched in front, spread at back.

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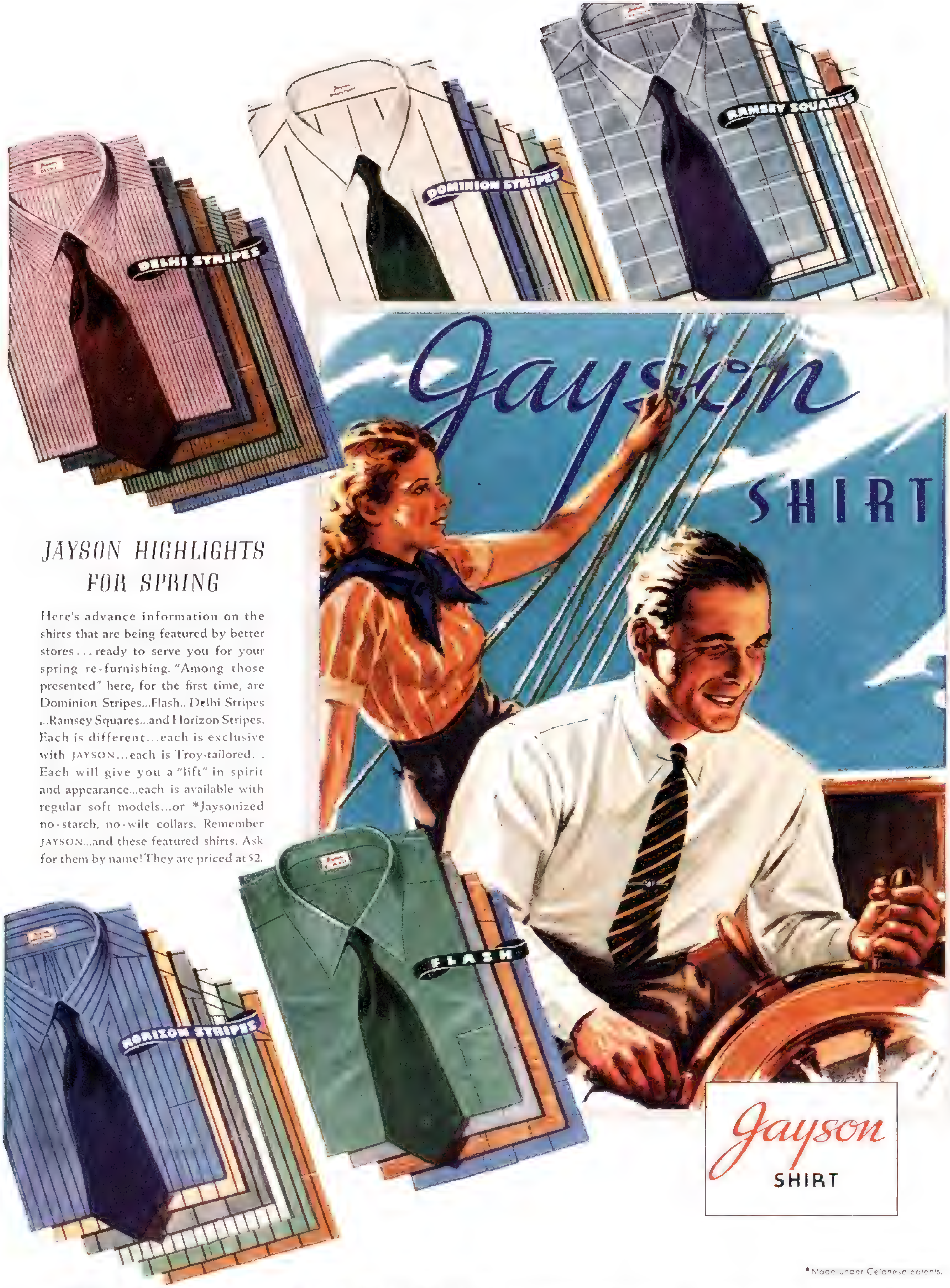
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## No Salt Pork

*Continued from page 59*

ning divils slices off a flipper and starts oiling up his ears with it. So I helps myself to the other flipper, and I braces up my jaw-tackle, and closes my eyes, and falls to.

It is cold and soft and fat, this seal—like biting a junk out of a can of hard oil. But I gits it down and I fights it hard and I keeps it down. And when they see I ain't losing cargo, another one of them stinking gents carves himself a piece from amidships, dragging out a couple fathom of guts—including the bilge-pipe—and sets back and crowds it into his mouth and nods to me.

Well, the party goes on from stem to stern of that seal, and I goes on with it, and there is gore and gurry splashed all over the ice. But finally, shipmates, I comes to the point where I have got to quit.

One of them unholy buzzards pokes in his thumb, picks out the seal's right eye, and holds it up.

"Uggle muggle wuggle!" he hollers to me.

"My Gawd," I tells my interrupter through the hand I am keeping over my mouth, "what is that for?"

"Dessert!"

And the Eskimo flips that eye into the air, catches it in his mouth, and chews it up slow looking at me all the time. So I picks out the left eye, and I opens my mouth. Then I looks that eye in the eye. And, shipmates may Gawd stopple this breath on my last word and affidavy—it winks at me!

I flings it away, and I calls 'em a bunch of blood-lapping cannibules, and I breaks down crying under the whole of it. And now them Eskimos has dragged up a walrus, but they look sad, they shake their heads at me, and they say:

"White man eat milk chocolate!"

When I have finished my yarn, Bowleg Bill is still the only man who has started on the chowder, but he keeps it going like salt water through a right whale.

"You should have et it, pardner," he says. "That Eskimo feller was right—eyes is daggone tasty if they hain't been cooked down till all the hard chawin' is gone out of 'em." He reaches for a plate of small onions I have set on the table, and between onions and chowder, Bowleg launches a full-rigged lecture.

*Now, to eat any kind of a critter's eye proper, a man has got to git the hang of it. A leetle slippery, they are, and if you hain't wearing yore weekday teeth, they're apt to jump traces and go down before you git the best out of 'em.

But you take 'em real keerful, like this here onion, and aim yore first chaw plumb through the middle—like this—and bear down easy, and they're larrupin'.

I recollect a bad mistake I made myself, once, in my sourdough days, prospecting up Dry Corpse Gulch. Me and my pardner, Doc Wiggin, lost trail, and by sundown we was deep in the tall brush.

Our burros was tuckered, so we camped. Next day we didn't find open country, and then our grubstake give out, and for six days we didn't have nawthing to eat but four scrawny little moose. The seventh day we went hongry, and in our suffering that night, I said to Doc:

"Look here, pardner, the time is come to set feelin's aside. If there's anything on four feet which I could call my near and dear, it's Moses here. (Moses was my burro.) And I know you think jest as high of Aaron. It's a-going to break our hearts, but we are now at the point, Doc, when we have jest got to have a little snack o' something."

Well, he cried like a baby. "It hain't right," he said. "But if we got to do it, Bill, can't it be jest one?"

"Reckon it can," I said. "Well, Doc, it's yore ass or mine." We couldn't decide which, and finally we had to agree we'd let Moses and Aaron pass on, neck and neck to heaven. But Doc said I would have to do the stickin' of both, and I had no hankering for that.

"You jest take yore burro, Doc," I said, "and you take yore knife, and you stick it."

"You kin take yore knife," Doc said, "and stick it." So, I stuck it.

By this time it was plumb dark, and clouded over heavy, and I was pretty near starved to a fencepost; and I done the best I knowed how, but I reckon I was a leetle careless. Leastways, when I was finished up, both burros was gone; and daggone if I hadn't overlooked saving out Doc's share for him! I knowed Doc would feel mighty hurt by it, but it was too late then I'd jest have to own up, and tell him how hongry I'd been, and how I'd made a leetle mistake there in the dark. But when I looked for Doc, daggone if I could find *him*! I hallooed, I searched the woods, but 'twas like as if the man was swallered into some bottomless pit!

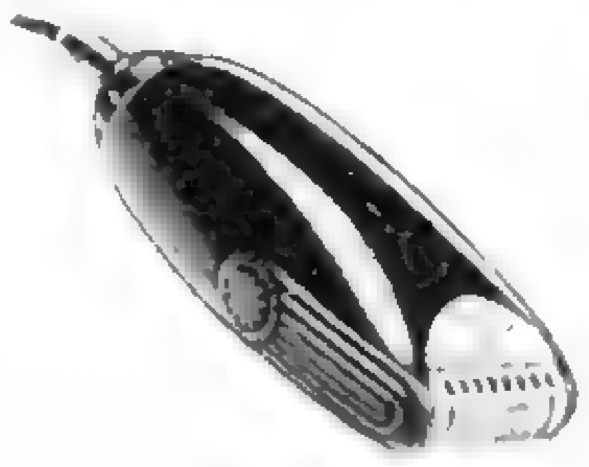
I never saw pore old Doc Wiggin again. Found my way back to Dry Corpse Center next mornin' and had the boys git up a possy, but they come back empty-handed. Only reminder I ever had of him was that night, I was a-pickin' my teeth with a hossnail, when a red button pops out. I was real tetched to see that button—put me so much in mind of Doc, bein' it was the spittin' image of the kind he'd used to wear on his galluses!* ###

---

*This here is Bowleg Bill talking. The boys has pushed back a mite from the table, and somehow none of 'em has broke into the chowder yet.

*This here is still Bowleg Bill talking, but before he gits this far he has cleaned up my chowder, down to the last spoon. Somehow, none of the boys has wanted to deprive him.

"MAN, this is it!"



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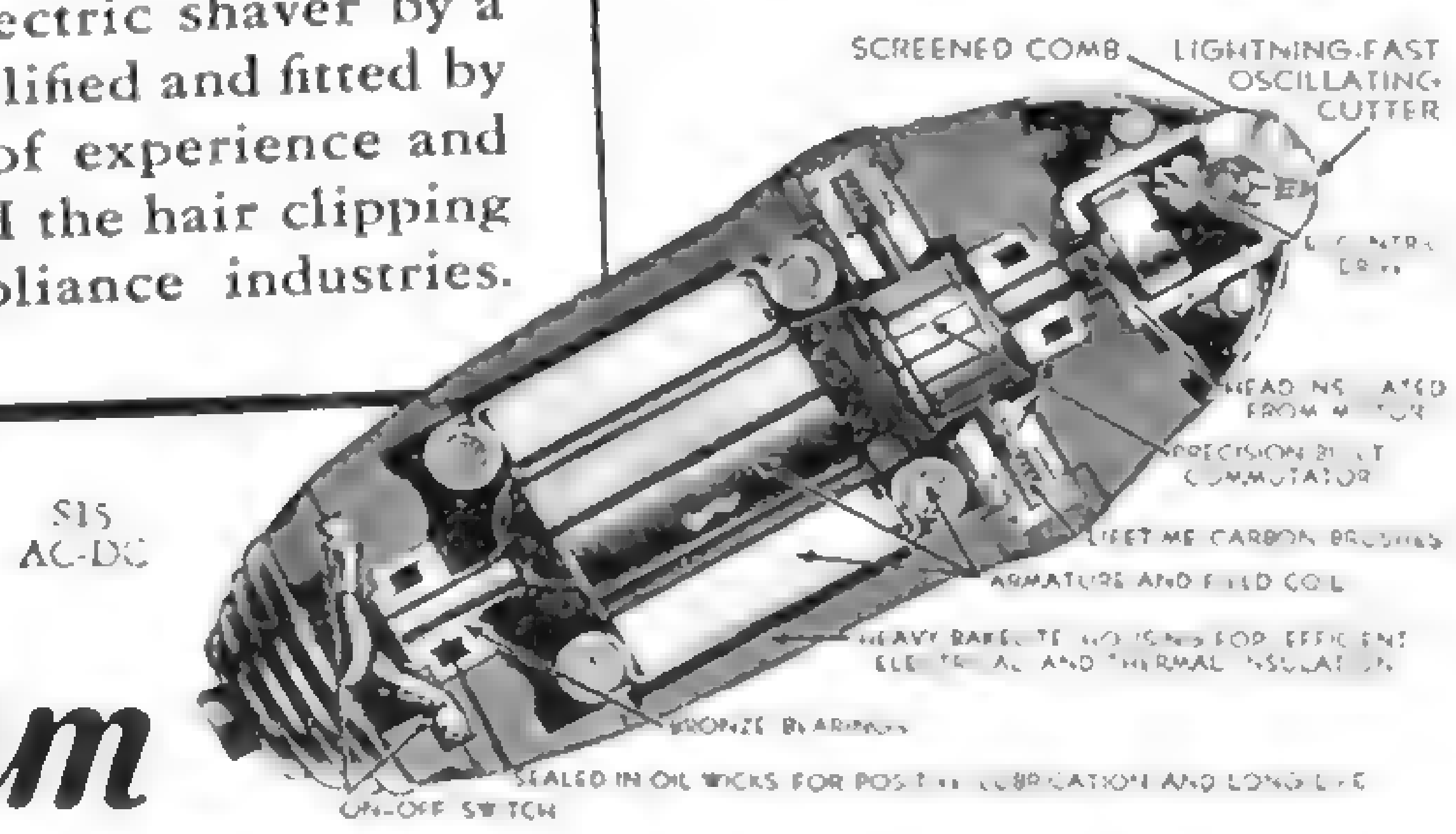
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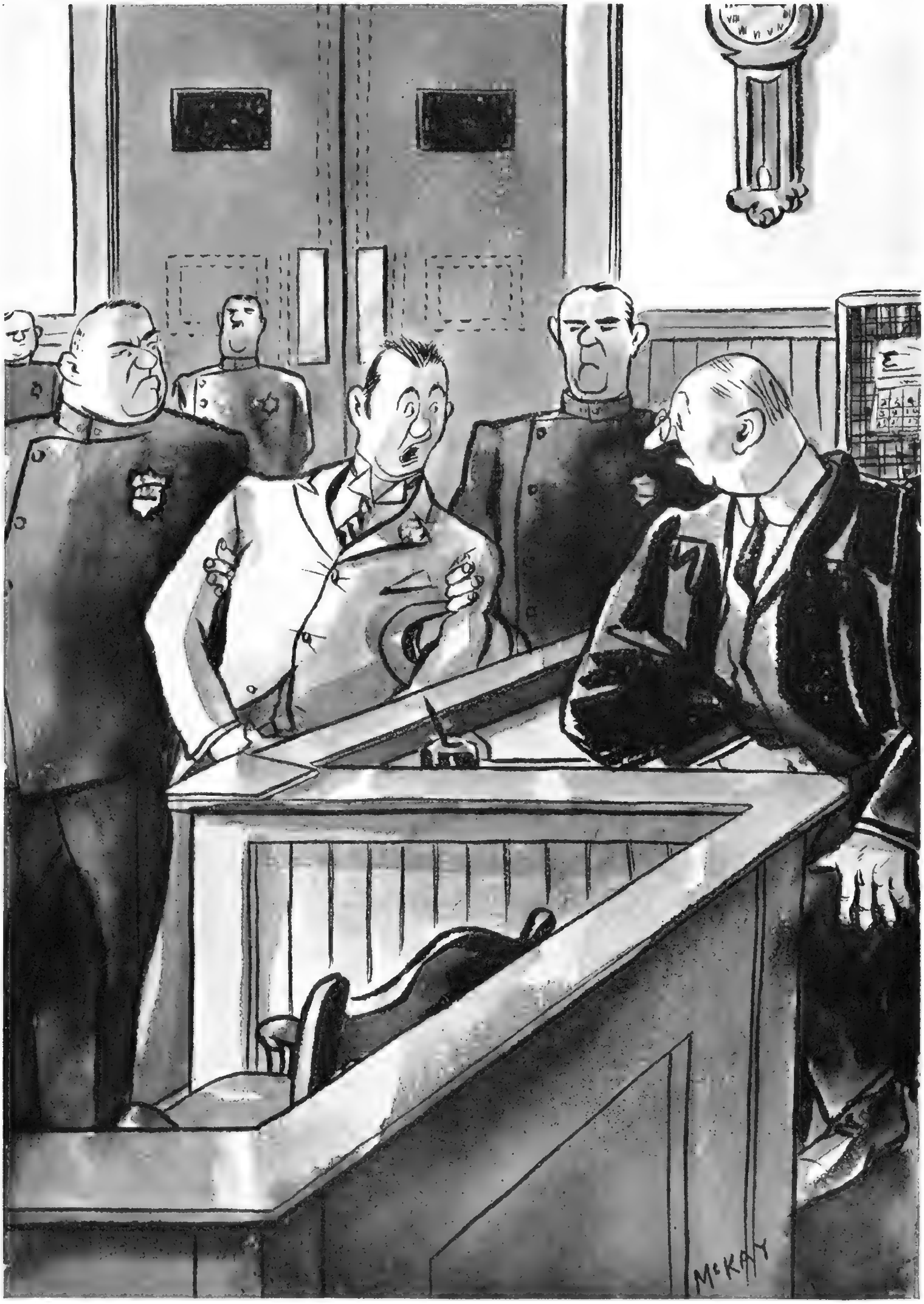
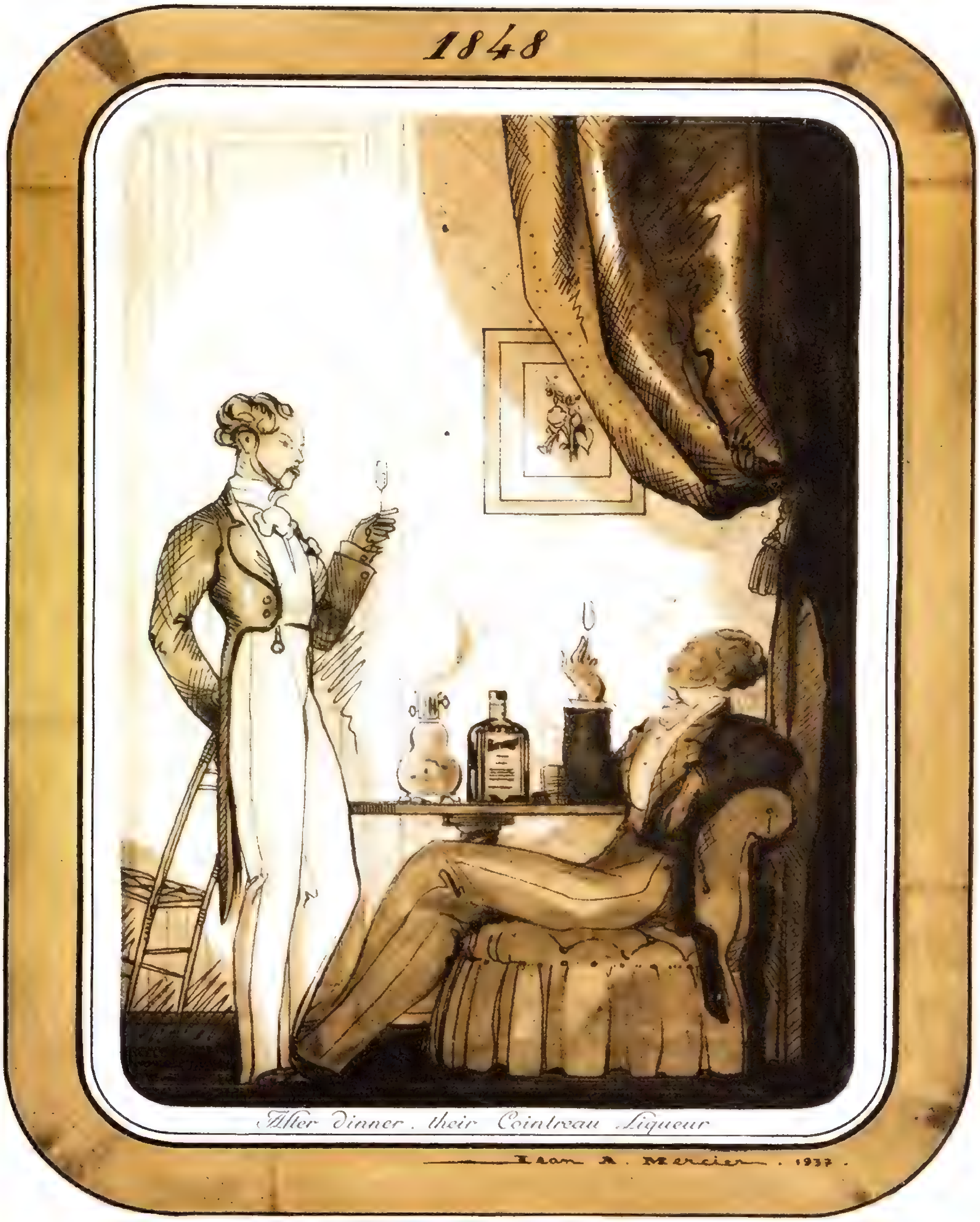


*"Yeah, your honor—I been up for bigamy, arson, forgery, assault 'n' batt'ry and burglary—
but heck—nobody's perfect!"*


1848
After dinner, their Cointreau Liqueur
Jean A. Mercier . 1937.

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from page 80*

*Romeo and Juliet* with either Celia Johnson or Loretta Young as Juliet and Pierre Fresnay or Maurice Chevalier as Romeo. I am tired of looking at antique piefaces of whom presumably "the envious moon is already sick and pale with grief, that thou her maid art far more fair than she" and at hunks of ham brochette described as "the god of my idolatry," compared with a bird, and complimented that "upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit, for 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd sole monarch of the universal earth." Now, I ask you!

26. If the editor of Esquire thinks I am going to describe any such claptrap as this *Tell Me Pretty Maiden* in detail and maybe go on and tell about the actors in it, he is crazy.

* * *

That we are in for a lot of theatrical experiments has been evident since the Mercury group induced a boozy excitement in the critical boys by putting on *Julius Caesar* without scenery and costumes, and much as if Shakespeare were Sinclair Lewis lecturing on Fascism in Town Hall. No one is more in favor of experimentation than I am, but I begin to wonder from the evidence in hand if my critical brothers' enthusiasm for the specimens that have been recently revealed to us hasn't been based to a considerable degree upon the mere financial economy with which they have been accomplished. I am also in favor of financial economy, when it comes to that, provided only that something in the way of imagination and artistic quality goes along with it, but it seems to me that the economy disclosed by some of the theatrical experiments has not been confined entirely to the physical aspects of production but has been unnecessarily extended to the other attributes mentioned.

I am thinking in this connection not of *Julius Caesar*, but of some such recent experiment as, say, Marc Blitzstein's labor opera, *The Cradle Will Rock*. If Richard Strauss or someone like him (if there is anyone like him) wants to write a labor opera or any other kind of opera, produce it without costumes and scenery, arrange the performers on several rows of kitchen chairs, and employ only a single piano in place of an orchestra, it will be all right with me. But when Mr. Blitzstein or someone like him (and there are some like him) poses himself at such an enterprise, I pay myself the critical tribute of a large head-shake. It isn't that Mr. Blitzstein hasn't some cleverness. He has. But he hasn't enough cleverness and he certainly hasn't enough musical and libretto talent to make a satisfactory go of it, except perhaps in the estimation of drama critics whose knowledge of music does not go much farther than *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* and *I've Been Working On the Railroad* or of excessive Labor sympathizers whose knowledge of lyrics, in turn, does not extend much beyond the *Internationale* and the verse in the *New Masses*. It isn't that I am casting undue aspersions upon *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here* and *I've Been Working On the Railroad*. I've sung them in my time along with the rest of the boys in a baritone noted perhaps less for its richness than for its loudness, and I've sung them with such exuberant and steadfast passion that it occasionally took as many as three bouncers to get me out of the place. Nor is it that the words of the *Internationale*, considered solely as words, are not grammatical, literate and given to some eloquence. (I won't say anything about the verse in the *New Masses*.) It is simply that Mr. Blitzstein's exhibit is so innocent of any musical importance, so completely obvious in its libretto and, with one or two small exceptions, so unimaginative in its lyrics that only that species of criticism which translates the kick inherent in mere novelty as dynamic theatre and drama can justifiably endorse it.

*The Cradle Will Rock*, in short, is interesting chiefly in the sense that we speak of a woman in an "interesting" condition. But on this occasion, for all the implicit potentialities and fond hopes, the final result has been a miscarriage.

* * *

For some reason that I have not been able to make out, unless possibly because she is personally a thoroughly charming, witty and very popular young woman, it has been the custom of the critical fraternity always to pull its punches in reviewing the performances of Miss Ruth Gordon. She has, true enough, given some first-rate accounts of herself when the roles have been down the alley of her idiosyncratic talents, and on such occasions there has, of course, been no need to hold back. But there have been other times when, her roles unsuited to her, she has left much to be desired, and such a punch-pulling has been then in evidence as hasn't been recorded since the days of Ad Wolgast and Kid Lavigne. With her latest appearance as Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* we got the first intimation that the long established chivalry of the boys was on the decline, although a sufficient number of stand-patters and let-down-easyers were still in evidence.

Miss Gordon's Nora, still and fully allowing for her unquestionable personal charm, wit and popularity, was from almost any critical point of view a pretty disastrous affair. Mistaking the doll of Ibsen's title to mean a creature stuffed with sawdust and pulled into this emotion and that by greasepaint wires, she diverted with her director's miguided aid—the celebrated character from its proper innocent muddleheadedness and irresolution into a compound of Stair and Havlin ingénue, Evans and Hoey soubrette and Hecksher Children's Theatre character woman, the sum of which was a cross between a congenital moron and an adscititious nitwit. The result was such a distortion of the play that when finally she slammed the door on Helmer the audience had all it could do to restrain itself from jumping up on the stage and offering him its warm and hearty congratulations. Had old Henrik been present to witness the performance he would doubtless have rushed out at the end of the first act under the impression that he had got into the wrong theatre by mistake and was seeing not Nora in *A Doll's House* but Lotta in *Family Jars*. If the old boy had remained for another act, he would have changed his mind. He would then have become firmly and absolutely convinced that what he was looking at was Anna Laughlin in *Editha's Burglar*. And if he had stayed for still another, he wouldn't have had any mind left to change.

These, I appreciate, are graceless and indelicate words to visit upon the professional performance of anyone personally so thoroughly charming, witty and deservedly popular as the actress in question. But criticism, after all, has its ungallant duties even as its practitioner ex officio has his gallant ones. And there is, in this opinion, no other honest way to designate this particular Nora. Yet, as I have noted, one still observed a considerable hemming and hawing on the part of a number of the boys. It hurt them, it seemed, to say too cross things about the charming Miss Gordon. That I can understand their feelings, I freely admit. For I also, to repeat, esteem Miss Gordon as a fair and charming person. But, were she a thousand times more fair and charming than she is, doggone me and bust my galluses if I could persuade myself to go as far for her as our old sweetheart, Burns Mantle, went when, in a courtly and endearing effort easily to let down her performance he wrote: "But though Ibsen might have squirmed his way out of the theatre watching Miss Gordon striving sincerely and with mighty effort to approximate his Nora, he could not have proved her entirely wrong in her conception. She could have answered him by saying that hers was an American and not a Scandinavian doll wife."

Fancy that, Hedda!

* * *

It is the practice of most critics for the monthly magazines to pay no attention to plays that are due to be in the storehouse by the time the magazines hit the stands. It is their apparent conviction that there is no good in reviewing exhibits that their readers will have no opportunity of ever seeing, a theory which strikes me as being analogous to the notion that newspapers should not publish obituary notices, as the readers similarly will have no opportunity of ever seeing the persons they deal with. My own practice, as followers of my monthly words of wisdom have long perceived, is to the contrary. I believe that plays which have been bundled off to the storehouse in short order now and then leave behind them critical meditations quite as valuable as those induced by plays—sometimes equally feeble—that for one reason or another have enjoyed prosperous runs. Not only that, but they are obviously as accurate a reflection of the public's taste as those that flourish. And not only that, but they are, to boot, sometimes infinitely superior on every critical count to plays that go whooping it along at the box-office.

*The Moon in the Yellow River*, for instance, that went to the storehouse several years ago after a miniature run, was worth fifty box-office *Stage Doors*, *Dinners At Eight*, *The Star-Wagons* and *French Without Tears*. *Katie Roche*, that the public and even the critics would have none of and that landed in Cain's warehouse after a few performances, was as superior on any sound critical score to *Susan and God*, one of the biggest popular and most widely endorsed reviewing triumphs of the season, as was the storehouse *Star Spangled* to any half dozen successes like *Moon Over Mulberry Street* and *The Old Maid*. There is, of course and plainly, another side to the matter. If the public and occasionally the reviewers indicate their defective taste by sending to the storehouse plays that deserve a better fate and if in turn they endorse plays that should properly, God being in His heaven, have been dispatched to the tomb in quick order, the general statistics, particularly in the present season, show that the public and the critics most often are in strict accord when it comes to the majority of the turkeys. The most of these are not worth even so much as a line of comment, but just the same there are some others that, fully allowing that they were and are stinkers, have about them points that justify a critical looking-backward. One such is *Love Of Women*, by Aimée and Philip Stuart, Britishers, which was sent by public and critics to the can after just eight performances.

I neither saw nor read the Stuarts' exhibit in its original London version, so I may not know what I am talking about. But there are many indications that it dealt with the Mytilene divertissement commonly called Lesbianism. In the version produced in America by the Messrs. Shubert, however, the Lesbian motif was moralized into something that seemed to be a commixion of

*Continued on page 140*

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 80-139*

an older woman's motherly love for a young girl and the desire of two females to pursue their collaborative literary and dramatic work without interruption by men and love. Inasmuch as the whole play, for all this timorous dodging of its only possible authentic intent, was obviously and patently either about Lesbianism or nothing, the public and critics naturally spoofed it into the wastebasket and incidentally treated the Messrs. Shubert to some very luscious raspberries for their old-fashioned moral qualms.

Up to about four years ago, there was among the magazines which I served as drama critic one, a very doggy periodical, whose editor, a punctilious gent, refused to allow any contributor to use such terms as *Lesbian, whore, syphilis* or *abortion* in his pages and who, on the theory that they would shock and offend his readers, was in the invariable habit of altering them respectively to *classic inamorata, fille de joie, blood disease* and *illegal surgery.* I recall the amusement I privileged myself, in a first-night review of *The Captive*, in fooling him by writing that the play dealt with a couple of women who were members of the famous Les Biens troupe in Paris, which he doubtless thought was something on the order of the Les Gymnastes troupe at the Cirque Medrano or the Les Jackson Girls at the Folies Bergère. The magazine, which hadn't realized that the world had changed a lot and that people who were now reading D. H. Lawrence and Ernest Hemingway were the same who not so very long before were reading Anthony Hope and Fannie Hurst, naturally failed. And the failure of the Stuarts' play was due to the same absurd hesitation and equivoque. In a day when such subjects as Lesbianism, homosexuality and the more romantic forms of fornication are the favorite topics of polite society and when syphilis, abortion and rape are headlined in the daily family newspapers, a magazine or a play that evades direct statement and employs euphemisms of one kind or another simply makes a monkey of itself. And it makes a double monkey of itself when, like this *Love Of Women*, it thematically argues that the late World War, which saw in England the taking over of men's tasks by women, had the effect of masculinizing women, when further it presents two such he-female exhibits, and when then it cheats the truth by drolly contending that they are still capable of dismissing sex of any kind from their lives. Tell that to the Marines— or to the Eldorado and Monokol girls in Berlin—if you want to hear a horselaugh!

* * *

Believe it or not, but along toward ten o'clock in Howard Dietz's *Between the Devil*, Claudette asks Pierre if marrying two women is bigamy, what is marrying three women, and Pierre replies "Trigonometry." That, I take it, is about all you need to know of this particular slice of musical comedy Boulogney.

*Three Waltzes*, adapted from a Continental success and with music after Johann Strauss, *père et fils*, and also by Oscar of the single *s* family, is, however, another story. Its book, true enough, relating the amours of three different generations in two families, is familiar from long use, but its melodies are so far and away superior in loveliness to anything we are generally accustomed to on the local musical stage that, so far as I am concerned, it wouldn't matter much if the book were derived from *Work Is For Horses, Wise Tomorrow* or even *Edna His Wife*. The loud complaints against the book on the part of various professional grousers would seem to indicate that they go to an operetta principally to hear the words, which has always seemed to me to be like going to a barroom principally to talk to the bartender. Such fowl are musical teetotalers or, if not exactly that, at least whip-hands of the musical waterwagon. They would talk to a girl while dancing *Roses From the Southland* or the *Blue Danube* with her. They would discuss ornithology with their brides while listening to the song of the nightingale. They would lament German politics during the swan song of Isolde. They would desert to Japan because the words of *The Star Spangled Banner* are too hard to remember. To hell with 'em!

A word about Kitty Carlisle, whose singing presence in this *Three Waltzes*, along with the Strauss music and its derivations, made me oblivious of the spoken words. Here, I think, is the most likely female voice, the best singing actress and, certainly and by long odds, the comeliest woman on our present musical show stage. She never made any such impression upon me in her previous manifestations. Something has happened either to her or to me. Maybe she has improved, or maybe I have. I am impolite enough, I fear, to suspect that it is she. But, whether it is the great improvement that has come over her or whether I in the past have been a defective critic, the fact remains that she now takes the palm from her musical-stage sisters. ⧺

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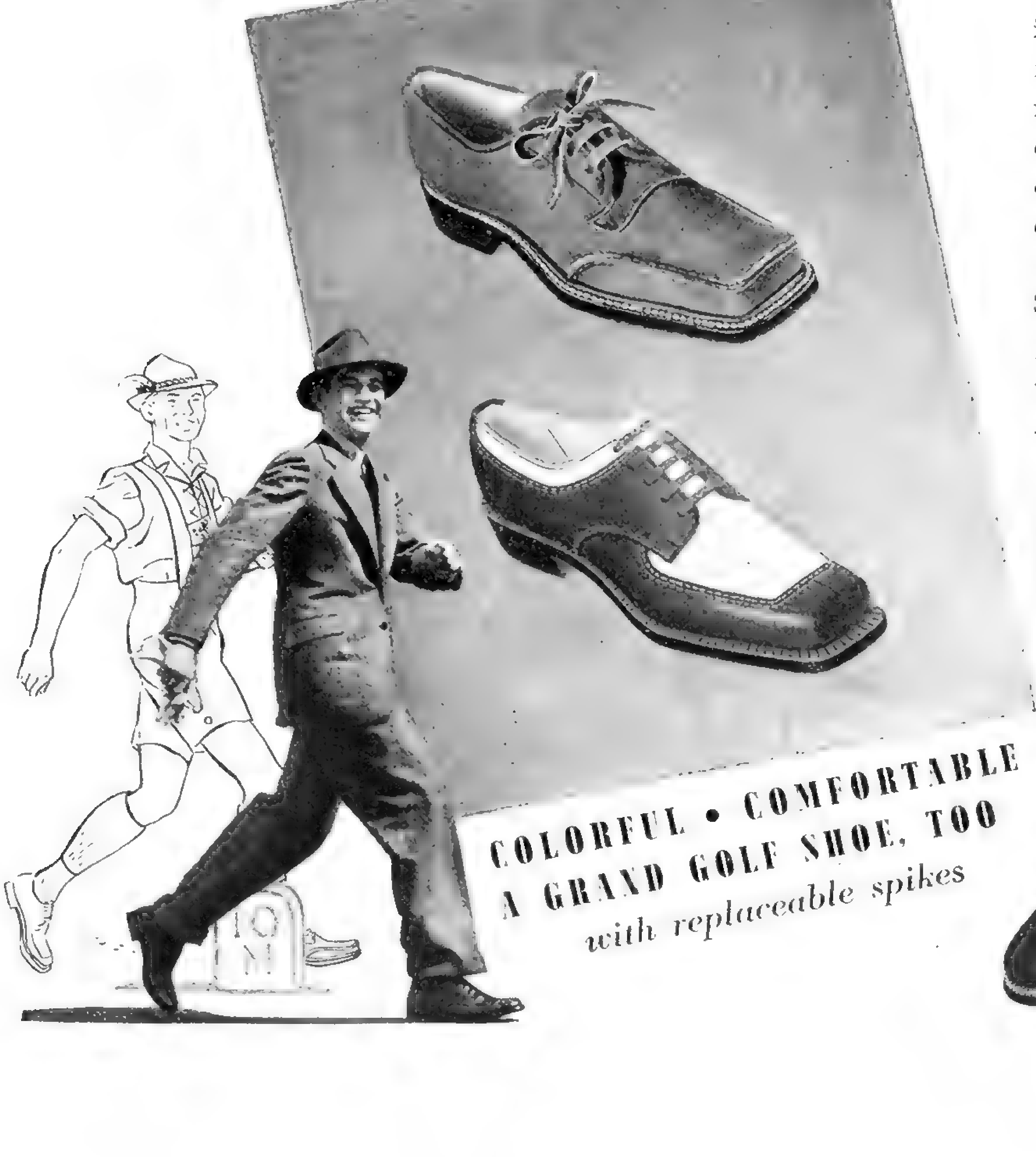

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FAIRWAY (lower left) — A plain toe oxford of distinguished lines in tan Norwegian calf.

BYRON (lower right) — A smart, "British-looking" oxford in black or brown calf.

## Heavenly and Earthly Love

*Continued from page 43*

The First: "And that is the voluptuous, aroused, sensuous lady. The earthly love. The feminine fire. The wild female."

The Second: "I could weep."

The First: "You feel like weeping because you have loved her as a spiritual woman. I could laugh because she has trained me the other way."

(The one who wanted to weep, smiles bitterly. The one who wanted to laugh, makes a tragic face.)

The Second: "What is to become of us?"

The First: "You ask me that? We are wise, modern people and so we shall not kill each other. I don't know what you spiritual people think. We sensual men become stunned at the thought of another man having anything to do with our women. The matter is very simple. I don't need her any more." (They shake hands.)

The Second: "We spiritual people . . . we spiritual people . . . I also don't need her any more."

The First: "I have an idea."

The Second: "Well?"

The First: "My idea is excellent. In fact I feel as though during the course of my entire life I have not had such a good idea. Listen here. This woman has so skillfully managed to make two distinctly different women of herself, that it seems no more than decent and proper to reward her."

The Second: "Reward her? With what? And how can we—?"

The First: "By both . . . as it seems proper for real gentlemen to do . . . accepting her conception of living. If she therefore desires to be two distinctly different women, let's accept her as two distinctly different personalities. Let's simply believe her. And . . ."

The Second: "And . . .?"

The First: "And all remains as before."

The Second (without reflection): "Good?"

The First: "Are we agreed?"

The Second: "Yes."

The First: "And never . . . never . . . let's mention this affair between us again. In fact let's never speak of any love affair of any sort that concerns ourselves, after this. And she will also notice no difference in our conduct towards her. I will continue to be sensuous and you will lay particular stress upon the spiritual, as before. And we shall both live happily and contentedly. Farewell."

The Second: "Farewell."

(A short, rapid handclasp and they depart to the left and right. Both resolve within themselves to change their conduct and politics with the woman in order to squeeze out the other. Both hearts burn and on the morrow both will make a scene before the woman. And tomorrow the woman will throw them both out and look about for two others to take their place. And the woman will be in the right!) #

## Garrison Finish

*Continued from page 83*

win, he left no wrecked lives behind him. But if Boundless lost this afternoon, there'd be a heap of misery when it was all over. Funny, how a race he wouldn't get a nickel out of was the one race he *had* to win.

Talk at breakfast had been pretty big. Boundless couldn't lose, they said, but they were just whistling in the dark. With Clifford and Aldebaran and St. Leonards in the field, no horse was a cinch. Snapper hadn't exaggerated his opinion of the brown colt. He *did* have heart. What of it? Anything can happen in a horse race. Besides, bookies aren't philanthropists. Fifteen-to-one is a hell of a price.

Snapper racked his brain for an idea. Once the webbing was sprung, there'd be no more time to think. A steady left hand and a right hand that can lay on the bat are the only things that'll do you any good after the bell rings. Before you get your leg up is the time for thinking.

Suddenly it broke over him. A swell idea . . . if it would only work. It wouldn't be an easy trick to carry off, but he'd have to try it. He wouldn't tell the old man about it, though. Jim didn't like fast ones.

Snapper got up and walked off to the stables, where he found 'Lasses dozing in a chair. He roused the colored boy and explained his idea in detail.

"This has got to look good," he said, "or we'll be ruled right out of the race and off the track. Nothing crooked about it, understand, but it's a trick they won't like worth a damn. It's up to you whether the act goes over or not."

'Lasses stared at his feet.

"I'll do mah best, Snapper."

There was one ham sandwich and a cup of coffee apiece for lunch. For dinner there might be roast duck and champagne . . . or the crusts of the luncheon sandwiches.

Two hours later they all stood in a corner of the paddock. Some Punkins stood at the brown colt's head, and 'Lasses went about saddling him. Snapper kept a furtive eye on the boy, as old Jim gave him his riding orders.

"There isn't much I can tell you, Snapper," he said in a tired voice. He looked older than he had that morning. The strain was beginning to tell. "Just don't take him off too fast. Don't set the pace. Then if you give him a finish like only you know how . . . well . . . maybe . . ."

"I'll do my best," said Snapper.

The bugle sounded. Footlight Jim gave Snapper a leg up and they paraded to the post. Snapper was a little nervous. He was risking a lot that didn't belong to him

*Continued on page 142*

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## Garrison Finish

*Continued from pages 83-141*

on making this trick work.

The horses were milling and racketing around the starting line when Garrison touched the peak of his cap and looked at Starter Pettingill.

"May I dismount, please, sir?" he asked.

"What's the matter?"

"My over-girth has come loose."

"All right, all right. Get down and fix it in a hurry. Why in hell don't you get things done right in the first place?"

"Sorry, sir."

"Never mind. Hurry up!"

'Lasses slipped through the fence and took hold of Boundless' head, as Snapper slid to the ground. He grasped the troublesome strap and threw his weight against it. The buckle parted from the web girth with a loud rip. Snapper frowned apologetically.

"It's broken, Mr. Pettingill," he said. "I'll have to send for another one."

The starter swore angrily. "All right, but for God's sake, hurry!"

'Lasses was not a misnomer for the colored boy. It was ten minutes before he fetched another girth from the tack box.

Before putting it on, Snapper tested his saddle girth. It felt a little loose. He pulled up on it. The strap broke from the saddle and came off in his hand.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but a billet's come off my saddle."

Some Punkins was dispatched to borrow a saddle, while 'Lasses and Snapper took the old one off and waited.

Fred Taral touched his cap.

"Mr. Pettingill, can I get down until the saddle gets here?"

"No, Mr. Taral. Mr. Garrison will be ready any minute. We'll only lose more time if you all get down."

Finally the saddle was brought. Snapper and 'Lasses—nervous, embarrassed, seemingly all thumbs—took twice the ordinary time putting it on. Still more precious minutes were spent adjusting the stirrups on the strange saddle. Finally, they were ready. Snapper raised his leg for 'Lasses to give him a boost. He hesitated.

"Wait a minute. We forgot to put the girth through the martingale loop!"

Over-girth and saddle girth were unfastened again to remedy the error, while the judges fumed. Several riders asked permission to dismount. Pettingill denied their requests. A few walked their horses slowly, others tried to hold theirs still.

Just as Snapper started to cinch the girth, 'Lasses—unseen by the judges—jabbed his thumb into the brown colt's ribs. Boundless lunged and the saddle slid to the ground. They had to start all over again. One thing after another went wrong. Confused and nervous, Garrison just couldn't seem to get straightened out.

Pettingill raved and swore. The judges conferred excitedly.

"Mr. Garrison," shouted the starter, "we'll give you two minutes to get mounted or leave the track!"

Immediately 'Lasses and Snapper became the nimblest of workers. Snapper was up and ready before the two minutes had passed . . . smiling inwardly over the way his stunt had worked. Altogether the field had been kept at the barrier for *one hour and fifty-two minutes!* How Snapper got away with this colossal hoax no one ever knew. Probably because he looked so earnestly troubled over his mistakes. Everything seemed accidental. It was a good act and the important thing had been achieved: *Snapper was on the ground all the time, while the others stayed in their saddles, tiring their horses.*

Finally the flag dropped and they got off. Clifford took the lead, while Snapper let Boundless get off in his own time and rated him along in the ruck . . . past the halfway mark . . . to the three-quarters pole. With his whip still in his boot, Garrison kept his colt running well up behind Clifford, Aldebaran and St. Leonards. At the last turn Taral put the bat to St. Leonards and took the lead.

Then Snapper made his bid. So Fred Taral was the greatest jockey in the circuit, was he? Well, maybe, they'd never seen a Garrison finish. Fanning Boundless steadily with his crop, Snapper put him up on the iron and sent him ahead. Up past Aldebaran . . . past the winded Clifford . . . ahead of the driving St. Leonards. In less than a quarter of a mile, Snapper brought Boundless up from fourth place and rode away from the field.

The *unavoidable* delay at the start had left its mark on the others. Boundless breezed under the wire three lengths ahead of the favorite and going away. There was a huge smile on Snapper Garrison's face when he jogged up to the judges' stand.

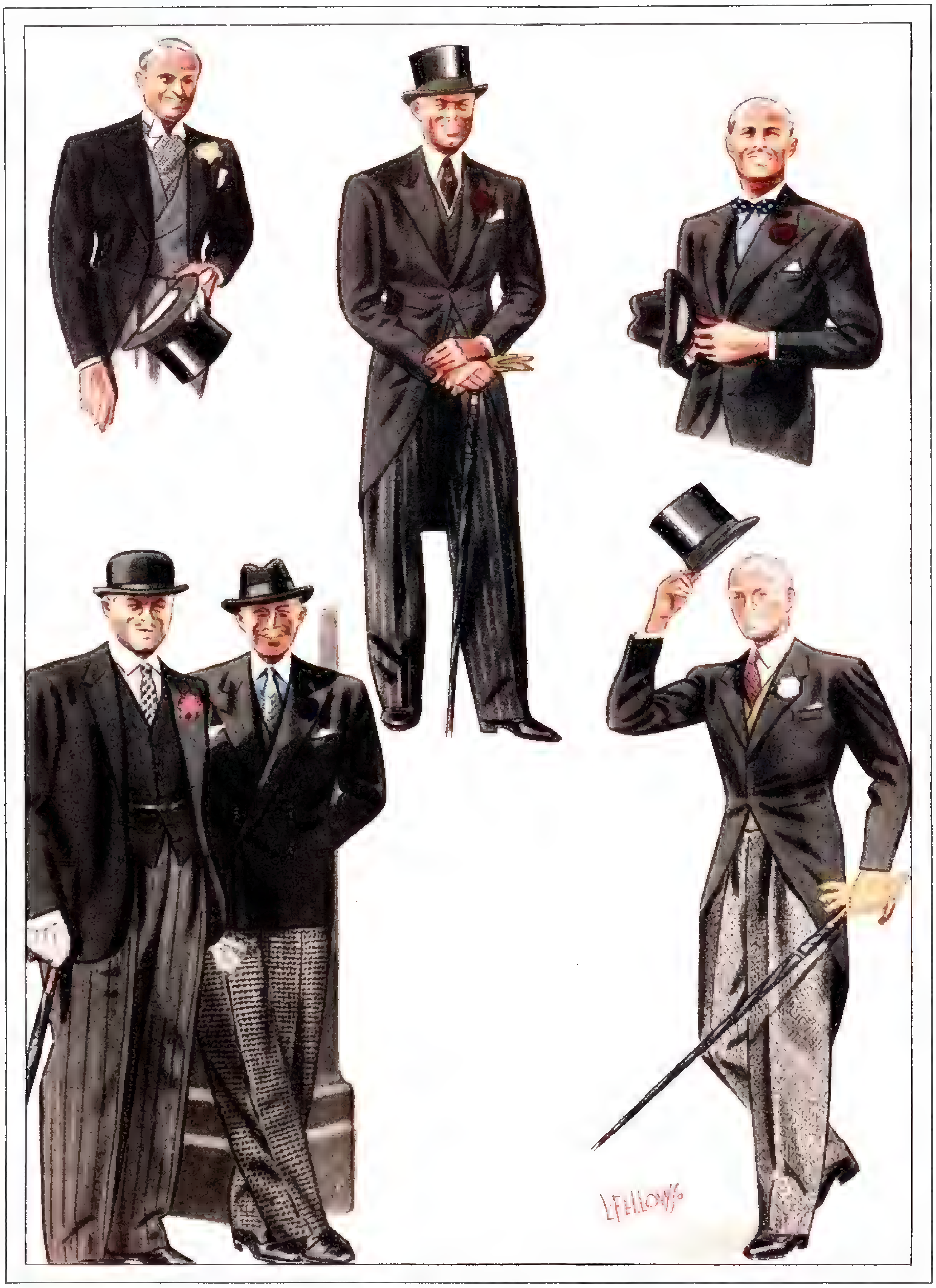
Old Man Cushing pushed through the crowd and mounted the stand. There wasn't a nickel in the pockets of his butternut coat, when he was handed a check for fifty thousand dollars.

Snapper Garrison never got a penny of that money, yet his smile stuck . . . even when the judges informed him that he was fined one thousand dollars for delaying the start. He didn't care. He'd pulled Jim Cushing and the boys out of the hole and shown his heels to Fred Taral. Nothing else mattered much, except, maybe, to collect $60,000 on the $4,000 he had bet on Boundless at 15-to-1. After paying his fine, Snapper's profit for the day's riding was about $59,000.

So that, kids, is how Edward M. Garrison, the *Greyhound Racing Official*, won the World's Fair American Derby in 1893. St. Peter must be having one hell of a time trying to keep his stud book straight these days. #

# THE CHARACTER OF CORONET

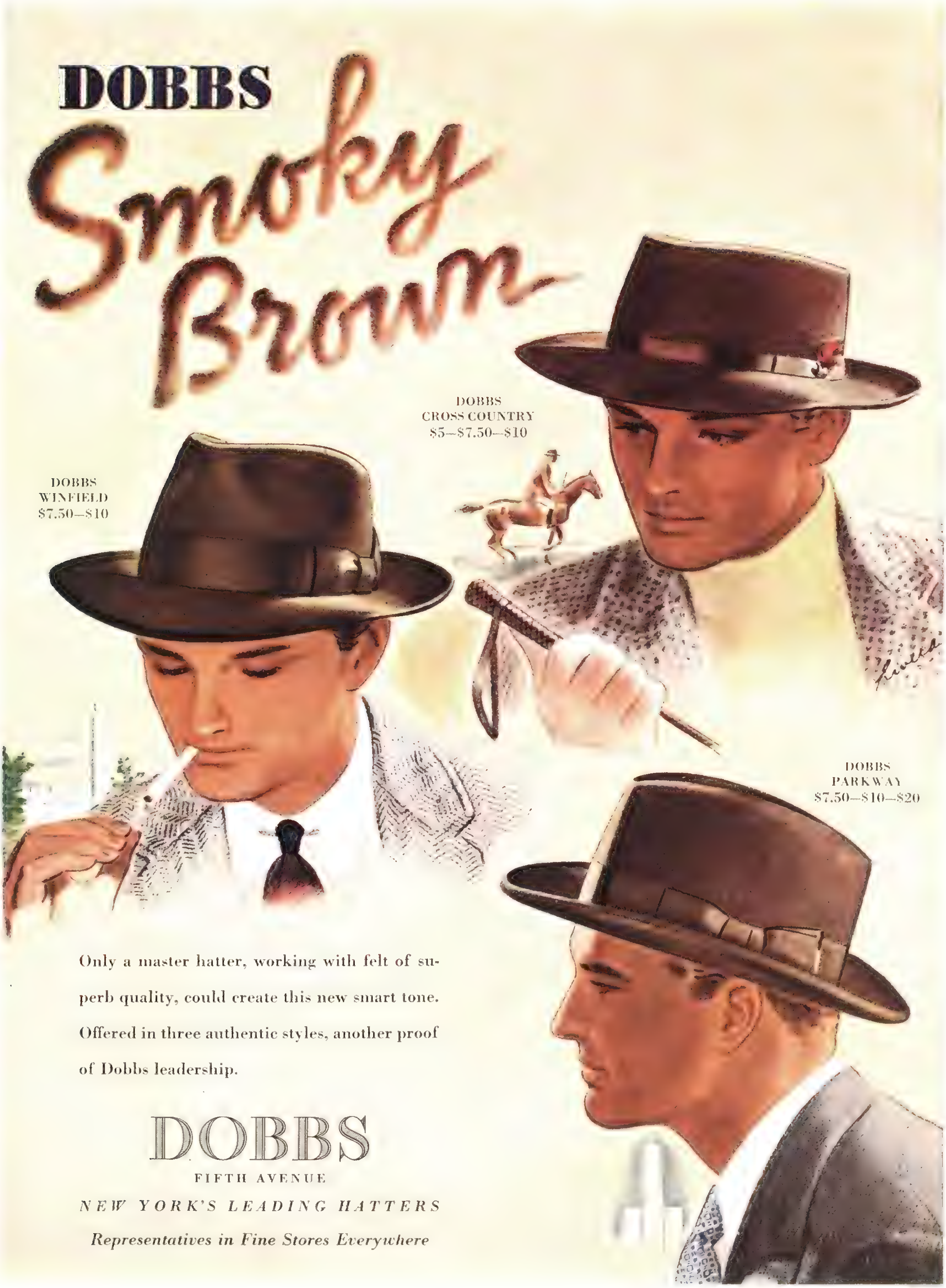
When you consider that seventy per cent of all new magazines are failures—and that the mortality rate of pocket-size magazines is especially high—you must ascribe the healthy growth of Coronet not so much to its individual features, such as its sixty-four pages of master photographs, its thirty-two pages of full color art reproductions or its generous monthly quota of articles and fiction, as to the basic point of view that fuses these features into a magazine of lasting value and endows it with the kind of character that wins new friends and keeps old ones.



# COMES EASTER, YOU'LL DRESS LIKE THIS

King-pin of Easter formality is the center outfit at the top. This consists of morning coat without braid, matching waistcoat with white pique slip, white striped black worsted trousers, fine grey striped broadcloth shirt with high white starched turnover collar, bronze color Spitalfields tie, silk top hat, cloth-top black shoes and chamois gloves. A variation on this theme is the outfit at the lower right, with two-button notched lapel jacket, biscuit colored double-breasted waistcoat, grey crash tweed trousers and grey and maroon tie. At upper left is shown the wing collar with Spitalfields ascot and a lavender waistcoat. In the upper right-hand corner, worn with the black jacket, is a blue pleated bosom shirt with white stiff collar and blue spotted bow tie. Both of the outfits at lower left, except for the trousers, are built around garments that are, or should be, contained in the average wardrobe.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



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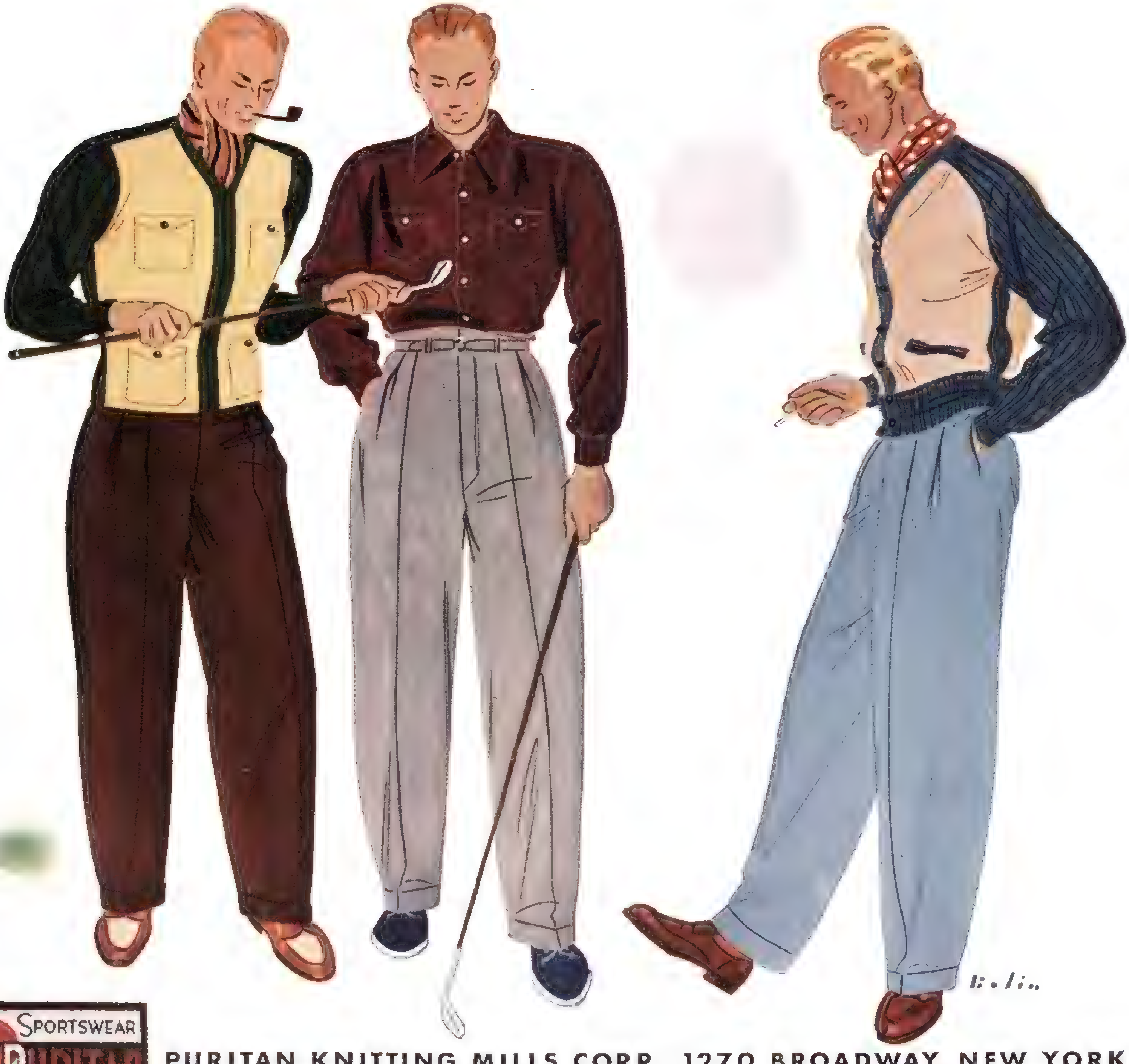

SPORTSWEAR by PURITAN

**PURITAN KNITTING MILLS CORP., 1270 BROADWAY, NEW YORK**

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 98*

bolted the doors more tightly against possible foreign invasion.

On July 7, 1853 Commodore Perry of the United States Navy sailed into Yedo Bay with four formidable men-of-war. Acting under orders from the Emperor Komei, the commander of the port at Yedo asked Perry politely to go 'way, please. Perry said, in effect, "Like hell I will! Take this letter to his nibs, the Mikado. It's from President Fillmore. Maybe you don't know who President Fillmore is?" . . . (That wasn't a fair poser to put to anybody. A lot of Americans, graduates from high school and college, couldn't tell you even now who President Fillmore was, when or why.) . . . "I'll be back for an answer in a few months." Then he sailed away.

Perry's visit to Japan, commented the New York *Herald*, was, according to advices from Washington, "merely a hydrographical survey of the Japanese coast. The 32-pounders are to be used merely as measuring instruments in the triangulations; the cannon balls are for procuring the base lines. If any Japanese is foolish enough to put his head in the way of these meteorological instruments, of course, nobody will be to blame but himself if he should get hurt."

Perry gave the Japanese seven months. That was a lot of time. They thought he was coming back much quicker. The Japanese are a great and industrious little people. They got to work even before the last top-mast of Perry's fleet had disappeared over the horizon. They said to themselves, "Well, if that's the way it's going to be, that's the way it's going to be."

And so before Perry swaggered up and dropped anchor in Yedo Bay again in February 1854, all prepared to be tough, he found the Japanese so sweet about the whole matter that if he hadn't been a Navy man he might have had suspicions that something was wrong here. He found the Japanese not only eager but willing to sign a commercial treaty with the United States, right away, immediately. If he had had prescience he would have said, "Hey, wait a minute!" and he would have hurried back to the new President Pierce and said, "Let's go slow on this. Filly sent me out to throw the old scare into 'em but those monkeys jumped at this thing too quick. I'll bet they have figured out something. I wouldn't be surprised if they bought some junk from us at first, just to string us along, with the idea that pretty soon they will be selling us more junk than they buy and will be undercutting us all over hellangone."

For the truth was that before Perry came back for his answer to President Fillmore's letter, the Japanese had already got a good, running start toward becoming the world power, "the menace to the peace of the nations," she is alleged to be now. She had wanted to be left alone. She had tried to be left alone. We pulled a couple of guns on her like a drunken bully with a timid tenderfoot in a frontier gambling joint and said, "Come on pardner and be sociable. We are playing stud poker and *you are playing.*"

So Japan played. She had seen what had happened to the Chinks when *they* didn't want to play, or rather when they didn't want to play any longer. The British had looked around for the most profitable field for a rapid turnover in their sale of opium, chief product of the Hindustan of their subjugated nation, India; they had chosen China because its population was huge, it was near by, it could be reached by cheap transportation by water, and because the majority of the inhabitants had no experience in the vice. They infected and paralyzed a nation, made China an infinitely populated hop-joint with the addicts ready to part with their choicest treasures for the stuff—a very neat arrangement for the British, for the stuff cost them almost nothing beyond the minor items of clerical overhead and distribution, for the poppy was grown by subject peons on the lowest wage scale in the world.

Japan had seen what the British systematic exploitation of opium addiction had done even to the faint vestiges of law and order in China. Chinese government officials had become venal, incompetent, corrupt, ready to sell out to anybody or to anything; there was no Chinese army but only the "banner-men" of various provinces, medieval play soldiers most of them, without training. Then there was a "rebirth" in China, as there is every so often, and one of the first acts of the new reborn generation was to forbid the importation of opium.

Great Britain said, "So you are going to stop buying our opium, eh? You are going to forbid the importation and sale of it? . . . That's what *you* think!" . . . And forthwith Great Britain, *just like the Japanese in 1937*, entered into one of those undeclared wars with China. Canton was first blockaded by the British. Then British gunboats bombarded the city; British troops disembarked, drove out the inhabitants and took over the town. British troops, with formidable reinforcements, then began depredations (without ever having declared war—*just* like the Japanese) and soon brought the demoralized Chinese to their knees. Great Britain said she would let up on two conditions: namely, if China declared null and void the law against the importation and sale of opium and ceded Hongkong to Great Britain. China knuckled under. Thus Great Britain now had a swell port of entry into China and her merchants needed never to pay Chinese import duties on opium or anything else.

(It is instructive to note that

*Continued on page 148*

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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 98-147*

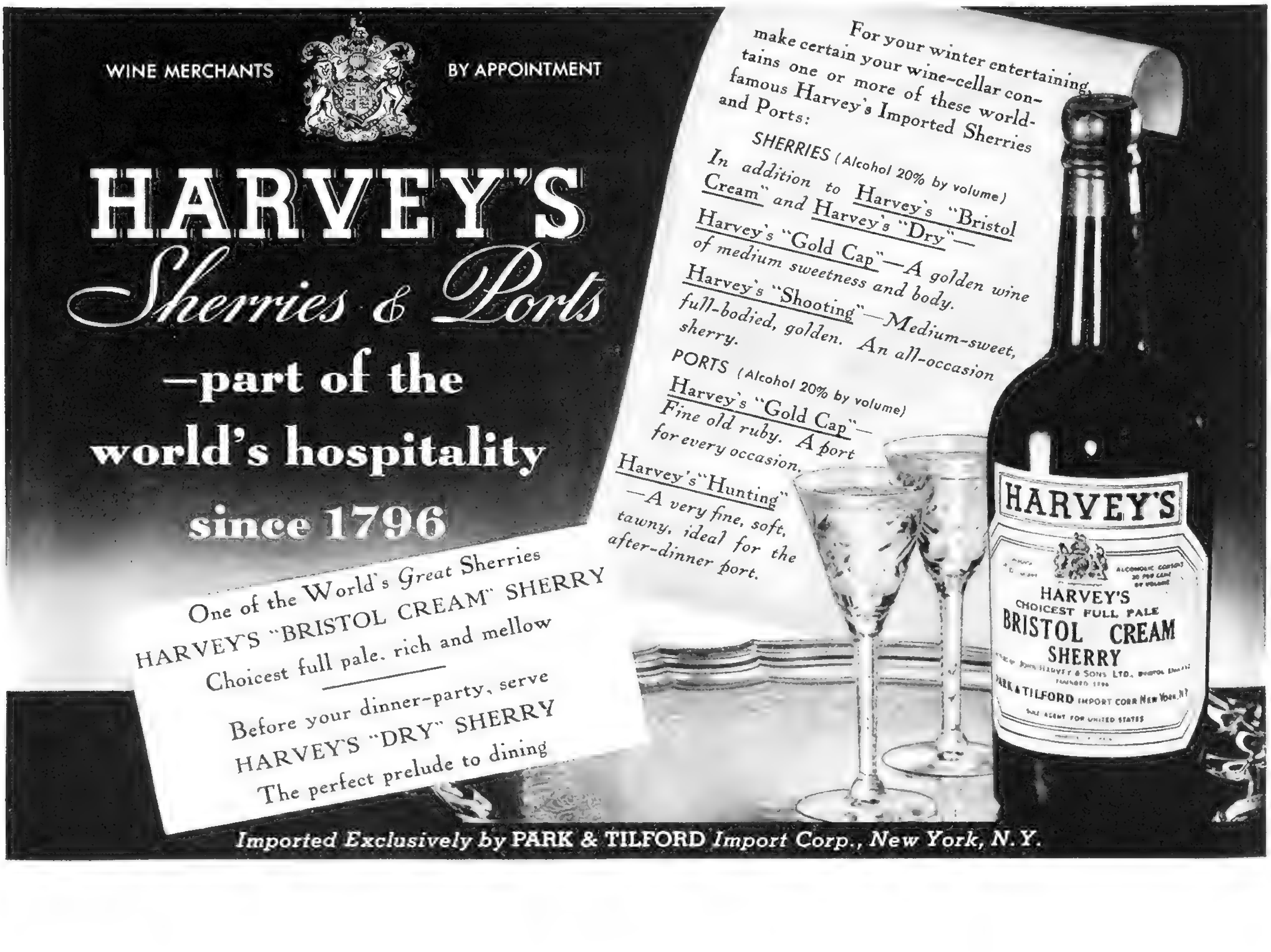
when a Chinese convert to Christianity organized the Taipings, "Princes of Peace," in such overwhelming numbers that they were able to take Nanking and Shanghai practically unarmed, the great Christian nations, England, France and the United States gave aid and succor to the Manchus and "Chinese" Gordon, an English general, went to bat for the Manchus as generalissimo, organized the army, defeated the Taipings and thus saved China for the "heathen Chinee" with, to be sure, proper monetary and concessionary awards to the succoring Christians. The succoring Christians, in fact, got so many rewards for their help, that pretty soon China was prostrate, the Manchu dynasty was nearing an end and the Boxer Rebellion was soon to break out "to drive the foreign devils out of the country." Then the whites refused to get out and soon a varied assortment of two hundred of them were bottled up in the British legation at Peking. Whereupon a relief expeditionary force of eighteen thousand American, British, French, German, Russian and Japanese troops was sent to the relief of the beseiged. The expeditionaries destroyed everything in sight. Peace was made. The Christian [plus Japanese] allies levied an indemnity of $333,000,000 against the Chinese for their help and further specified that they fix the custom rates, guard Peking and take charge of things generally. That was practically the end of China as a nation.)

The Japanese had watched the beginning of all this; so when we, under the skin of Perry, told the Japanese they had to play stud poker whether they wanted to or not, the Japanese learned the game rapidly. They imported military instructors from Germany and Holland, built a naval college at Yedo, set up an iron foundry at Nagasaki; they called upon British military experts to repair any deficiencies in the armies trained by the Hollanders and Germans and upon British naval experts to organize a navy. They destroyed feudalism by imperial edicts, beginning in 1871; they reorganized their economic life along modern European industrial lines in a jiffy; Prince Ito returned from a visit to America and organized banks on the American system; they organized stock companies; they reorganized the school systems, established universities and imported foreign bacteriologists, chemists, engineers; they started manufacturing cheap imitations of European goods.

To finance this rapid change from feudalism, the Japanese needed money; but here again the Japanese had learned another trick from the Occident. They borrowed, at from seven to nine per cent interest, millions of dollars from Great Britian, Germany and other nations, thus assuring themselves against being attacked by these nations. And then, taking another tip, they set out to conquer another country to make that country pay for it all. They picked China and made Korea the Belgium of the first Chino-Japanese war, with no protest from the so-called civilized nations. They won. They later challenged Russia and won.

So Japan learned the stud poker game she was compelled to play, mighty quick. Now we want her out of the game. We and the Britons are saying she doesn't play the game according to the rules, whereas she has been playing the game *strictly*, even meticulously, according to the only rules she knows, the rules we taught her. In 1862 a certain Richardson, a British citizen, accompanied by two other men and a woman, with a Britisher's ignorance of and contempt for the etiquette of the people of other countries, *unintentionally* insulted the Lord of Satsuma on the road to Yedo. A Britisher's insults are nearly always unintentional. The only time he insults you intentionally is when he owes you money. The other times it is quite unintentional; it is out of sheer vulgar ignorance and stupid complacency. This Richardson bird, leading his little cavalcade, tried to cut through the Lord of Satsuma's escort. He didn't mean it as an insult. Being a true-born Englishman, it would never *occur* to him to insult a "nigger" or even that it was possible to do so: as a true-born Englishman, he quite naturally took the right of way whenever a "nigger" had it, even in the "nigger's" bailiwick. What did one expect? An Englishman is so seldom in his own bailiwick that other bailiwicks must necessarily be considered the Englishman's, if he happens to be there.

One of the samurai swordsmen among the Lord of Satsuma's bodyguard did natural law so well understood by the English. He was so quick to resent the insult to his chief that he cut Mr. Richardson up into about forty neat geometrical cubes, cylinders, octagons and just plain slices, before he heard the shogun's repeated commands to desist. This was one of those "regrettable incidents." The British government promptly demanded the surrender to them of the samurai for punishment as they saw fit to mete out and for



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heavy indemnity from the Lord of Satsuma. The Lord of Satsuma refused both requests, whereupon a British squadron bombarded the Satsuma capital of Kagoshima; the Japanese battery gunners answered back, inflicting heavy damage on the British ships. The British decided not to press the matter further. There was, at the moment, a chance that Confederate victories might so pile up as to make it *morally* profitable for England to come running up at the kill as an ally of the U. S. of the South; a famine was raging in the cotton manufacturing districts.

This brief recital of some historical facts and consequences has a definite purpose. I have been reading and hearing a lot of distressing things lately—things that have made me go sick inside and recall with sad, sinking sorrow the pumping up of the war emotions, the emotions of hate and vindictiveness (always with moral fervor: we are *so* moral, *so* anxious to keep the rest of the world up to our high standards of honor, ideals of peace and orderly progress—that is, if the odds are heavy enough in our favor, as when we drove the terrible Spaniards out of Cuba to make way for a whole series of Machados without giving them a chance to put up a defense about the explosion which sank the Maine—that we are ready to cut any small fellow up to our size to show how peaceful we are).

Months ago the President ordered American citizens out of the fighting zone of the Chinese and Japanese forces and told them that if any remained there it was at their own risk. The U. S. gunboat *Panay*, was bombed and sunk by the Japanese from the air. Ninety-six lost their lives. *Three* of these were Americans. The others were Chinese refugees. The newspapers screamed in headlines "American Gunboat Sunk by Japs: 96 Dead"; radio news broadcasters came on the air with the high pitch and staccato pace of their excited imitation of Walter Winchell's imitation of Floyd Gibbons, and spoke as though war would, or should, be declared before their five minutes were up; the Sir Oracles of the air variously imitating the melodramatic, decisive but sepulchral bass of *The March of Time's* Boris Karloff, told us that Japan had gone too far and that a united nation would arise on the morrow to buckle on its armor and revenge this barbarous violation of human decency; the President himself, as if swept away by this pumped-up hysteria, said in a rebuke and challenge, "We owe . . . leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the goal of ultimate peace"; Alf Landon came forward to tell us that in this "national crisis" he was standing back of the President (whether with brick or knife in hand, he didn't say), and Colonel Knox didn't let this great opportunity slip by to announce his great loyalty to the President.

And so it went, all down the line. War hysteria was brewing under the deliberately enkindled fires of irresponsible radio commentators trying to drag in enough fan letters to impress a commercial sponsor and us into war. It looked as though we might be dragged in, and we may yet. For many months now pro-Chinese, anti-Japanese propaganda has been flooding the country. Exhibitionistic college girls have seized opportunities to show their legs before the newsmen's cameras by tearing off their silk stockings and throwing them into a bonfire—to show their love and sympathy for the noble Chinese and their loathing and contempt for the barbarous Japs. New books come off the presses every day telling about the inspired, beautiful self-sacrifice the Chinese are making to resist the encroachments of the Japanese. The Japanese as a people are described for all the world as the Germans were in 1914-15 British propaganda, while to the Chinese are attributed all the superhuman virtues the Belgians were once alleged to possess.

That is why, in this case, when a flock of new books came out I took down an old one. I wanted to check up on all this stuff. I have a skepticism which makes me doubt the validity of any idea or set of ideas that I hear mouthed about almost unanimously. I didn't know much about it; but I had a hunch that the Japanese are people like other people, not ogre offspring of malign demons, and that their history probably showed their mass or national conduct to be no more reprehensible than that of any Occidental race or nation. So I looked the matter up. I picked from my shelves one of those books I had never got around to reading: *Japan: The Rise of a Modern*. It was published by the Oxford University Press in 1918. The bookseller's mark shows I paid \$2.25 for it. It is by an Englishman, Robert P. Porter, an Oriental scholar, who died just before he had completed this book. It is beautiful; it is magnificent; it is entrancing. The style is graceful and easy. His ironies are not so obviously contrived as Strachey's and are therefore more pointed. He has an honest wit, a critical sense of natural and individual pretenses and hypocrisies but his judgments are never warped by a preconceived, moralistic point of view. He is acute, scholarly, concise. Nearly all of the history I relate in the major portion of this article is drawn from his book, and merely paraphrased or condensed and indirectly and even directly quoted. I earnestly recommend that you read it before you also start saying, "I guess we've got to go in and clean up those dirty Japs." Let's wash our own shirttails first.

Among the local New York intelligentsia, most of whom are vigorously and vocally anti-Japanese, there has been a choral hymn of hums and ahs for two books, *First Act in China* (Viking Press,

*Continued on page 150*

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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 98-147-149*

$3) by James M. Bertram and *Red Star Over China* (Random House, $3) by Edgar Snow. Snow is a young American newspaper man who became chief correspondent in the Far East for the London *Daily Herald* and Bertram is a Rhodes scholar New Zealander who became Snow's assistant. Snow tells of the capture of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek but in doing so he uses an abbreviated account written by his assistant. Bertram dramatizes this event at great length and his book is chiefly concerned with the Sian mutiny of which the capture of the generalissimo was the star act. Snow's longer book covers recent events in the whole Red area of Northwest China and of the long march of Chu Teh, the "Red Napoleon."

I often hear it said and have read many times that these two books clarify the whole Chinese puzzle. Both books are racy and exciting stuff by adventurous and talented young reporters. Both men have been closely associated only with the Red army and the Red army leaders during their stay in China and both are, therefore, sold solidly on the argument of the Reds in China's civil war, in which there is a pro-Japanese, anti-Russian, anti-China Red faction, among whom was (until his capture and "conversion") Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and there is an anti-Japanese, pro-Russian, anti-liberal faction; and both of these are against the liberal, democratic Chinese-for-the-Chinese faction faithful followers of the liberator Sun Yat Sen, whose image, nevertheless is used as an ikon by all three factions. Snow, who must be all of twenty-five, tells us all very precisely and with the assurance of adolescent omniscience what is going to happen and particularly does he tell us that America, "however genuinely convinced of the expediency of 'isolationism,' can never avoid her responsibilities in the Western Pacific."

What responsibilities? Protection of British Shell Oil concessions in China, or Dutch Shell Oil, or Standard Oil? The British opium trade in China? The free ports and international settlements wrested from China by enlightened Occidentals, the better to exploit China's resources to alien nations' profit and to reduce the bulk of the Chinese people to economic vassalage? . . . No, no, no! Mr. Snow doesn't mean any of those things. He is a newly converted Communist. He means the higher things. He means that it is our military, naval and moral responsibility to jump on Japan to keep Japan away from the gravy, so that the nice idealistic Stalin boy can come in and mop up what is left of it.

It seems to me that Japan has a much better moral right to a "peaceful penetration and pacification" of China than any of the other nations—Russia, United States, Great Britain, Germany, Holland and France—who have barged, squatted and started milking the country, and have been milking it ever since without ever giving anything in return except some missionary hymn books and Bibles and some one-story schools and colleges raised by pennies collected from American Sunday School children.

The Manchus seized and exploited the ancient, cultured and prosperous Korean nation and reduced the Koreans to vassalage; the Japanese restored to the Koreans their independence as the result of the Chino-Japanese war; the Russians sneaked in, stripped Korea of its timber and left it a dump heap; the Japs whipped the Russians on account of this and annexed Korea. Since then Japan has built 9000 miles of roadways and 1400 miles of railways over a country hitherto traversed only by pack animals; they introduced scientific agriculture and revived the depleted soil; in 1928, Korea, for centuries a miserable plunder-bag, had imports of $206,000,000 and exports valued at $182,000,000.

What if China's bandit gangs, raggle-taggle armies under Tinpot "Red Napoleons," the Koumintangs, and the Chinese Nationalists, should solidify into a United States of Soviet China, with the aid of the U.S.S.R. and in alliance with the U.S.S.R., for a militant campaign against Japanese "aggression?" Once it got going good mightn't this campaign keep up until there wasn't a Japanese left in Japan and mightn't these allies then decide to come over here to try to find some Japanese and incidentally to rebuke us for harboring them and then stay to teach us the true light of imperialistic Communism?

I am asking. I don't know. But so many of these newspaper boys don't seem to have to be in the Far East more than a couple of days before they know all the answers. One of the answers seems universally among them to be that the Japanese, living precariously on a small chain length of volcanic little islands, are (unless we all break in and stop them) going to mop up China, then Russia, then India, grab off the Philippines and Australia and then come over and whack off a nice juicy slice of us . . . They must be thinking of the dominions grabbed off by the tight little island of Great Britain. Maybe the Japs will do it peacefully, morally and with the highest ethical purposes and intentions, like the English. I'm willing to wait and see.

[NOTE: No room to mention any more books this time. Lots next time. Meanwhile get *Moulders of Destiny: Renaissance Lives and Times* (Covice-Friede, $3) and *Your Money or Your Life* (Whittlesey House, $2.50) by Gilbert Seldes. I got a big kick out of both of them.] ⌗

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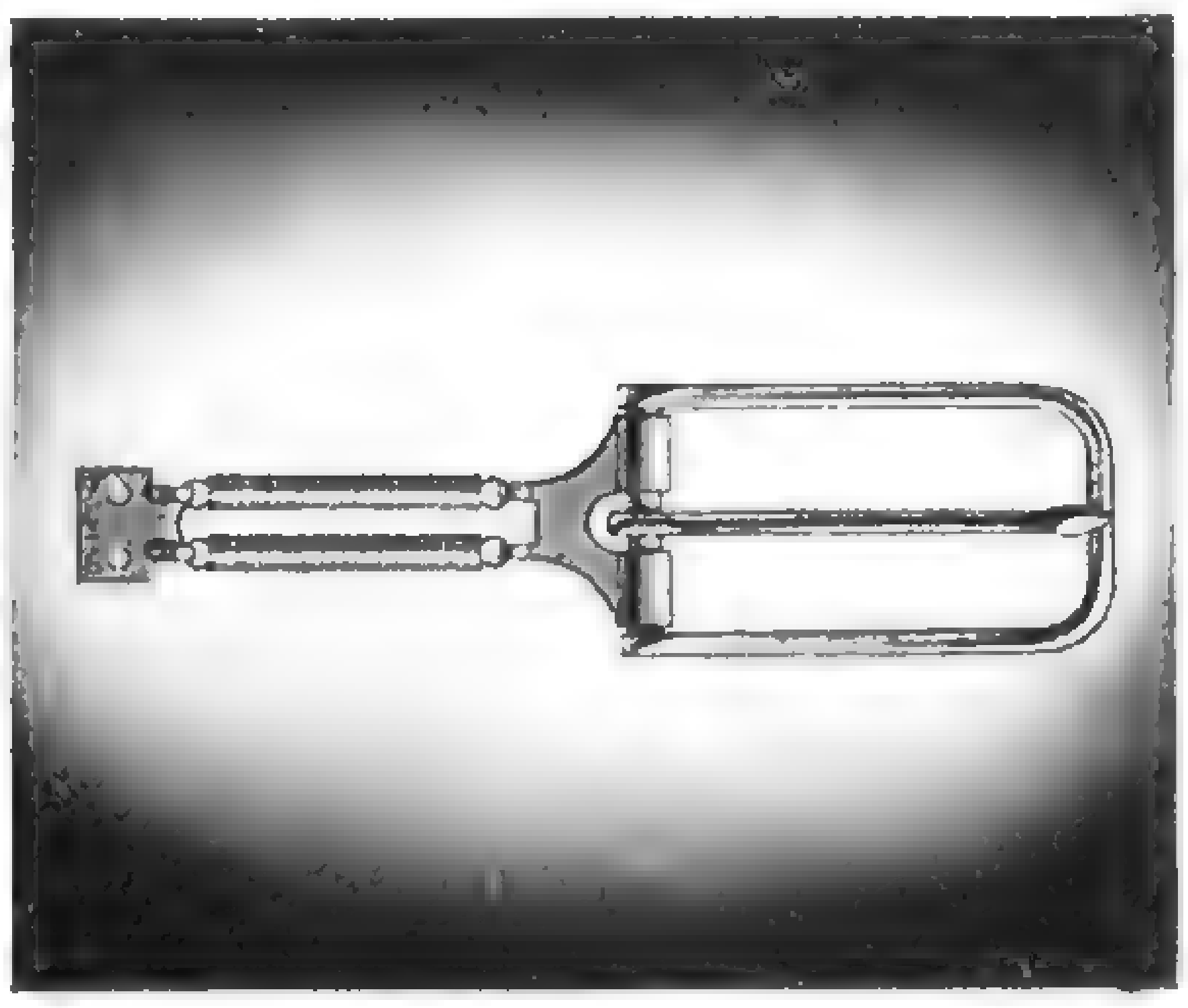

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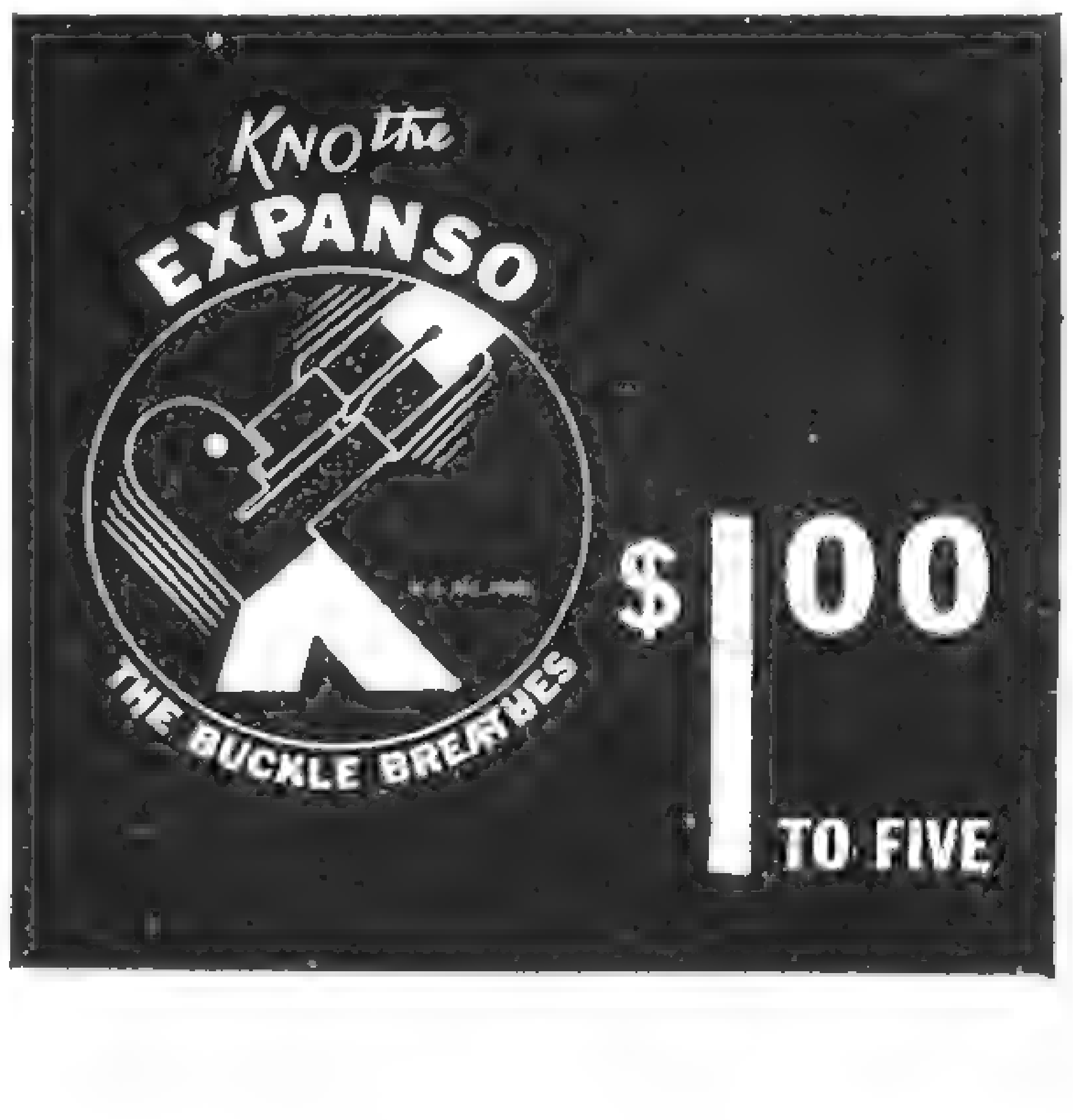

## A Case of Conscience

*Continued from page 39*

"Again may I ask the age of this new person?"

"He is thirty-six, indeed a little younger than I. . . . Please don't protest, I am forty years old, I don't hide it. I will spare you the recital that you, a novelist can so easily imagine, of the birth of a new love in a heart I had thought dead. . . . Hervé (the first name of the man I still call my employer) was very different than Oliver. Although I recognized common traits in both (activity, authority, honesty), there existed the profound differences which separated two periods. Hervé has not Oliver's patience, his seriousness, his horror of risk, nor his immense culture. He is a sportsman rather than an intellectual, but his original and lively intelligence has sides of artlessness and curiosity which are charming. . . . To use an expression dear to my son, Hervé is more 'in the swim' than Oliver was. Above all he is astonishingly young, and you can't know how delightful it is for a forty-year-old woman to know herself loved by a man whom all the young girls would fight for."

"And this love has come to an offer of marriage?"

"Yes, and that is precisely the object of this strange consultation. Hervé says that he can no longer do without me, that his work becomes a joy by my presence, he wants me for himself, to live with me, to take me with him on his travels, and that this existence in which I sell my time to him has become insupportable. To which marriage would evidently be the only remedy. . . . But have I the right to marry? Shall I fail in my vow which I took with such entirely good faith, to a man I loved so much? Am I myself going to destroy in my children's minds this picture of eternal fidelity, of union stronger than death, which I put there with so much care? And on the other hand can I let my last chance pass? Ought I to refuse a support to a person who is worthy of it when he thinks he too will find security and happiness? For several weeks I have been torn between these contradictory duties. I can no longer see clearly. I weigh arguments. I hesitate; I search. After having read certain of your books, I asked myself if you . . ."

"What is the reaction of your children?" I asked. "Do they suspect anything? Do they approve? Find fault?"

"They are used to my hiding nothing from them. They know and they disapprove. It is a little cruel on their part, but natural enough too. One must be just. I have spoken to them so much of my faithfulness to the memory of their father, so often said that my personal life was finished, and that I now lived only for them, that they are used to these ideas. . . . They feel that if a man I love enters my life they will pass to the background. And it's true. . . . I tried to believe the contrary; I said that Hervé would love them as much as I myself, and would support them with his authority. I declared that nothing would be changed in our joint life . . . But I know it's not true. . . . A man in love doesn't easily accept third parties between him and his wife. . . . If he has to travel, I will follow him. . . . His friends will become mine. . . . No, the children aren't wrong in thinking that after this marriage they will be orphans. It's too hard a word, and I now go beyond my own reasoning, but it's to compel myself to look things in the face."

"Isn't your daughter herself in love with . . .?"

"With Hervé? Oh no. Happily I have been spared that at least. But my daughter is hard on me, much harder on me than my son. . . . She takes me for an old woman. That I can be loved, in the sense that she herself would like to be, seems to her ridiculous and a little scandalous I know. I can't think without shame at what will be if this marriage takes place, her judgments on the least loving gesture, the least word a little tender for her taste. I know that I would have thought as she does at her age, and I imagine her reprobation so well that I'm often tempted to break it all off, to take refuge in some provincial town with my two children, where perhaps I again could find some work. . . . Then I reflect. . . . I tell myself that I am going to sacrifice lasting happiness for two children who will both leave me in the course of the next five or six years, for an oath made in a moment of exaltation and pity to a being who, at a time when he was really himself, would certainly have advised me never to despair of life or love. . . . And again I am tempted to accept."

"You say, madame, that your two children will certainly leave you in five or six years, and this seems reasonable. . . . Couldn't you propose, to the man who wishes to marry you, awaiting the time when you will be alone? Then one of your scruples, and the most serious one, would be gone."

"You don't know Hervé. He is impatience itself. Used to commanding, he expects to get what he wants easily. He sometimes says: 'I have too much work to have time to be unhappy." If, after reflecting, I refuse his offer,

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or I refer it to a distant undetermined date, he will try to forget me, and I fear, alas, that he would succeed. . . . Besides I have never thought that putting off decisions was a good method. . . . I have promised Hervé that I would answer him by tomorrow yes or no. . . . That is the only reason I allowed myself to insist on seeing you today. . . . As I told you when I arrived, I no longer see clearly where duty lies. . . . I count on you, a distant and impartial observer, to tell it to me. . . . I will not argue, I will not dispute, I will do what you advise me to."

"You do me a great and perilous honor," I said. "Clear as your recital has been, I do not know the people who act out their destiny in this game. You ask me to judge, in one phrase, a debate which has occupied you and yours for months."

"I ask you to judge it in one word," she said. "Only say, as tomorrow I will have to say it myself, yes—or no."

She stopped. I looked at her in silence. Animation and anxiety had made her still more beautiful.

"Marry," I said finally, "marry the man you love."

I know she has followed this counsel. Was I right to give it to her? #

## Mrs. Andrews' Rooming House

*Continued from page 49*

the strong-limbed and life-hungry youth that strode across these scrawled and wrinkled pages.

A pathetic library of books, old, torn, and wasted as himself, was propped into convenient nooks about the narrow musty room—three doors down from Miss Buxton. All the books were related to a single subject: American frontier days. *The War with Mexico. A History of the Southwest. Wild Bill Hickok. The Alamo. California, Past and Present. In Old Arizona. The Coming of the Texas Rangers.*

On the wall was an oil painting, a fantastically dashing and youthful portrait, in full frontier regalia, bearing the legend: For "Tex" Rankin, pioneer. Ida B. Andersen, Denver, 1904. Three sets of rusted spurs, a filthy battered sombrero, and a moth-eaten pelt of some unidentifiable animal completed the furnishings of the room.

Tex Rankin had sent his manuscript off to a few dozen publishers. Not egotistically, with the thought of making himself famous. How much more famous could a frontiersman like old Rankin become? What necessity to stir the pallid souls of effete readers? He had sent the manuscript hurrying back and forth across the great American plains by force of convention. If the story of his life had a value he did not mean to keep it from the world. But the publishers had all returned it with ever-increasing politeness. He was almost glad. Somehow it would have seemed wrong to mummify the strong and vital hero of his story between the pages of a book.

Inanimate lay the rusted spurs, cold to their future, unhaunted by memories of yowling, demon Indians. The animal pelt lay without dignity in a ridiculous heap of decay. Tex Rankin's sombrero still bore the sweat-blackened stamp of Stetson. The old man tried to concentrate on the actual words of his manuscript again. They were good words, he thought. They read a little meaninglessly because the brain had become weak and tired. As a matter of fact they were without syntax, illiterately composed, misspelled for the most part, a hodge-podge of foolish memory, whole gobs badly paraphrased from one or the other of *California, Past and Present; A History of the Southwest. . . .*

Mr. Grant was a simple soul. Simple enough. He had a way of making money, which always simplifies things. It was characteristic of Mr. Grant that he never noticed the city. The white fog-tipped walls of crowded human habitation, the breathtaking and fantastic streets that climbed recklessly the hard breasts of its steep hills, made no impression on the imagination of Mr. Grant.

Mr. Grant had no imagination. He lived in a dowdy rooming house, having for neighbors Miss Buxton, old Rankin, and sundry others. He didn't notice them. He noticed almost nothing. He was neither speculative nor ambitious; he did not shave quite frequently enough, he never thought of buying new clothes, he was without presence or personality. And yet Mr. Grant, apparently possessed of no qualification for living and no desires in particular, had found a way of life and a means to gratify it.

Once each week Mr. Grant, gainfully employing the perfection of his complete inconspicuousness, repaired to a pier at the Embarcadero. There Mr. Grant asked a sailor for a match with which to light his cigarette. Somehow, during this brief and natural contact, something happened. Each week Mr. Grant went away from the Embarcadero with something in his pocket which had not been there when he arrived. This something was a tin-foiled package resembling a bar of chewing tobacco, and represented in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars' worth of opium.

Mr. Grant went home to his rooming house and sat in a chair and did nothing. He simply stared at the walls of the utterly bare room complacently, blankly, untiringly, until it was bed time. He never read, sang, talked, or indicated that he was anything but an insensate robot. He went to bed and slept; awaking the following morning he would dress, repair to a cheap cafeteria and order for breakfast one cruller and a glass of milk, after which he would slowly make his way up the slope of Geary toward Chinatown. Invariably a slant-eyed individual would accost Mr. Grant and request a

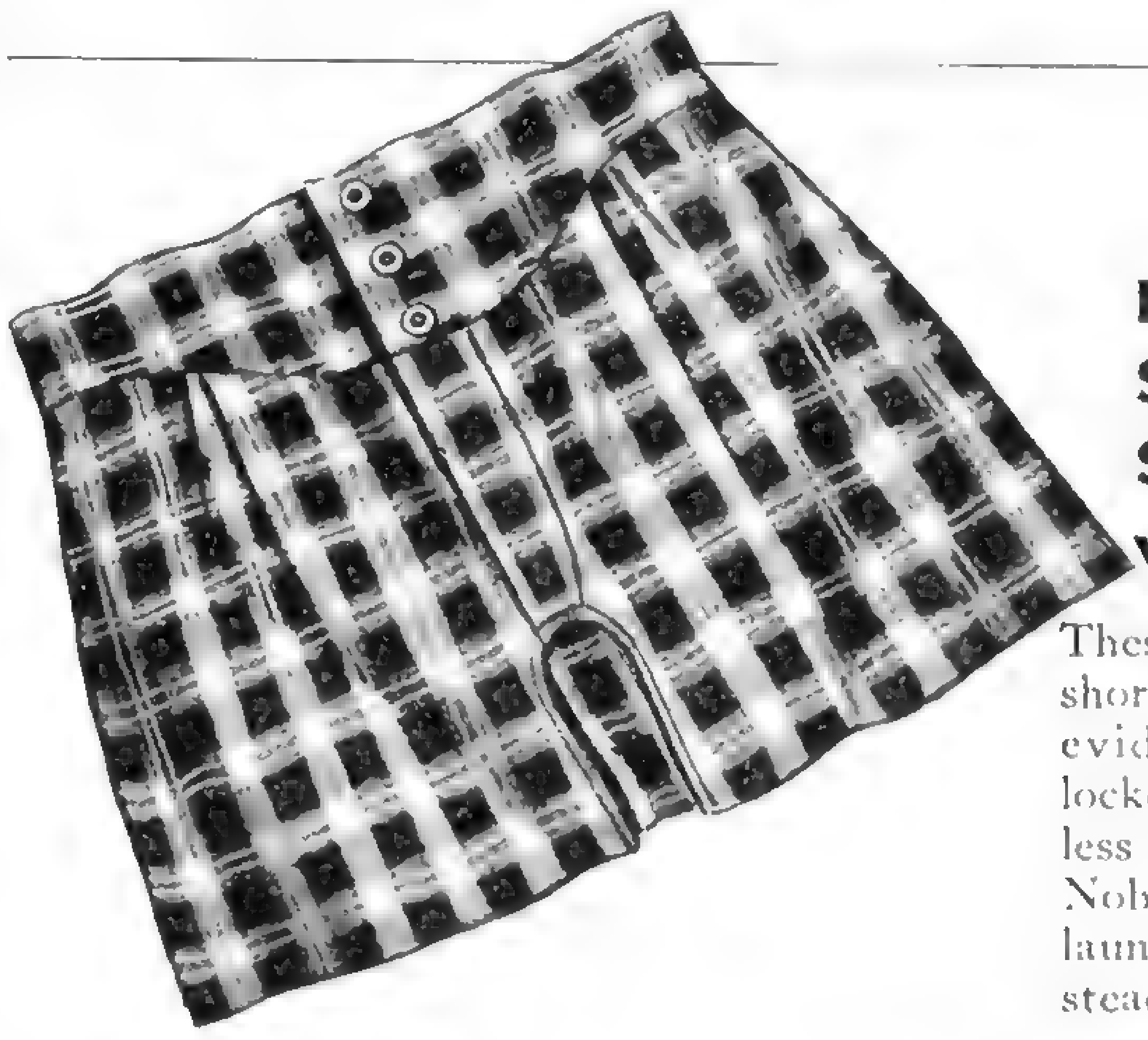
*Continued on page 154*

Fashions for men in . . .

India Madras

(American version by WILSON BROTHERS)

In far-off India they have been hand-looming gaily plaided Madras called *lungi* for centuries. Introduced to these shores last year, India Madras promises to become a hit fabric idea for 1938. Wilson Brothers has carefully styled this American version to reproduce the character of the Indian original—and tailored it into brilliant furnishings for fashion-alert men. Favored stores are waiting now to present them to you . . .

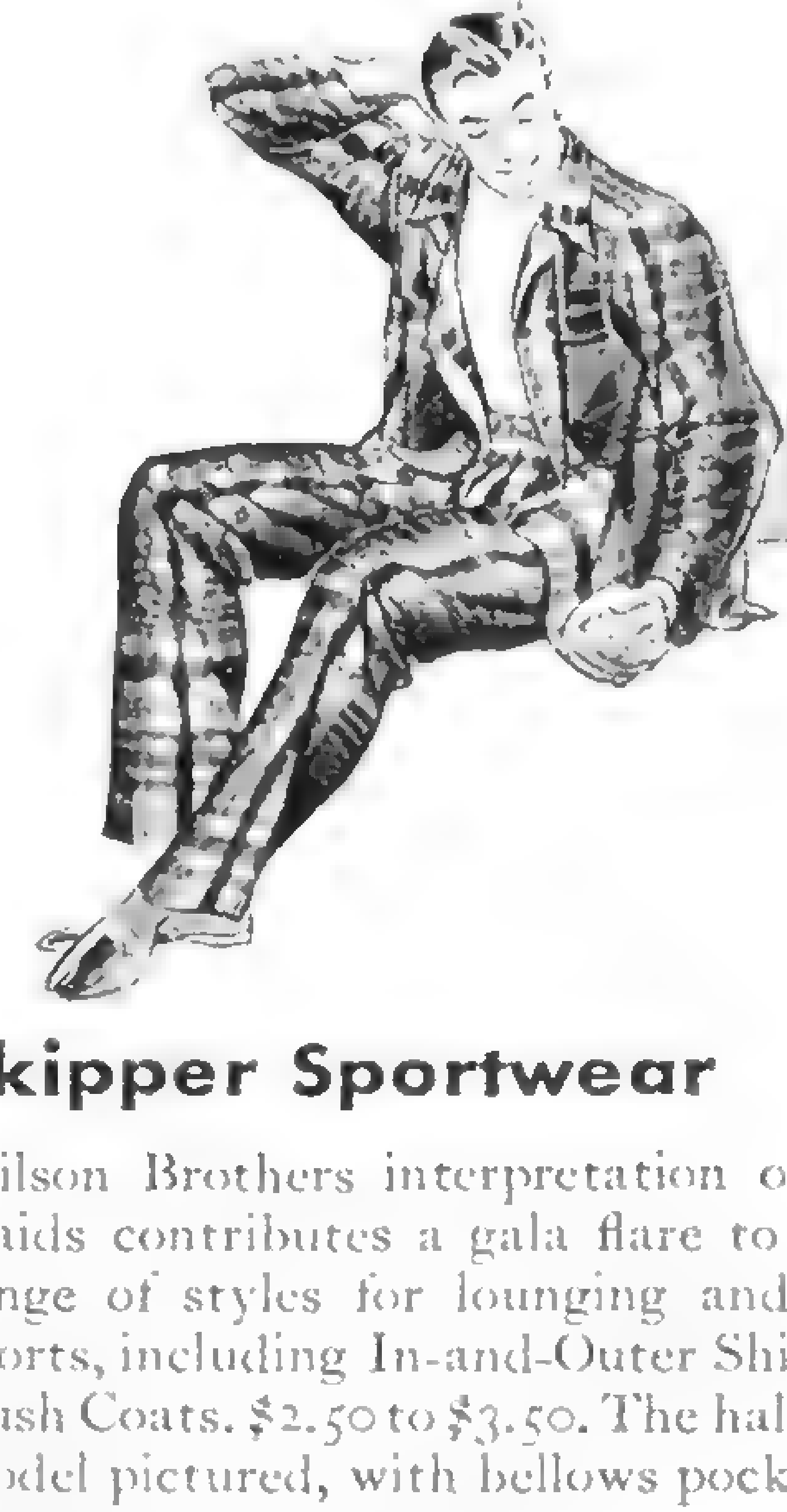


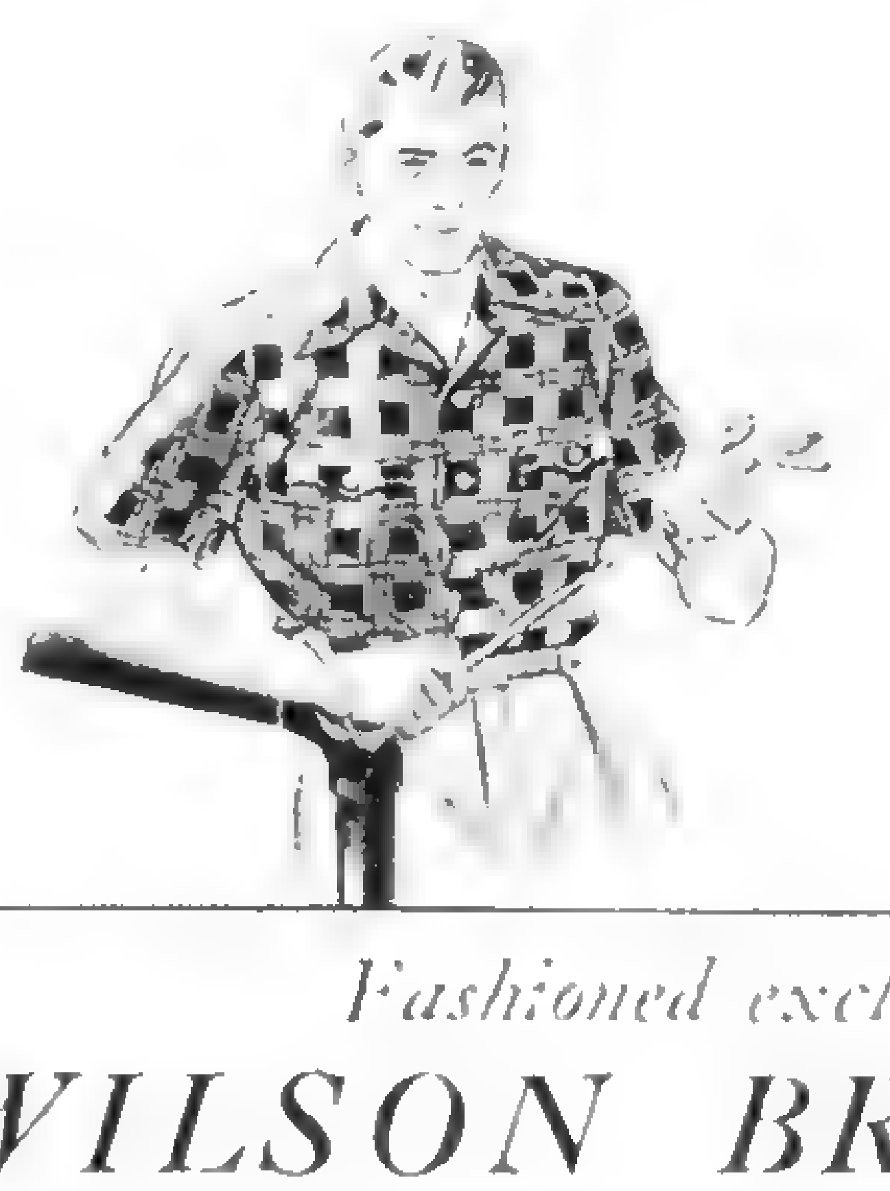
**NOBELT Super Shorts with Grippers**

These vividly patterned shorts are already much in evidence in smart club locker rooms. With seamless panel seat, resilient Nobelt waist insert, and laundryproof Grippers (instead of buttons), $1.00.

**Faultless NOBELT Pajamas**

Colorful as they are, these pajamas in India Madras patterns won't disturb your sleep. Instead of draw strings they have the famous flexible Nobelt waistband that is kind to your middle—helps you get a better night's rest. $3.50.





**Skipper Sportwear**

Wilson Brothers interpretation of India plaids contributes a gala flare to a wide range of styles for lounging and active sports, including In-and-Outer Shirts and Bush Coats. $2.50 to $3.50. The half-sleeve model pictured, with bellows pockets and wooden buttons, is $2.50.

*Fashioned exclusively by*
WILSON BROTHERS · CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

*Also makers of* V-Shaped Shirts, Buffer Hose, Wedglocke and Congo Cloth Neckwear

WHAT TO DO FOR A HUSBAND WHO IS NOT A GOOD MIXER

FOR such a husband, just do this . . . Buy a bottle or two of CLUB COCKTAILS, take them home, and let him convince himself of their superiority.

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It really does take more than fine liquors and a recipe to blend satisfactory cocktails. One must know — as only a few first-class barmen and Heublein know — how to wed flavor with flavor into delicious cocktail perfection.

This is why home cocktail-mixing is rapidly becoming as passé as home bread-making or any other outmoded household chore.

You'll like the convenience of these ready-mixed CLUB COCKTAILS. No fussing with recipes! No kitchen-muss or bother! All you do is ice and pour!

You will like, too, the economy. No over-supply of ingredients to buy! No mixing-waste! Nothing to throw away.

What isn't used from a bottle of these world-famous CLUB COCKTAILS keeps indefinitely.

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THE CLUB
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SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

**DRY MARTINI** (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.
**MARTINI (Medium Sweet)** (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.
**MANHATTAN** (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.
**OLD FASHIONED** (80 proof). Made with blended whiskies rich in bouquet and flavor.
**SIDE CAR** (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.
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**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.**

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Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is, we believe, as dry as a fine gin can be made. MILSHIRE, distilled by the old English "pot-still" formula, is preferred everywhere for its finer aroma and flavor. (90 proof—distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits).

MILSHIRE
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

## Mrs. Andrews' Rooming House

*Continued from pages 49-153*

match, which Mr. Grant would surprisingly appear to possess. Somehow, during this brief and natural contact, the tin-foiled package would disappear from Mr. Grant's pocket. In its place would reside three ten dollar bills, in payment for the risk Mr. Grant ran, of spending fifteen years in San Quentin penitentiary.

Anyway, this was the means by which he earned his living—simply, effectually, without fuss or feathers. Once possessed of the bills, he would seek a certain cellar presided over by a volatile Oriental; he would purchase four packages of opium pellets at five dollars each. Several days later Mr. Grant returned to his rooming house, passing Miss Buxton, perhaps, unseeingly in the hallway. There he would take up his occupation of staring at the walls of the bare room until the morning again came round for him to repair to the wharves.

Georgie Murdoch had a job, too. He worked for J. S. Engle & Co., stockbrokers. He did his job mechanically and efficiently, delivering records and transactions about the city. He liked San Francisco because in it he could do what he wanted. Georgie had run away from his home in Salinas, and now supported himself, living in the rooming house with Bill Matthew, Mr. Grant and the others. He was abnormally preoccupied with matters sexual.

That is to say the literature of sex. He was a shy, insignificant, white-faced boy, and had never dared to speak to a girl in his life. Girls, indeed, had no reality for young Murdoch; he knew them only as fleshly fantasies. He broke up these colossally strange and forbidding creatures into mathematic images. He studied the anatomy of love with the detached excitement of the scientist. He bought any paper, book, story, technical work, picture, brochure, magazine or publication which purported to convey information on the physical or psychological character of sex, its metabolism, attributions, idiosyncrasies. He was probably better informed on the subject than some of the old Greek love poets. He knew whole chapters of Havelock Ellis by heart. He knew the meaning of words which do not appear in any but Latin lexicons. He had tracked down flaws in the postulates of Krafft-Ebing, Moll, Gyurkovechky and Mantegazza.

Bookshop men who purveyed extra-legal literature in that city all knew Georgie Murdoch; he constituted a considerable part of their income. He was a whole clientele in himself. He possessed in all probability, a unique collection of anatomical photographs, brought from the four corners of the earth, which he had marked, ticketed, and indexed with speculative comment.

Love, as in so many other cases, Georgie did not understand. He had got a trauma somewhere, somehow. On lonely nights, in his room, under the light of the pale yellow electric bulb, sick with the meaningless blur of unknowable female bodies, he would rouse himself to extravagant and feverish imageries in which he heroically swaggered through high romances. The dead ashes of his dreams would choke in his brain. He would fall asleep, weeping, on his books. . . .

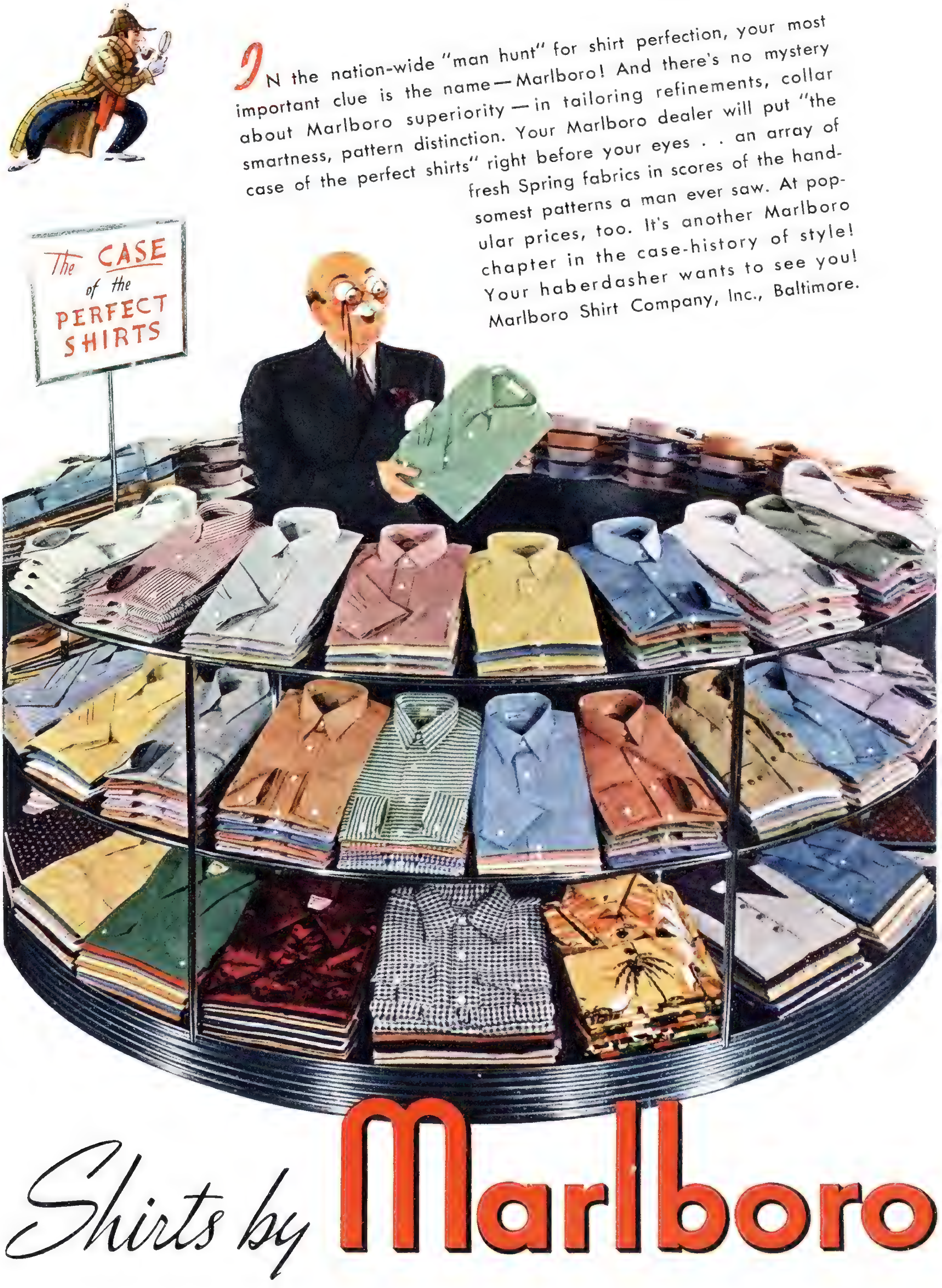
Miss Edith Dorth was as slick and as hard and as perfect as a new penny. She dressed in expensive suitings well abreast of fashion. Her feet were at all times smartly clad, her hair marcelled to the irrefrangible tidiness of a wig on a smirking beauty parlor dummy, her hands manicured to glassy pinkness. Miss Dorth's eyes were vacant hazel. She had a brittle smile and haughty shoulders and a studied, pathologic contempt for human beings, especially lowly ones.

Edith Dorth occupied the "parlor suite" in Mrs. Andrews' rooming house. She was head bookkeeper in the exporting firm of Johnson & Bond. She was paid $37.50 per week and might have afforded an excellent apartment in a much nicer neighborhood, but Miss Dorth's sole pleasure resided in the acid superiority she was able to exercise over such frowzy roomers as Bill Matthew, Miss Buxton, and so on.

She sought, welcomed, and executed endless opportunities to impress the less fortunate than she with their ill luck and shortcomings. She studied her opportunities with passionate single-mindedness. Most of her waking day was spent in speculative fancy devising means of humiliating her inferiors. She would pounce on an oversight by one of her staff like a cat on an unsuspecting robin; when she had reduced the victim to frightened and convulsive tears, she glowed with inner satisfaction and a rosy warmth of righteousness. She terrified and mentally mauled those whose jobs she controlled. Her subtler operations were reserved for the tenants who occupied Mrs. Andrews' rooms, they presenting a problem in subjugation requiring a more cunning and refined cruelty, not being chained to her will by economic domination.

Her bag of tricks was bottomless. She had an eagle's eye for defects in dress, and, as it roved pointedly on another's dowdy poverty, she would smile wordlessly, smile with an electric irony which never failed in its purpose. She would stare fixedly at a male roomer in such a way as to question his right to the title of man, implying that he was beyond the contemplation of decent womanhood. Her favorite with females was no less efficient. Miss Dorth would offer the victim some cast-off garment, worn stockings, a hat she had purposely unfitted for use,

*Continued on page 156*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CHARBERT, 24 WEST 57th STREET, N. Y.

## Mrs. Andrews' Rooming House

*Continued from pages 49-153-154*

a soiled pair of gloves.

Miss Dorth had a gentleman who now and then called on her. He was a constitutional bachelor, an old acquaintance of her family, who knew her as a safe companion for an occasional tennis match, a moving picture, a concert. She invariably had him meet her at the rooming house, where she would flaunt him, with a set of studied affectionate gestures, at those women who she was positive lacked male companionship.

The arrogant Miss Edith Dorth had no friends. She came and went and practiced her overbearing arts. Brilliantly self-protective, she gave more than satisfaction to Johnson & Bond, her position affording her the resource her nature required. Clerks and waitresses, hairdressers and salespeople, minor employes she vented her scalpel fury upon in their helplessness, reporting them to their superiors for imaginary insults and discourtesies, while constantly she dreamed of new ways to humiliate those she could not control. The race of human beings was beneath Miss Dorth. She hated everybody . . .

The life of Mrs. Andrews was full of splendid detail. She was exquisitely sensitive to the tragedy, farce, the meanness, the purpose and the purposelessness of human nature. She was as inevitably a rooming house keeper as some people are as inevitably baseball players or horticulturists or prostitutes. Mrs. Andrews had always considered herself a public institution. She had begun as the mother of five children, all girls. Her husband was a drunk with an excellent stomach. She had early classified him as a recalcitrant child. There had been so much trouble in the life of Mrs. Andrews that she had come to look upon good fortune with a cocked and satiric eye. With luck and favor she had no patience. She brushed such things aside with a huge scorn, disdaining their transient and fleeting character. Ugliness, misery, and stupidity were forever with us; let's understand and, understanding, dominate them. She was no mere pessimist, but a nurse who came to conquer, quietly joying in the fray, the diseases possessed by humankind; as a surgeon admires a beautiful tumor.

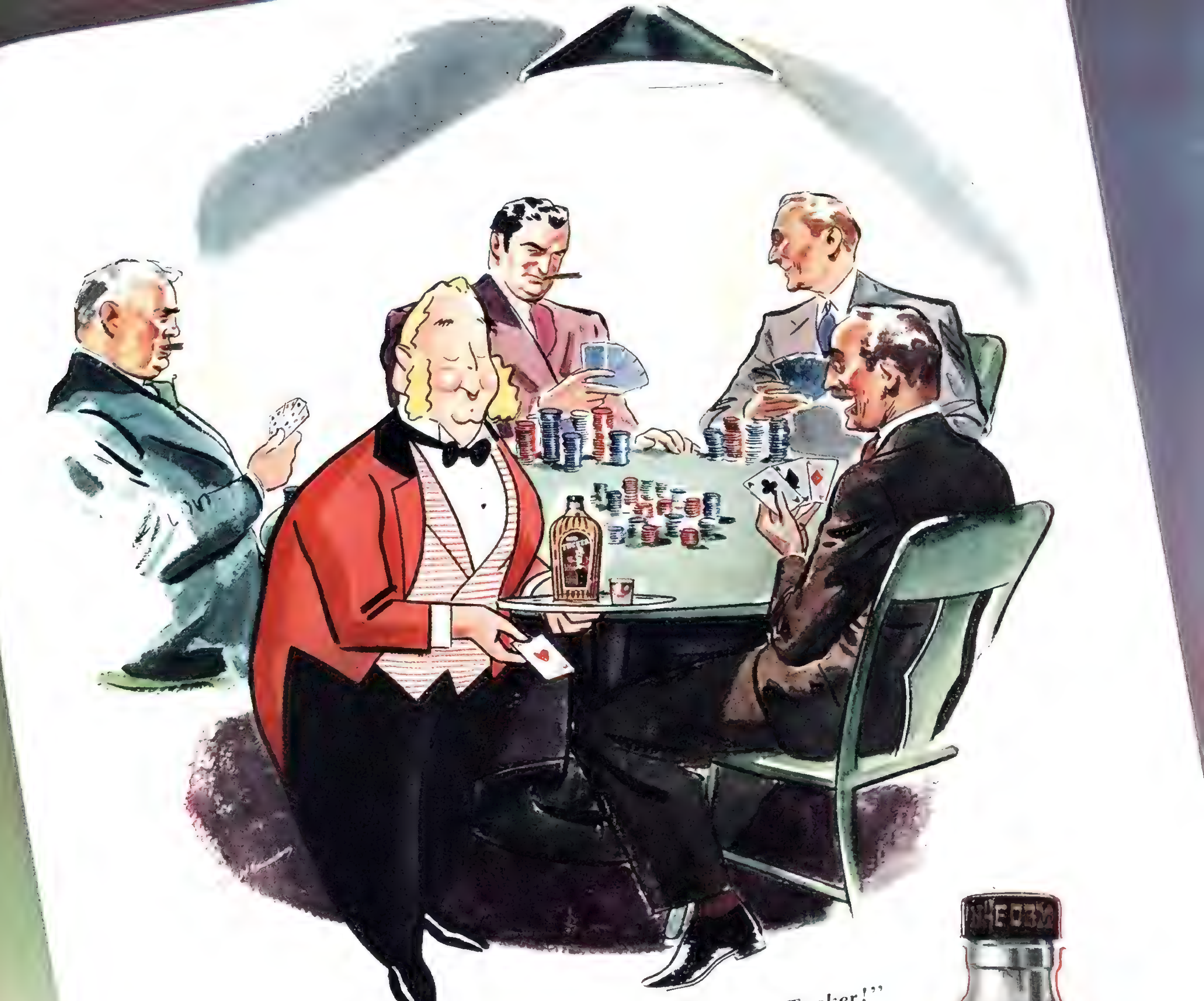
Her daughters, all but one, had married and gone off somewhere, now beyond the use of her motherhood. The one who had not married was in a tubercular sanitarium in Colorado Springs. Mr. Andrews was very much alive, hale and healthy, very constantly drunk, and enjoying himself on a pension he received for having enlisted, while in a happily inebriate state, during America's hostilities with Spain. He did not live at the rooming house, but moved from place to place about the city. He required change. His wife was too wise to question an apparently satisfactory arrangement. Now and then he would drop around, tight, rosy, good-humored, and the fat, dumpy, serene rooming house mistress would cook him a mess of shrimp, his favorite dish, and he would be off again for another indefinite period.

What Mrs. Andrews did not know about people she made up for with a remarkable percipience. Several regiments of bodies, faces, and souls had passed through her interested observation. There were none of these lives that did not impinge in one way or another upon her intelligence. She felt them, saw them with the photographic penetration of an X-ray. She knew all about old Rankin and his dirty manuscript pages. She knew what books young Murdoch read at night. She watched Miss Dorth with sighing discernment. Mr. Grant didn't deceive her for an instant. She knew that the lazy dreaming Matthew would never pay his rent. Indeed, she knew when he arrived at her door that he owed rooming house proprietors the country over enough money to—well, to assure Miss Buxton a fine competence.

Observing the diseases of human nature, she was difficult to impose upon. She did not consider Bill Matthew's poetic disdain of honest labor an imposition. It was part of her self-assumed function to encourage individual destiny, whether it fitted her own convenience or not. It was no imposition that Miss Buxton paid but half the standard rate for her room. But cheating Mrs. Andrews was taking foolish chances. There was an insurance solicitor in the county prison this moment who had overestimated her simplicity.

She was one of life's rare, perhaps unbelievable heroines. The strange welter of anonymous human beings who, going up or going down, stopped for their unknown moment at the musty clapboard haven over which she presided, might not happily have survived her loss. Mrs. Andrews was the mother of the homeless, the lost, the depraved, the disinherited, the unloved. . .

There is no other story to tell here than this: she gave Matthew a quarter to buy himself some aspirin, dropped a pair of sheets off at the "parlor suite" of Miss Dorth, nodded to the whitehaired frontiersman, said a cheerful word to Miss Buxton, slipped a thick envelope bearing a Paris postmark under young Murdoch's door, opened the window of Mr. Grant's room, he being temporarily absent, and then stepped out on the porch for a moment to look up at the city she so dearly loved. She glanced up at the city she so dearly loved and, seemingly, it rose in waves of splendid streets and avenues; beyond, in further waves, its ancient brown hills crowded the earth back into counties and states until it appeared to include the whole world—the oceans and the night and the mystery of the star-sprinkled sky. ⌗



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One For FULL BODY
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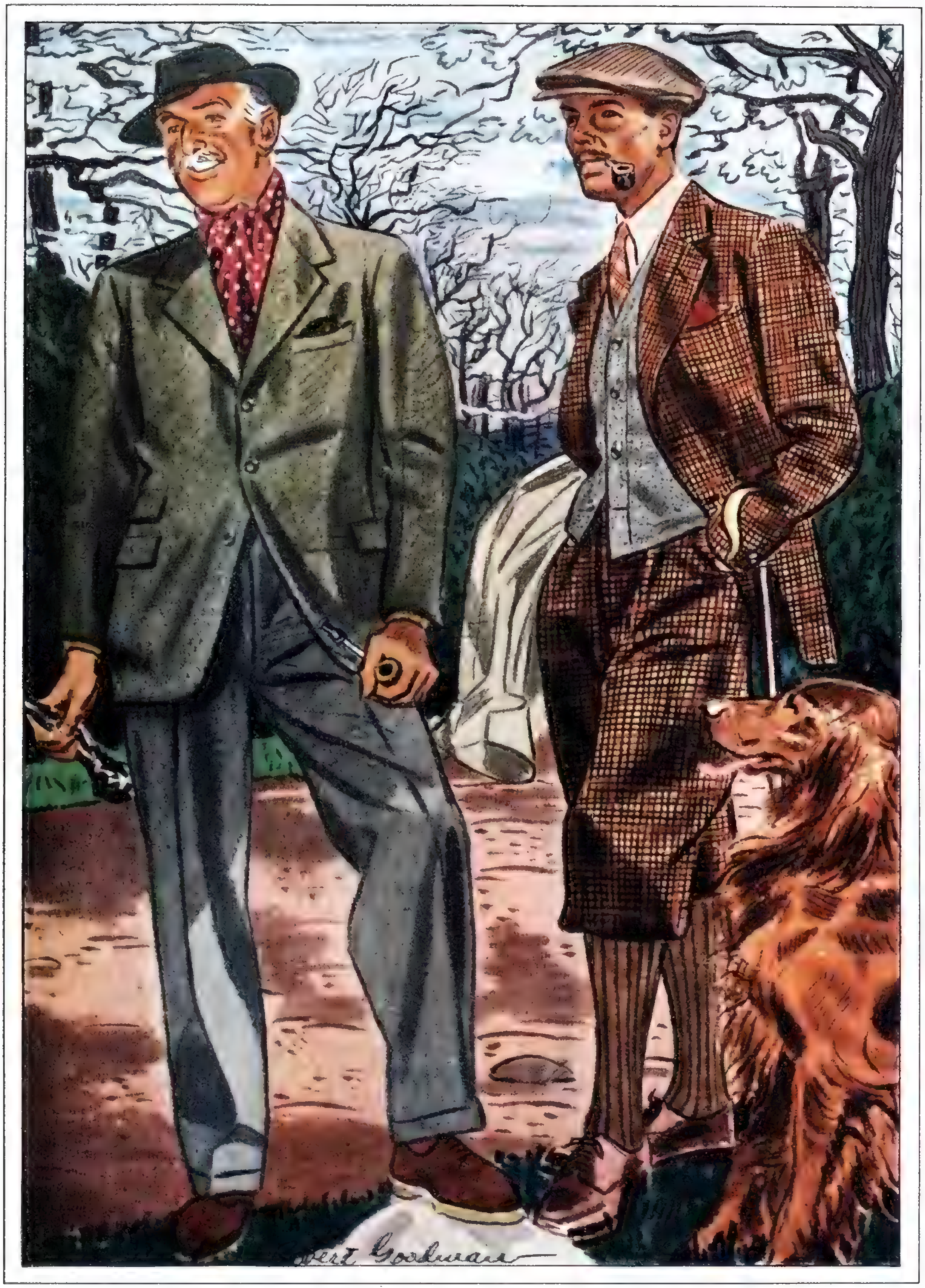

# FOR WHEN SPRING BREAKS THROUGH AGAIN

In the early spring the country kit, among other things, comes into its own. Starting with the outfit at the right, just to be different, we have a fashionable example of the plus-four suit, this one being in a brown check cheviot tweed. The jacket is a three-button notched lapel single-breasted model. The stubby sleeveless mohair knitted waistcoat with square bottom goes well here, as do the flannel ivory colored shirt, woven wool tie, dune colored corduroy cap, brown wool mixture hose, and blucher front Norwegian grain brogues. Carried over the arm is a lightweight rubberized raincoat in English tan. The other outfit consists of a homespun tweed jacket in lovat green, the ever-popular medium grey flannels, green rough finish semi-sports hat and blucher front reverse calf shoes, with crepe soles. A wool shirt would be appropriate with this outfit. The narrow silk foulard scarf replaces a collar and tie.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

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JAY HYDE BARNUM

Alone or together these insignia of Fashion's special favor will meet your eyes increasingly as the new season waxes.

The "Backswing"*... its triumph still increasing... with its sharp-tilted, youthful accent—a Knox exclusive feature that the smart world has acclaimed.

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These are the fashion-highlights of Knox's newest models—each giving its special distinction to the smart indispensables, the wider brim and lower crown. See for yourself, in any of the smarter shops where Knox hats are featured. • *Knox Hats $7.50 to $10.00.*

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DON'T TRY THIS ON THE SHOES YOU'RE WEARING

But you can do it with a WINTHROP!

Don't strong-arm the shoes you're wearing . . . unless they're Winthrops. For while Winthrops are fully flexible, other shoes may not be . . . and there's the meat of our story. Only shoes that are flexible are *completely* comfortable.

An exclusive Winthrop construction feature called PERMAFLEX means what it says . . . Permanent Flexibility in a shoe. Try a pair of Winthrops! It's a sensible step in comfort's direction.

*Winthrop's PERMAFLEX insole of specially treated leather is entirely unaffected by perspiration. It will never crack or curl.*

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Permaflex
Is Exclusive in Winthrop BENCH CUT Shoes

Spring smartness in a wing tip. Brown or black bark tan calf. Grant Last, Permaflex construction.

A brilliant combination of brown bark tan calf and genuine white buck. Medallion tipped, Regent Last.

ALL WINTHROP SHOES PRICED $6.50 TO $8.50. WINTHROP COLONIALS LOWER

WINTHROP

## Pubs and the Public

*Continued from page 73*

"Here—it's Dunne." Then there was Samuel Butler, who wrote *Hudibras*. One day he stopped on the threshold of the King's Arms, a favorite haunt of his. There was shouting within and Butler probably wanted to write his verse. As he turned away he encountered a crony who asked why he was not going in.

Butler is said to have replied: "Oh you know the King's Arms are full. I'll go to the King's Head, which is, God knows, always empty."

The last of the great taverns was undoubtedly Tom's and Button's on Bow Street. There it was that the other Johnson, Dr. Samuel, used to sit around with Boswell grousing at Colley Cibber's *Odes* and Paul Whitehead's *Grand Nonsense*. Tom's and Button's had as regular guests, Garrick, the great actor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Beard, Swift, Steele, Pope, the Duke of Northumberland and Admiral Lord Rodney. This place ran a close second to the Mitre but it was at the latter, if memory serves, where the heckled Goldsmith wrote and read his rhymed philippic against Garrick and the other worthies of this Society of Antiquarians.

The rigidity of the morals of the Victorian era in London, where the pubs had to close at midnight, changed the geography of café society. All the bright young men were going over to Paris then, sitting around listening to the witticisms of Oscar Wilde, Whistler or Moréas, a Greek poet who held a charmed circle at the Café D'Harcourt, on the Boulevard St. Michel. Those were certainly the golden days of art and letters with Degas coming back from the opera with his sketches of ballet girls under his arm to drink a while with Vollard or listen to the poems in self-praise as read by Verlaine or Mallarmé. Lautrec spent most of his waking life in these cafés, sketching the habitués. Yvette Guilbert was singing at the Divan Japonais and Xanrof at the Chat Noir.

The Café de la Paix was then the hangout for the newspaper folk, it not having become the mere mecca of touring American school teachers. William Rothenstein tells of sitting there many hours with Oscar Wilde listening to the tall tales of Caton Woodville, war correspondent. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardiner were America's chief representatives of café society in those days, doubly welcome because they had some money to spend for contemporary paintings—at a time when Whistlers and Monets brought a few hundred dollars.

Speaking of the Café de la Paix, when S. Gregory Taylor opened up a terrace at his New York St. Moritz Hotel and dubbed it Café de la Paix, he asked an advisor what legened he might attach to it, such as its namesake had: "The crossroads of the world." The man appealed to, glanced down the pretentious corridor where a good many young ladies seemed to be sitting, waiting, and then replied: "Why not call it 'The crosslegs of the world'."

Skipping lightly to America, the earliest laws formulated by the Puritans decreed that if a man wished to build a tavern he should locate it not less than two hundred yards from the church. This was common sense; the churches were never heated and the two-hour sermons were so staggered that the Pilgrims could run into the tavern for a noggin of hot rum between blasts. Otherwise they would have frozen to their seats.

American architecture changing as it has during the rapid growth of cities, has left few of the old tavern landmarks. Fraunces Tavern, down on lower Broadway at the Battery, for years held out, redolent of the past. For a time they even diked the waiters out in dress such as the minions wore the day George Washington said goodbye to his troops and they all wept into their burgundy.

When your correspondent came to town he missed the fabulous city of Chicago, usually a milestone in every newsman's career, and jumped from Kansas City to New York. In the former place the boys usually met at the old Baltimore Hotel to swap stories and perhaps cadge a drink. Other times they sought out the long row of stock-yard joints, down near the old Union Station where the beer came in schooners holding usually a quart for five cents.

In New York when we landed, most of the newspapers were published near Park Row and Perry's, the drug store in the old building, with a small informal bar in the rear, got most of the writer's money. Lipton's, a little further down the street, usually took the rest. Uptown, of course, the fabulous Waldorf Astoria was a mecca, but it was out of the way of casual drop-ins. After the papers had gone to press there was Joel's, a rather lurid spot on West Fortieth, I believe. And of course Jack's, opposite the Hippodrome. Here all the sporting world met and there were always stories to be picked up after hours. The Forty-third street entrance was for family trade but around the corner on Sixth - Ah, my hearties, there was life with a bouncer that could handle two football players at once. There it was that Frank Ward O'Malley used to plague the pious blind washroom attendant with spot news every night, usually a dispatch from Rome that the Pope had run off with Lillian Russell.

Café society of that era was magnificent and left its mark on us when we all picked it up again after repeal. Champagne from slippers, birds and bottles, even the champagne saucer glass stem from that gilded and tinsel span. The old Fifth Avenue, Sherry's, Shanley's, Rector, Mouquin's, Churchill's, Delmonico's, to name only a few leaders, with the the-

*Continued on page 163*

# A BED TIME SUCCESS STORY

LORD PEPPERELL
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
Pajamas
TAILORED by WELDON

Lord PEPPERELL
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
FABRIC
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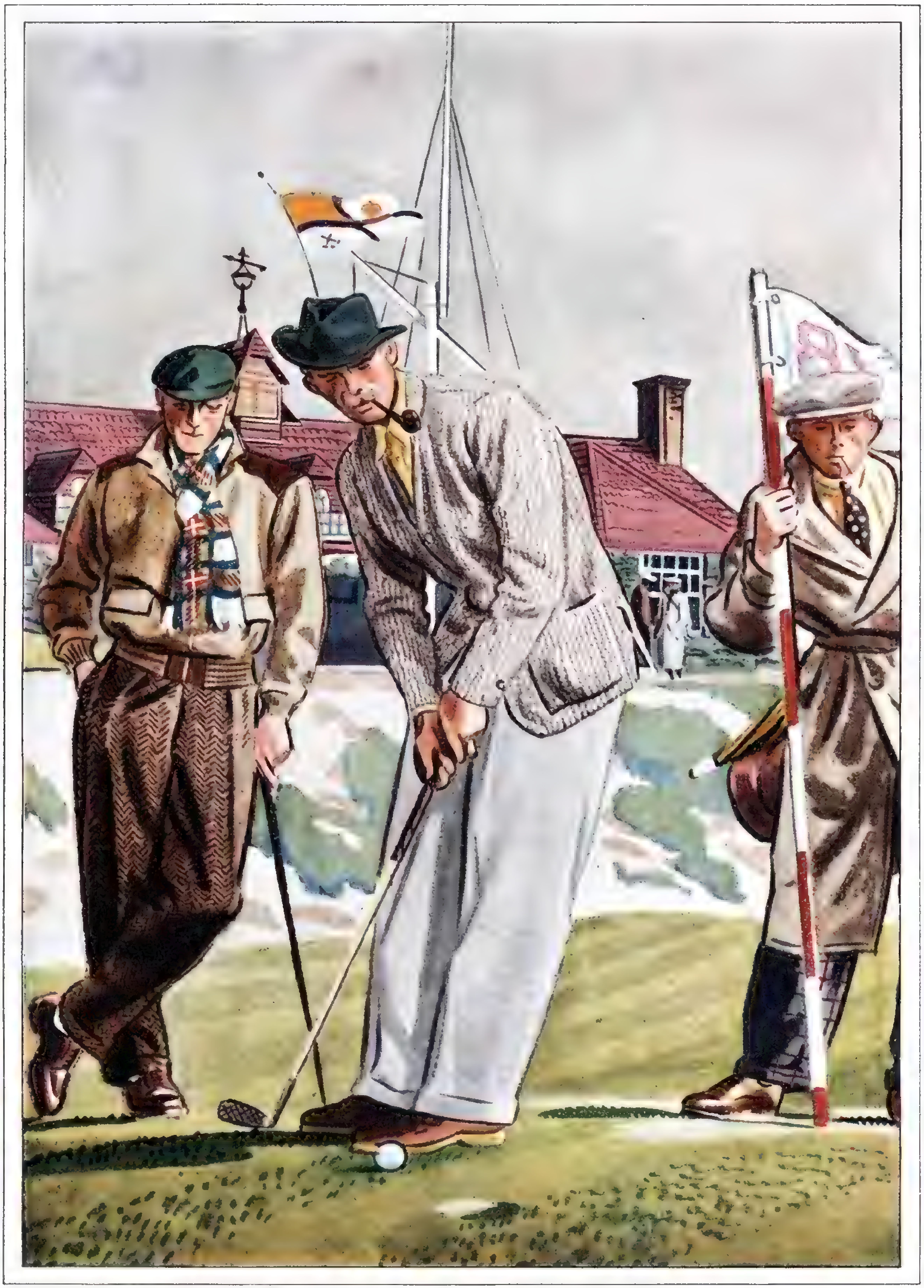
TAILORED BY
WELDON

You're hearing about pajamas in which you can woo Morpheus with *smartness* and *comfort.* Sanforized-Shrunk puts an honest-to-goodness "No Shrinking" sign on these handsome Lord Pepperell pajamas. Perfect fit doesn't pass out of the picture with a visit or two to the laundry. No more up-crawling sleeves and trouser legs. No more body constriction to ruin good sleeping. Instead, the lasting satisfaction of garments that do not shrink out of fit. Stock up some of these Lord Pepperells without delay. 12 exclusive patterns. Coats (and pants) of many colors. Tailoring of the high order for which Weldon is celebrated. Get lasting satisfaction at 2.00 per pair. If dealer cannot supply you, write to LUBIN-WEEKER CO., INC., (Makers of Weldon), 1270 Broadway, New York City.

*Lord Pepperell*
DE LUXE

*A particular group of de luxe styles in 8 solid colors. Tailored with the Weldon touch. All fabrics Sanforized-Shrunk. Price 2.50*

Sanforized-Shrunk
40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN SCOTLAND BY CHARLES FOX

# WEATHER VS. CALENDAR VS. GOLF BUG

Before spring quite makes up its mind that it's here to stay, chilly winds call for warm clothing; the sport itself, on the other hand, requires garments that will not interfere with freedom of motion. If you can't figure that one out for yourself, you had better take a lead from these two golfers. The man at the left, who is dressed like a sportsman even though he refuses to concede a short putt, wears a lightweight covert cloth jacket with wear- and tear-proof leather shoulder pads and zipper fastener, Shetland trousers, plaid wool scarf, varsity cap in grass green tweed and brown Norwegian model golf shoes. The other man wears a single-breasted knitted collarless jacket in a tweed effect—providing warmth plus a free swing—natural chamois color cotton sport shirt in a suede-like finish, grey flannel trousers, green Cavalier hat and reverse calf shoes with blucher fronts and crepe soles.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Pubs and the Public

*Continued from pages 73-160*

atrical crowd hanging around the King Cole Room of the old Knickerbocker.

The prohibition era deserves a history of its own, and it has had plenty of chroniclers. Driven underground, there were as many units of the society as there were brownstone fronts, almost. With prices inflated, artists sought queer little joints behind plumbers' shops and up dark alleys. The higher bracket writers kept to several spots that maintained a consistent flavor— The Stork, Twenty-One and Tony's. It was in the latter place recently we found the proprietor singing a song while he stood on his head, in an endeavor to please the few listless drinkers in the room. A room where once the intelligentsia of the town choked and drank through the hours. O tempora, O mores, O Volstead! The murals of the then-great that once adorned the walls had all been erased, sacrificed to the new god, chromium. Only one remained, that of Heywood Broun. "A sort of tribute," says Tony sadly, "the only one of them that always insisted on paying for his drinks."

The only place your correspondent knows that kept its old character through the varying vicissitudes of *laissez faire* and enforcement is the Artists and Writers, next the *Herald Tribune*. Then it was Bleeck's and except for the dolling-up and the enforced entrance of women, it is the same old newspapermen's hangout. It is the one place that seems to have bridged the years, or at least the years we know of. Better clothes appear on the reporters and more of them seem scholarly but after you have sat a while over your Bourbon or beer you begin to see familiar faces: faces you have seen in the little Adlon bar in Berlin, at Harry's or Ciro's in Paris, at the Bristol in Vienna, or perhaps in André's, down at the foot of Brooklyn Bridge.

There is a legend of the mighty owner of the *Herald Tribune*, Ogden Reed, who heard with dismay that the federal men were going to close Bleeck's. Now Mr. Reed, like all other *Trib* men, depended almost entirely upon the isle of sanity that was Bleeck's in those madding days. When hearing of the threat, it is said that Reed uttered a lusty oath, picked up the phone and talked to the great white father who lived in a white house in Washington.

"Listen," the report of the legend goes, "I've supported your comic party through a lot of funny things. I hear the prohibition men are going to close Bleeck's. If they do, you can get another newspaper to back you."

For one, your correspondent is glad that the cycle is rounding itself out and café society is important enough to stir the chroniclers of our changing times. There is a bit too much music perhaps, a bit too much of light, too many blue and amethyst mirrors. But there are also the things that count, the easy flow of thought and opinion, the give and take of reasoned ways; here are the happy heritors of the Addisons, the Steeles, the Johnsons, the Hogarths maybe, even, the Shakespeares of our busy days.

Most of the drinks favored when café society was born are still drunk in small taverns. A few are used mainly for festive or commemorative occasions when the event itself suggests an appropriate drink of the time. The expanding of the liquor manufacturing, of course, has widened its uses.

Following are a few of the old time drinks:

### HUCKLE-MY-BUTT

1 quart of beer
½ pint of brandy
2 eggs
Sugar to taste
Small amounts of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg

Stir thoroughly until well mixed.

### LAMBS WOOL

(A corruption of "al maes abhal" ancient term for a harvest holiday, Nov. 1.)

Put six baked apples in a large dish. Cut or break apples so that their pulp is exposed. Pour over these one quart of hot ale. Sugar to taste and add ginger and nutmeg in small quantities.

### WASSAIL BOWL

Put one pound of sugar in a bowl and over this pour three quarts of warm beer and four glasses of sherry. Add small amount of nutmeg and ginger and float a sliced lemon on top.

### NEGUS

(Named after the Admiral)

Pour a pint of port wine into a bowl and add ten lumps of sugar that have been rubbed on a lemon rind. Add the juice of one lemon. A small pinch of nutmeg. Now add a quart of boiling water and serve while hot.

### PORTER

(Named for porters who in the 16th to 18th century went after the stuff when the master was abed.)

One part ale
One part beer
One part two-penny (a milder beer)

### 'ARF AND 'ARF

One part ale
One part beer

### GROG

One part rum
One part hot water
One lump of sugar
Slice of lemon if desired

### APPLEJACK PUNCH

One pint of applejack
Juice of two lemons
Ten lumps of sugar
One glass of brandy

(If desired hot add one glass of boiling water.)

What café society drinks today is legion. Starting with Scotch, rye, bourbon, brandy and gin there are a thousand combinations. Here are a few not before noted in these reports.

### CUBAN COCKTAIL

⅔ Brandy
⅓ Apricot brandy
Juice of ½ lime

### BRANDY CRUSTAS

(as served at Harry's Bar, Paris)

Take small wine glass, moisten rim with lemon, dip rim of glass into castor sugar. Peel the rind of half a lemon and fit this curl of peel into the contour of your glass. Then in a shaker mix 1 teaspoon of sugar, 3 dashes of Maraschino, 3 dashes of bitters, juice of ¼ of a lemon, 1 glass of brandy. Shake well and pour into a prepared glass.

*Continued at top of page 164*

An Eye-full of Beauty
A Tie-full of Quality
Join the "Nor-East-er" Parade
Wembley Cravats
made of
Priestley's
IMPORTED
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH
Crisp, new colors—stripes, plaids, and all-over designs. Impeccably styled.
$1
Suave perfection in gentlemen's neckwear. Hand-blocked in England.
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CRUSH IT
TWIST IT
KNOT IT
AND YET NOT A WRINKLE

So Bright They Top Them All!
So New They're A Year Ahead!

Colors as vibrant as the break of day . . . brilliant fabric construction that laughs at wrinkles and knots . . . Wear them day after day—as much as you like—and they'll still look as new as the moment you bought them.

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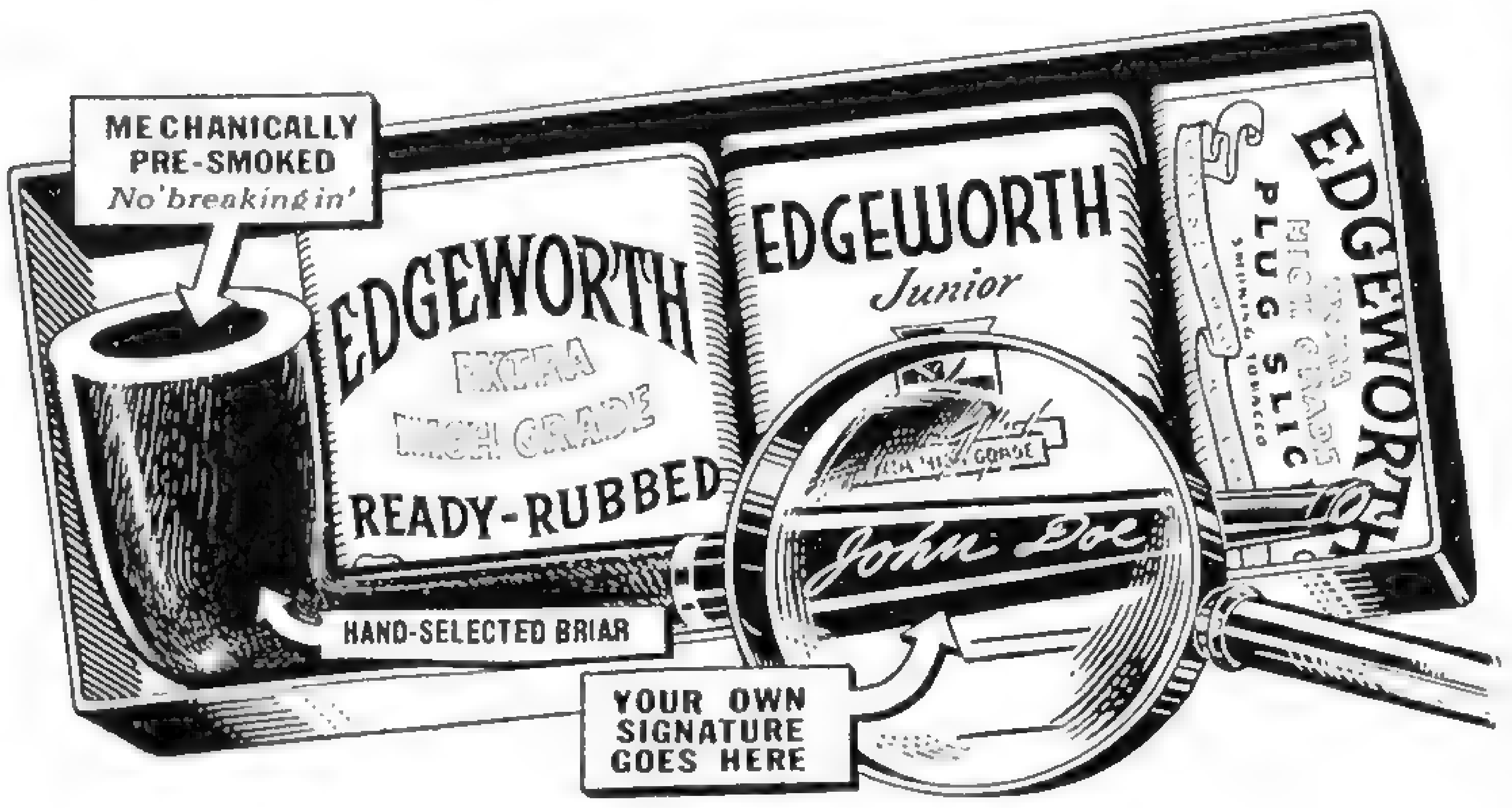
CRAVATS
NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A.

*At the Best Stores from Coast to Coast*

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN

*Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe*

To Introduce to You the Pleasure of Pipe Smoking, We Send You Trial Packets of Each of the Three Styles of the Famous Edgeworth and An Olde London Signature Pipe, Already "Broken In" (Mechanically Pre-Smoked With Genuine Edgeworth). The Pipe Has Your Own Signature Engraved in Gold Color on the Stem. This Complete Edgeworth Sampler Kit Introduces Pipe Smoking at Its Best...You Enjoy It From the Very First Puff.



**MEN!** If you have never smoked a pipe, you have missed what scores of thousands of smokers say is the most relaxing and comforting smoke they have ever known.

We want you to try pipe smoking. Through this offer we make it easy and delightful from the very first puff.

*Here's Our Offer—*

**FIRST:** Trial Packets of each of the three styles of the famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. We know from our 60-year experience that there are three types of pipe smokers, so we make Edgeworth in three styles to suit all types.

**SECOND:** A fine Olde London Signature Pipe (made by Linkman) that has already been "Broken In", (mechanically pre-smoked with genuine Edgeworth). It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your *own personal signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

Your Edgeworth Sampler Kit contains not only your signature pipe, but also the three Packets of genuine Edgeworth. Wrapped in heavy foil you get Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, the long-burning tobacco, cut especially for pipes; Edgeworth Junior, matched to the mildness of your favorite cigarette and cut for both pipes and "roll your own"; Edgeworth Plug Slice, which you crumble in your hands to the consistency you like best. Ideal for outdoor smoking.

All three are Edgeworth, which means they are made only of the finest tobacco leaf, processed 4 to 7 times longer in the factory to give you the true tobacco flavor, mildness and fragrance of the finest leaf, WITH TONGUE-BITE OUT.

Now to get this Edgeworth Sampler Kit all you do is this: Send your name and address, and only One Dollar Use the convenient coupon below.

If you are a smoker who does not know the delights of pipe smoking, send at once for this offer.

EDGEWORTH
Smoking
TOBACCO

TO GET YOUR EDGEWORTH SAMPLER KIT — JUST MAIL COUPON WITH $1.00

LARUS & BRO. COMPANY, Richmond, Va.
Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me your Edgeworth Sampler Kit... Below is my signature to reproduce on the stem of the pipe.

SIGNATURE →

Sign clearly within exact space allotted

Address

City State

## Pubs and the Public

*Continued from pages 73-160-163*

Brandy Daisy

⅔ Brandy
⅙ Grenadine
Juice of ½ lemon

Shake well, pour into large cocktail glass, add cherry and dash of soda.

Brandy Fix

Dissolve one teaspoon of sugar in one teaspoon of water in small tumbler. Add juice of a half of a lemon, 1 jigger of brandy, ½ jigger cherry brandy, fill the glass with chipped ice, stir and serve with a straw.

Flip

1 fresh egg yolk
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger brandy

Shake well. Serve in small wineglass.

Brandy Punch

Fill wine glass half full shaved ice
Add one teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon pineapple juice
Juice of ¼ of a lemon
A few dashes of lime juice
1 larger jigger brandy

Stir well, add a squirt of soda, serve with a dash of rum and fruit on top. ###

## Westward Ho-Hum

*Continued from page 81*

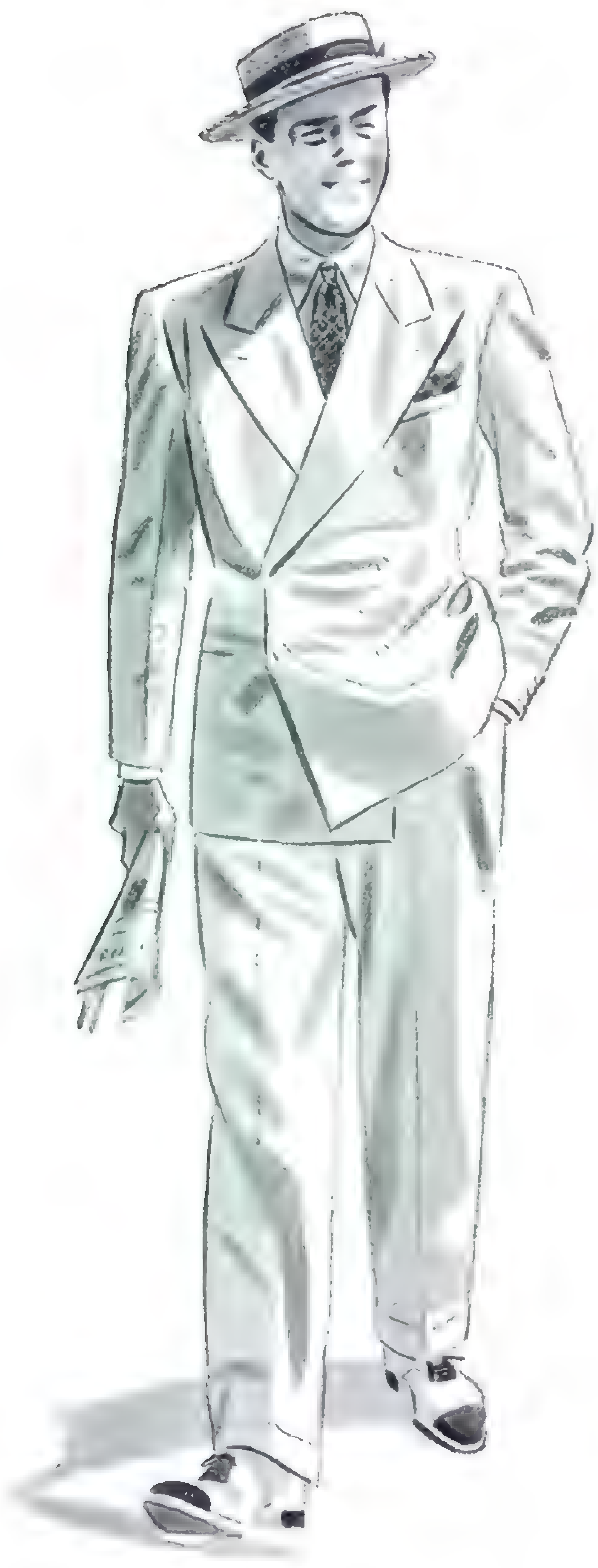
each unit moves a little slower than the next one in front in order to let the required interval elapse and so for several miles out of the town progress is made at a creeping pace. When the red sun rose behind us we stopped to switch off the lights. It is necessary to stop for that because the lights of the towed car as well as those of the driven car must be used. Such stops are not a nuisance; on the contrary, any excuse for stopping soon takes on the divine shape of a blessing. Then we drove on, hugging the side of the road, for that is mandatory upon the caravaneers; slowly, since driving speed during the first three days is restricted to thirty-five miles an hour and must not exceed forty-five at any stage of the trip; in correct numerical order, because one unit of a caravan may not pass another on the road. Each unit is marked with a number in yellow paint on its front and rear windows and if you are driving number ten, for instance, you must always maintain tenth position in the line. Never can you be three or eight or fifteen, no matter how desperately you long to change your station in life; ten you were and are and shall be in that world without end. So completely is your identity absorbed by the caravan that the drivers address each other by numbers.

On we drove, through sere cornfields, the stalks sometimes cut and stacked in neat, formal ricks, sometimes standing uncut, gaunt and forlorn, abandoned looking; through a succession of small towns that showed a like variation between careful neatness and desolate disrepair; stopping for lunch, stopping for gasoline, stopping to attend, en masse, to the necessary emunctory functions. Slowly the continent moved past, receded behind us, swiftly other, freer forms of motor life flitted past, receded into the distance ahead and we drove on, slowly, endlessly, systematically on, across the unvarying Iowa landscape. And when the day's long stint at last was done—again under cover of darkness—we still stood among the alien Iowa corn. The state seemed to have expanded illimitably. I wondered if, in the aeons that had passed since morning, Iowa had seceded from the Union after annexing a few surrounding states. There was a noticeable diminution of gaiety, of enthusiasm for motor travel, among the drivers when they climbed wearily out of their cars. Everybody was stiff and sore from the long hours behind the wheel and there was a good deal less spontaneity in the exchange of banter than there had been the night before as we trudged with our luggage from the parking place to our shakedowns. Carrying the luggage, it might be added, was scarcely enough of a burden to lower the spirits of the party. Caravan drivers travel very light; one of our group carried all his effects in a bulging briefcase.

The free feature of these trips relates only to the actual transportation; you must feed and house yourself en route. But you come as close to obtaining free housing as you are ever likely to do. At the start of the trip you pay the promoter five dollars which covers your bus or railroad fare from Chicago to the factory and all your lodging en route to the Coast. And considering the insignificance of the fee the caravansaries at which you put up are surprisingly decent and habitable for the most part. The five dollar bill with which you seal your caravan bargain, though, doesn't quite stretch to the extent of providing individual rooms for the drivers and as a result caravans sometimes make strange and interesting bedfellows. Mine proved to be a young fellow of twenty who was, I think, the healthiest looking human being I have ever seen. Very blond, he still retained traces of his summer tan, through which glowed a freshness of coloring that the Max Factors of the world vainly try to simulate for the benefit of females less bountifully endowed in that respect. The first night, while we were preparing for bed, I noticed him scrubbing his teeth with a vigor that was almost ferocious. Commenting on this extraordinary enthusiasm for dental hygiene, I learned that until a few months previous to that time he had never brushed his teeth in all his twenty years. Nobody had ever taught him to, he explained. Then a persistent toothache had forced him to vist a dentist where he had some cavities filled and received a lecture, which obviously had made a deep impression, about the importance of regular dental care. Now he was brushing as though to sweep away

*Continued on page 166*

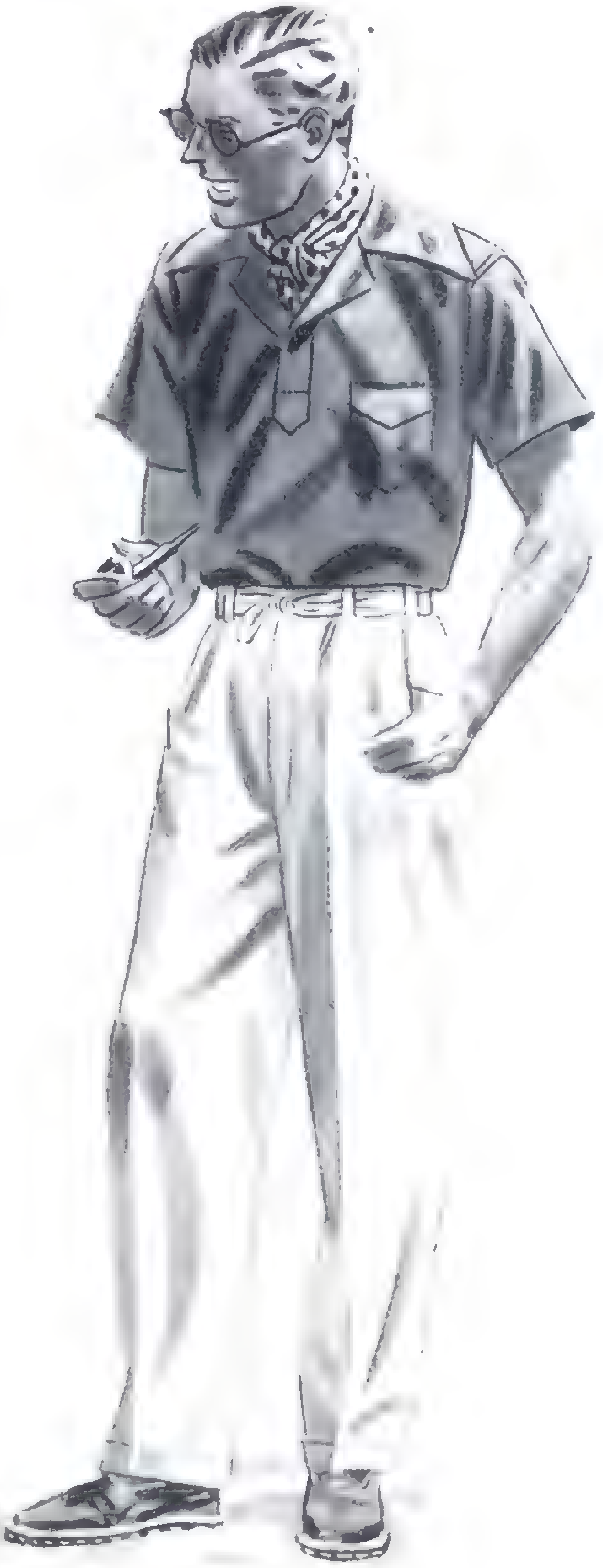
# NEW SUMMER SMARTNESS IN CROWN SPUN RAYON



Expertly tailored summer suits of CROWN TESTED SPUN RAYON and cotton, famous cloths such as Icicool by William L. Barrell, Sirocco by Wilmerding & Bissett, Kenya cloth by E. S. Freneau & Company.

New smartness, new coolness, new comfort, new quality . . . new fabrics of CROWN SPUN RAYON set new standards of satisfaction for men's summer apparel. Cool, crisply tailored, and CROWN TESTED to assure you of complete satisfaction. CROWN TESTED SPUN RAYON FABRICS have been check-tested and approved by the official testing laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association for color fastness, seam strength, washability or dry cleanability (depending on type of weave), and general wearing qualities. You'll find them in the country's finest stores, in a wide variety of smart men's clothing and furnishings from the country's leading manufacturers.

Smartly cool CROWN TESTED Gaucho Shirt and slacks manufactured by Puritan Mills of Kenya cloth, CROWN SPUN RAYON and cotton fabric by E. S. Freneau & Company.



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A Fabric of Crown Rayon
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You feel better and Look better in

Allen-A Life Guard undershorts

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*. . . the newest thing in underpants*
*. . . Spring-Needle Knit with* Lastex

With Life Guard undershorts, the new fashion in undergarments, you enjoy luxurious all-day ease. They hold you in — firmly but comfortably — to give you that appealing athletic appearance. Yet they are so light and cool, you forget you have them on.

Lastex yarn is knitted right into the fabric by Allen-A's "spring-needle" method, giving a perfect fit without the discomfort of binding.

Life Guards undershirts, with men's cap sleeves, and crew necks, match the shorts in up-to-the-minute style and comfortable fit. Smartly designed to do double duty as a pocketless sport shirt, when you choose to be informal. Also shirts of standard model.

Healthful Life Guard undergarments are tailored in attractive fabrics, and colors. They retain their shape and elasticity even after many washings. You can be unbelievably cool and comfortable all summer. Stock your wardrobe, at your Allen-A dealer's.

"Pucka Pants"
A new way to keep cool . . . Made of Fu Shan Cloth, and other cool fabrics, with wide, short legs, elastic waistband, no buttons.

**Life Guard Woven Undershorts**
in attractive patterns. Tie side, elastic back, or French back construction. All the comfort of a tailored fit.

**The Allen-A Company**
*Makers of Life Guard Swim Trunks*
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN BENNINGTON, VT.

## Westward Ho-Hum

*Continued from pages 84-161*

the accumulations of those twenty years of neglect. He displayed another and even more remarkable deviation from the ablutionary norm. During the past couple of years he had done a good deal of hard manual work and his hands were heavily calloused. To keep them clean he scrubbed them with one of those small wire brushes that are used to clean suede shoes. He had spent the previous winter in a CCC camp in Idaho and he confessed to a suspicion that the forthcoming winter would find him in the same, or a similar, camp because he had only enough money to get to the Coast. As it turned out he hadn't enough even for that; when I parted from him in California he was taking inventory of his meager possessions preliminary to a vist to the San Francisco pawnshops.

During the first two days on the road caravaneers are fairly faithful in their observance of the rules imposed upon them. That is why public dislike of these transports is less noticeable in the middle west and plains states than it is in the far western reaches. But the third days brings a change. By then you are no longer consciously driving to California. Your horizons have shifted, closing more narrowly in on you, and California seems so far away as to be beyond thoughts or dreams. The only objective now is to escape from Iowa which has suddenly assumed such gigantic proportions. Escape from it you do but only to find yourself dropped in the immense, hill-rimmed bowl that is Nebraska. And on across that vast expanse of earth you crawl, a puny, futile procession, lost Lilliputians wandering in the land of Brobdingnag. Once more your horizons have shifted and the world now is bounded on all sides by Nebraska. All the long, slow miles of the past two days seem to have come round to confront you again and driving has become a hopeless, Sisyphean labor, without meaning, without end. Those two hitch-hikers whose imperious thumbs not even the most independent motorist can altogether ignore, the twin demons monotony and boredom, have bummed a ride with the caravan. Their dreary presence stills the songs you have sung, the poetry you have recited to while away the weary miles; the pall they cast about you blurs all views except that of the never changing yellow number on the unit ahead.

Then begins a desperate effort to circumvent the soporific power of the demons, an effort that grows increasingly frantic as it becomes less fruitful. And from that frenzied seeking after diversion and from its futility arise the situations that bring down upon the caravans the maledictions of the private drivers.

In order to lose sight of that number in front of you that serves as a constant reminder of your cog-like function, and to gain, for a little while, the illusion of being a free agent, you begin to lag behind. When the unit leading you is long out of sight you give your car the gun, partly to close up the gap but more to enjoy the forbidden pleasure of speed. You know that the speed thus generated is essentially false, that it cannot make the trip shorter by a fraction of a second since the leader never increases his speed beyond the prescribed limit, but you enjoy it just the same. For a few magnificent minutes you have banished monotony. It is this alternate lagging and spurting, of course, that causes the occasional bunching of units which so arouses the ire of the private motorist who happens to be delayed a few moments because of it. It isn't always possible, though, to make use of this irrational but beautifully satisfying mechanism of escape through the sensation of speed. The mechanic, who is charged with the duty of keeping the line in order, drives back and forth along the road like an outrider with a covered wagon train. If you are falling behind he spurs you on, if you are going too fast he flags you down. But even so superior a being as a mechanic is not completely immune from the virus of boredom and so he too falls by the wayside occasionally. It is in these intervals when the mechanic's sense of duty is lying dormant that you strike your best blows against the despotism of monotony that governs you. At some of these times you may even be able to pick up a hitch-hiker and have somebody to talk to for a little while, until the mechanic's better self slips back into his carcass and he catches up with you and evicts your welcome but forbidden guest.

These small but infinitely sweet forbidden fruits being out of reach, you plod doggedly along, wondering a little dully, perhaps, how time that elsewhere often seemed so fleeting could ever have been brought to this palsied stage. Heartily you curse the niggardliness of the manufacturer for failing to equip the car with a radio, a device whose inventor you may have cursed with equal vehemence on other occasions. For a while you play a foolish little game with the road and the speedometer. Making a note of the mileage you vow that you will not look at it again until you have gone thirty miles. When you have traveled what seems to you to have been at least that distance you look at the speedometer to discover that you have added all of eight miles to the previous total.

The longer you play this game the less accurate do your guesses become.

And so you soon stop playing it altogether, for much the same reason that some men give up golf; it really isn't much fun to play a game that you play with increasing ineptitude the longer you keep at it. After this and similar little games lose their power to beguile you, you just give up, relapse into a state of torpor and setting the car in the middle of the road let it carry you along.

The reason why caravan drivers exhibit such a seemingly hoggish preference for the middle of the road is that they are afraid they may fall asleep and pile up in the ditch. And, by extension, the reason why they often display such apparent discourtesy about pulling over to let another car pass is that they have fallen asleep and are quite unaware of the other car.

But even when he is not actually asleep, in such instances, the caravan driver has been bludgeoned by boredom into a state of such limited consciousness that he is really aware of nothing except his own car and, since driving has become so automatic to him, so much a matter of reflex action, the car seems almost to drive itself.

His attitude towards the car undergoes an interesting process of change as the trip progresses. From a shining chariot fit for a king at the beginning of the trip, it gradually deteriorates through the successive stages of a crate, heap, jalopy and junk to become at last a wagon fit only for the transport of excrement. That must be something of a record for depreciation in a nine-day-old automobile. Not even the peculiar alchemy employed by an insurance agent could convert a new car into an old one with greater celerity than that.

It is doubtful if a caravan driver would accept his car as a gift at the end of the trip. He gives it up as willingly as a politician abandons his principles when he scents a more profitable line of conduct.

But for all its deadly monotony my caravan journey had its amusing aspects. The novel ablutions of my roommate were a constant source of amusement. Then there was the diverting incident of the runaway. The third night when we pulled into our stopping place somewhere in Nebraska, the leader received a telephone call from the promoter in Chicago telling him that one of the drivers had run away from home and that his parents had traced him and wanted him returned forthwith. The driver in question, a brash, assertive lad of nineteen, was forced to telephone his home under threat of being turned over to the police if he didn't do so. His people wired him bus fare and while he waited for the bus he talked to me of his disappointment at this abortive end to his travels. The only child of elderly, foreign-born parents, he had been attending law school in Chicago. He didn't in the least want to be a lawyer but his parents, bred in the old world tradition of reverence for the professional man, had ordained him for the bar despite his objections.

Moreover, they were very strict in supervising his social activities, failing altogether to appreciate the fact that he had practically arrived at man's estate. The trip to the Coast was to have been merely the first leg on a journey that would have taken him to many of the far, romantic places of the earth. Eventually, he thought, he "might have written a book about my travels and experiences because I can sling the language all right." Doleful in contemplation of the miscarriage of that great plan for world travel, he suddenly brightened perceptibly. Things would be different now when he went home, he said. He had declared his independence, shown that he could get along on his own. Even after so short a journey the broadening influence of travel had apparently made its mark on him. It struck me that his parents, having traveled from Denmark, might possess travel magic stronger than his own but I refrained from dropping that fly in the ointment he had found to assuage his disappointment and when the time came to board his bus he went away brightly invested with the new and potent authority of the traveled man.

In their various ways and at different times, all of my fellow voyagers furnished some measure of diversion to lighten the tedium for me. One youngster was going to California in search of his father whom he had not seen or heard from in two years. The father was in the racing game and the kid was confident he'd find him at one of the California tracks, Tanforan, Bay Meadows or Santa Anita. He just sort of wanted to see the old man again. His filial love seemed out of all probable proportion to the parental devotion he could expect to get in return. I wondered if it were true even of the love between parents and children that *il y a toujours un qui aime et l'autre qui se laisse aimer.*

Of all the members of the caravan, the sailor who had just finished a hitch in the Navy probably got the most real pleasure from the trip. To him, after years of ocean travel, the scenes along the road must have appeared as a swiftly changing kaleidoscope.

But the most truly amusing aspect of my free trip to California was not revealed to me until I came to total up my accounts on arrival there and found I had spent more money than I would have if I had gone comfortably by train. And that fact in itself was the result of reaching for freedom, the broad freedom allowed a citizen among the elephant-hide hills of Nevada, a state addicted to the use of hard money that melts away very quickly. Still if I gained nothing else from my caravan experience, I can claim the distinction of having discovered a virtue in California that has never been extolled by the Chambers of Commerce of that great commonwealth; it is a state beyond which an automobile cannot be driven. #

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## De Gawd of Daniel Fergive Me

*Continued from page 92*

away. Joe sauntered over to the small, two-story county jail which sat on one side of the square, surrounded with weeds and a few trees. He went around to the back gallery to a narrow steel door. He could hear the Sheriff's wife washing dishes in her kitchen. Swinging the door open, Joe climbed up the narrow iron staircase. He slowly walked around the cell block, which stood in the middle of a large square room and sniffed the stale odor of dirty blankets and rat holes. He raised the dingy windows and peeped out through the bars. In one corner was a large, pot-bellied stove, sitting in a box of ashes. Near it more ashes were heaped up against the wall. Joe opened the stove door, slammed it shut again and wiped his hands on his pants.

"Who's up there?" a woman's voice suddenly called from below.

"It's me, Miz Johnson." And Joe started back downstairs.

"What in the world are you doing here, Joe?" the Sheriff's wife demanded, wiping her hands on her apron.

"If you could let me have a broom I'd clean up de jail, Miz Johnson." Joe stopped on the bottom step and stood fingering the door knob.

Mrs. Johnson threw back her shoulders and stared at Joe. "I thought you were picking cotton for Mr. Martin?"

Joe looked a little abashed. "I kilt Sugar, Miz Johnson."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," she scolded.

"I didn't aim to kill her. I jes' aimed to sorta scare her."

She thrust a broom into his hand. "The Lord only knows what you darkies will do next."

Joe went back to the jail and swept out the cell block and corridor. He swept the dirt on the ash heap. He would take it out later. He shook out the blankets and then lay down and finally went to sleep.

After a couple of hours he heard the Sheriff calling him, so he got up and went downstairs.

"Joe," said the Sheriff, "what about Sugar's funeral?"

"Mist Martin owes me a lot o' money, boss man, I ain't drawed none since watermelon time."

"I'll spend about a hundred dollars. That all right, Joe?"

Joe grinned. "Git one o' dem purty gray coffins wid silver handles and all white and fluffy inside, Mist Sheriff."

"All right, Joe." And the Sheriff turned to go.

Joe watched the officer walk across the square. "Sugar would be prideful o' dat," he said, half to himself. Then he slowly picked up a hoe and started cutting weeds in the back yard.

One frosty morning when Joe came from the little post office after the mail hack had arrived, he found Mr. Martin sitting on the back gallery.

"Joe," he said, "you got about fifty dollars left after paying for Sugar's funeral, so I reckon we'd better use that to hire a lawyer."

"Yassuh, boss man, I 'low cou't will be 'round purty soon now. But I ain't had no dealin's wid any o' dem lawyer men."

"I couldn't get a lawyer round here but I finally hired a young fellow in the city. He'll be out to see you next week."

Joe spent two days helping the Sheriff kill hogs for the winter's meat supply and one day making sausage and lard. Then he began getting ready for his lawyer's visit. He even carried out the ash heap and dumped it down back of the house among some tin cans and pieces of old plow implements.

And one afternoon the lawyer came on the mail hack from the nearest railroad town. He came up to the jail house, brisk and businesslike, carrying a new leather satchel and some books. The Sheriff was taking a nap on the back gallery.

"Are you the Sheriff?" he demanded in an authoritative voice.

The Sheriff raised up, blinking his little eyes and feeling about for his glasses. When he put them on he said, "Oh, I reckon you're Joe's lawyer?"

"I am the defendant's counsel," assured the city fellow. "I would like the privilege of interviewing my client. I am not acquainted with the rules of your institution but if it can be arranged, I would prefer a private place for this conference."

The Sheriff took off his glasses and wiped them. "There ain't no prisoner here but Joe, so you can have the whole dern jail house, son." He opened the kitchen door and shouted, "Mary, is Joe here?" From somewhere back in the house came an answer, "I don't know if he is or not, Pete. He was around here right after lunch."

Then the Sheriff went to the steel door and yelled up the stairs, "Joe, you up there?"

"Yassuh, boss, I's heah."

Mr. Johnson waddled up the narrow stairway, followed by the impatient young attorney. "Here's your lawyer, Joe," he said.

Joe had a roaring fire in the old stove. On top of it sat a smoothing iron. A freshly washed shirt was spread out on a board and he was busy trying to get the wrinkles out.

"Gosh awmighty, boss, I ain't got things cleaned up yet, I jes' been so busy . . . I swear to Gawd, Mist Sheriff, I's plum 'shamed."

"Just talk as long as you want to, son." And the Sheriff returned to his chair on the gallery.

When the young attorney came back down he flopped into a chair and let his books and satchel fall to the floor.

"Give me some water, please," he gasped, clawing at his collar.

"Joe's a good nigger," said the Sheriff as he handed him a dipper of water from a wooden bucket.

"All I could get out of him was

that he and this Sugar woman had a little family quarrel and he shot her." The young man was thoroughly exasperated, he choked on the water.

"Yeah, that's right, I reckon," replied the Sheriff, propping his feet on the wash bench.

"Perhaps so, but there wasn't a single witness to the murder and we could get up a swell defense case. We could even say that somebody else did the killing. But the fool just sits there and says she hit him with a coffee pot and he shot her down. I couldn't even get him to say it was a dangerous weapon, just a plain little empty coffee pot . . . a tin one."

"Joe's a good nigger and honest too," was all the Sheriff said.

With his lips tightly compressed, the young attorney stamped off the gallery and walked briskly toward the courthouse.

When the time for Joe's trial came, the Sheriff escorted him over to the courthouse. They wound their way through farm wagons, carriages and saddled mules, which covered the little square.

Rawboned farmers, wearing new overalls, and their abundant wives, in clean print dresses, milled about the yard and crowded into the courthouse.

"How you feel, Joe?" the Sheriff asked.

"I's sorta frightful, Mist Sheriff." His eyes rolled about like the liquid orbs of a young spaniel.

Joe sat down beside his attorney and watched the people as they poured into the musty room. Officers and lawyers were rushing about reading long documents and talking in low voices.

When the day came to an end Joe was exhausted and confused.

"Well, Joe," said the Sheriff, "it don't look so good, does it?"

"Don't it?" he answered wearily.

At the end of the second day Joe said, with pride, "Dat city feller sho' do ack lak a ordained lawyer, don't he, Mist Sheriff?"

"He cuts up like a dern game rooster, if you ask me," snapped the officer.

At the end of the third day Joe stood up in front of the Judge and heard him say: ". . . and you shall hang by the neck until you are dead and may God have mercy on your soul."

And Joe replied, "Yassuh, Mist Jedge."

"What did you expect?" Joe's lawyer shot at him as he stuffed papers into his satchel. "With a testimony like that!"

"How you feel, Joe?" the Sheriff asked as they entered the jail.

"I's nervish, boss man," he replied with a dreary smile.

"Take a drag of this." And the Sheriff thrust a jug into Joe's hands.

For a week or more Joe stayed in the cell block. He talked very little. The Sheriff tried to joke with him. Cheer him up. But Joe could not laugh. One day he asked. "Mist Sheriff, reckon de guvner man will sign dat paper?"

"Naw," replied the Sheriff. "He don't take no stock in a cotton patch nigger."

"I 'low he's a very busy man," said Joe.

Then one day a tall yellow preacher came up from the river bottom to see Joe. He wore a heavy frock coat, a celluloid collar and brogans laced with strings torn from a flour sack. Under his arm was a big dog-eared Bible.

When he had departed Joe began to sing. And he gave the cells a vigorous cleaning, working furiously. He ate more of the cow peas and corn bread Mrs. Johnson handed through the door to him. He smoked the ten-cent cigars Mr. Martin brought to him.

The day before the hanging the Sheriff came up to see Joe.

"Joe," he said, "what do you want for supper? You can have anything."

The corners of Joe's mouth crinkled into a broad grin. "Sho' nuff, Mist Sheriff?"

"Anything, Joe."

Joe scratched his head. "It'd pleasure me to have a fried chicken, boss. And I wants cream gravy and hot biscuits and sweet tater pie and some cold buttermilk."

"Just as you say, Joe."

"Now ain't dat sumpen," Joe said to himself when he sat down before his tray. "Everything and some tea cakes and jelly."

When he finished the meal he sat in the window and sang old church hymns he had heard when he was a little river bottom black boy. The words came back to him as if they were written in the sky. He then picked up a jug and blew against the opening, improvising queer, hollow music. Sad, lonesome notes, they were, floating out over the tree tops.

The next morning Joe was still sitting at the window. The Sheriff came up just before daylight. He came silently, carrying a lamp.

Joe was the first to speak, "Well, Mist Sheriff, I reckon I's shuck my las' red ear."

"The sun will rise pretty soon, Joe."

"Yassuh, it sho' will, won't it? It'll come right spang up over dem big trees lak it usta in de river bottom, when I'd go out to kill me some squirrel meat for a little freshenin'."

The Sheriff led the way down the narrow, iron stairway. He walked slowly, holding firmly to the rail.

Joe sniffed the cold air as they came out into the open. "De signs say we is gonna have early corn plantin' dis spring. I likes to follow a planter wid my bare feet mashin' down in de loose dirt."

The dark forms of men could be seen moving mysteriously about the village.

"Folks don't pay no mind to a cotton patch nigger 'til he gits hung," said Joe. "I's plum sorrowful I kilt Sugar but I knows she is fergive me and de Gawd of Daniel fergive, cause I ast Him to and He knows I didn't aim to do it. I's laid my burdens down befo' King Jesus. He tole me las' night dat He and Sugar would meet me

*Continued at top of page 170*

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"...It would mean she'd have time to carry out one set of instructions while he's telling the Ediphone something else. Instead of pencil-twiddling while she waits for him to get through on the telephone, she'd be getting her work done. She'd avoid that 3 to 5 o'clock rush and do all her work better. Really, Hicks is a swell guy—but he's too busy now to get his business done properly. I think he ought to listen to Mary and at least give himself a chance to *try* Voice Writing."

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## De Gawd of Daniel Fergive Me

*Continued from pages 92-169*

at de big gates."

A soft amber light appeared slightly in the east.

"De sun will soon rise fer some folks but it is sho' goin' down fer dis po' nigger. But when yo' time has come, I reckon it has come. Purty soon now I'll say 'Good mawnin' Jesus,' and all my troubles will be over."

They came upon a mammoth, corrugated iron warehouse looming grotesquely in the early dawn. A few dull streaks of light seeped through the cracks. Inside the gallows had been constructed. Nervous farmers, armed with old squirrel guns, stood here and there as guards.

"I's put many a bale o' cotton in dat ole warehouse, Mist Sheriff," said Joe with a heavy sigh. ##

## To the Barrens for Rattlers

*Continued from page 104*

other black timber rattler that lay waiting in its coil. He approached with only half enough caution, I thought. He stood three feet from a three-foot rattler and deliberately teased it into striking. It struck with the speed of a steel spring that is suddenly released—and fell helpless a foot short of its mark. A minute later it was inside the second box adding to the muffled music that came from the first.

A rod or two away Breon went into action with his two-handed club. There was a great flattening of brush and the sound of limbs breaking, but my own affairs were too pressing to let me see what he was doing. Only two of the four rattlers Greene had found around me had been accounted for.

Again I walked on air, stretching myself away from the ground. I was still not accustomed to not seeing a snake and knowing it was there. Greene covered a dozen square feet to my one. A step to me was a matter of cautious probing with my stick and the slow, reluctant placing of one foot ahead of the other. I walked like a child going upstairs who must have both feet on the same tread before he takes another step. I should have preferred standing still, climbing a tree, or running away.

"They holed up during the noise," said Greene.

He poked with his switch into a crevice between two stones. He poked often enough, and a rattler came at him so fast that he had to retreat. His fork broke when he jammed it over the rattler, and I felt awfully competent when I pinned it for him and maneuvered so that I could use my hatchet on it.

"Don't kill it—it's a yellow one," said Greene. "Pick it up."

I hesitated till second thought told me to be myself.

"Not I," I said.

Greene picked it up, rather carelessly I thought, and quickly dropped it and forked it again.

"He was twisting in my fingers," he explained. "I saw a chap get bit that way once—a full dose."

When he again had the snake in his hands he discovered that a leaf was caught between his forefinger and the snake's neck. Nonchalantly, as though he were tying a leader to a dry fly, he picked it out with his teeth, the snake's fangs almost touching his cheek.

My next job, as I learned too soon, was to empty one of the snake boxes, Greene having made up his mind not to return with two rattlers of the same color if he could get one black and one yellow. I intimated, to no avail, that now was a good time to change one's mind.

The boxes hung from straps over Greene's shoulders. I had to lift over his head the loop of one of the straps, down over his arm, and finally over the rattler in his hands. I began work with the feeling that this was not the best of all possible worlds. Somehow that snake's eyes followed my hands and calculated what chance there was of grabbing one. Greene assured me that there was no chance at all. After three or four eternities the box lay at my feet and buzzed defiance.

"Now what do I do?" I asked.

"Open the box and chop his head off when he comes out. Don't bruise him."

I raised the lid, fork and hatchet ready. Majestically a head appeared. Almost too fast for seeing, the tongue lapped the air. Serenely, complacently, the rattler chose Greene and glided towards him. I forked it and swung my hatchet. The body squirmed in the leaves and, headless though it was, kept striking and coiling and uncoiling. The jaws snapped like a mousetrap. The mouth dripped poison.

"Stick that head under a stone," said Greene. "It is more dangerous than a whole snake."

I jumped on the stone after I had worked the head under it.

Breon and Shilling now approached, each of them carrying a dead rattler draped over his two-handed club.

"This one struck at me and I got mad," said Breon.

"It looks it," said Greene. "You must have killed it several times after it was dead. But chop its head off and put it in the bag."

We now advanced on the main colony, where creviced boulders lay in heavy brush. Had I been alone, I should have traveled in another direction and kept traveling till I reached farmland. Two live rattlers and three dead ones seemed a plenty to me—in fact, a positive abundance. But Greene had the scent up and did everything but bark. He scrambled to the top of a boulder.

"Look here," he called.

On the other side of the boulder lay half a dozen skins, white and parchment-like.

"I'd call them sure signs," said Shilling, "but not nearly so sure as the fifty-four sets of rattles I found on that rock over there one fall during hunting season."

"Which rock?" said Greene.

"The one by the jack pine," said Shilling.

A moment later Greene was on the rock and waving for us to join him. We assembled there and peeked over the edge. The sight gave me a chill. At least seven rattlers were sunning themselves, and I could not be sure that the brush did not hide one or two more—of those stupid, blundering, sliding, deadly reptiles. They lay in a space the size of a bungalow kitchen, beside holes in which they could quickly take refuge. Not a chance did we have of taking them one by one. They were not dirty like copperheads, but metallic, businesslike, and fresh as dew in a meadow. All were of a size, three and a half to four feet in length and about nine inches in circumference at the thickest part. They lay side by side or crawled lazily over one another, fat and comfortable in the summer heat. Their clean-cut diamonds extended regularly from head to rail, as nice a piece of designing as can be found in nature. Their sacs held enough venom to kill all of us.

"The only thing to do is to jump in after them," said Greene, picking up two clubs that had been left there from some previous expedition and handing one of them to me.

"Yeah," said Breon.

"Yeah," said Shilling.

"Yeah," said I.

"Yeah," said Greene.

Greene took us literally and jumped. Nothing could have been more astounding. Had we thought he would make the move, we should have held him. Now Breon, Shilling, and I jumped. And such a buzzing and flailing - such a flailing and buzzing. It was confusion multiplied by confusion, a great rattling from the enemy, and some swearing from us. Greene's dinner took a terrible beating; the waste of natural resources was enormous. I can still see Shilling's gaunt, powerful shoulders as he swung on a rattler that in another instant would have struck Breon. When his club fell it ended all equivocation. Breon hopped like a dervish, without knowing that he had almost taken a poisonous souvenir. We grunted and snarled, narrowly missed pounding one another. Thirty seconds after Greene jumped, the brush was flat and dead rattlers quivered on the ground.

We surveyed the wreckage proudly. Our clubs were broken off short. We were panting and sweat ran down our faces. I had accounted for four, Greene for three, and Breon for four. Yet, strange to say, a count showed a total of only five. I chopped off their heads and hoisted them with a stick to the top of a boulder. Unhandsome trophies of a mighty battle, they hardly seemed numerous enough to justify the tremendous exertion.

"Someone besides me must have killed one," said Shilling.

"I was thinking something like that," I said.

"Killing the dead ones, killing the dead ones," said Greene. "It's the old fault of the rattlesnaker. Now we've got hamburger, almost pure hamburger, with maybe a choice cut here and there."

Absentmindedly I leaned against a honey-combed boulder. A terrible, burning sensation began to spread from just below my left shoulder blade. The trees circled dizzily; the sky wobbled. Yowling, I leaped.

What strange faces my companions made as I descended slowly through the air, like a parachuter in slow motion. First of surprise, then of shock, and finally of mirth. I believe that Greene was laughing before I reached the ground. Truly mine was a high leap.

I had backed into a cigarette butt and, instead of snake poisoning, I had only a slight burn.

It was the last excitement of the afternoon. Greene had enough meat to last him for a few days; Breon had proved that he knew where snakes were to be found; Shilling said his liberal education had been added to by Greene's behavior; and I well, after I got home that night I walked around the living room, so everyone said, as if something were hiding under the chairs or the davenport. Once I caught myself slowly stalking toward a cigarette on the mantle. For fully two weeks I had a wary, apprehensive look.

Would I go again on such a foolish expedition? I have already gone, not once but several times.

There's a fascination about the sport that does not wear off with repetition. Furthermore, the cost is not great, the field has not been exploited by manufacturers of equipment, and, when the weather is right, the season is sure to be open. #

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## Dealer's Choice

*Continued from page 79*

the player to the left of the dealer starts it off by betting or checking. In these last two games a Full House is usually the hand that wins it; so if you are sitting there with two pairs, stop yelling for your wife to go out and mix a round of drinks—do it yourself and save money.

OMAHA—Still another version of the above; but just to make it wilder than it is, the dealer puts a chip on one of the cards that is face down in the center, which when it is turned up is wild and all like it. Some fun, but you better have Four Aces or a Straight Flush when that last card is turned.

There are perhaps a half-a-dozen other versions of Dizzy Liz, but your imagination is as good as anyone else's, so see what you can do using the above games as a foundation.

Now to the pot-builders. The various forms of the famous old Seven-Toed Pete are becoming more and more popular. More cards on which to bet, and so more money in the pot.

BASEBALL—Deal it like Seven-card Stud with the first two and the last card dealt face down. The nines are wild; the four spot dealt face up to a player gives him an extra card; a three spot strikes him out, and out he goes—no matter how much he has invested in the pot.

The player who has a four spot up receives his extra card usually after all of the other players have been dealt their card for that round. A three or a four spot in the hole plays as any other card in the hand. The betting is the same as in any Stud game; the first three cards are bet and every round thereafter. It usually takes a Full House to win this one, but a Flush will stand up now and then.

ONE-EYED JACKS—Seven-card Stud with the two one-eyed Jacks wild.

SEVEN CARDS, DEUCES—You know this one.

5 AND 10—Seven-card Stud with the fives and tens wild. But you must have at least one of each. In other words, if your first three cards are fives, you have three fives and nothing more; but if you should happen to catch a ten on one of the next four cards it will give you four wild cards. Deuces and treys are sometimes substituted for the fives and tens. With less than Four of a Kind in this, you're not interested.

LOW HOLE—Seven-card Stud with the lowest card in the hole wild and all like it. The last card which is dealt to the player face down usually makes or breaks the hand.

Look . . . if you have two fours in the hole and two Jacks face up, you have Four Jacks; but if you should be so unfortunate as to catch a trey on that last down card, then your lowest card in the hole is a trey and you have a Full House and no more. Anything can happen in this game, so look for Royal Flushes and Fives of a Kind.

444—Four down, four up, and the fours are wild. Bet on the first four cards and on each card thereafter. Fold up with less than a high Full House.

333—Three down, three up and the threes are wild. Bet on the first three cards and on each card thereafter. A Straight or better should take the money.

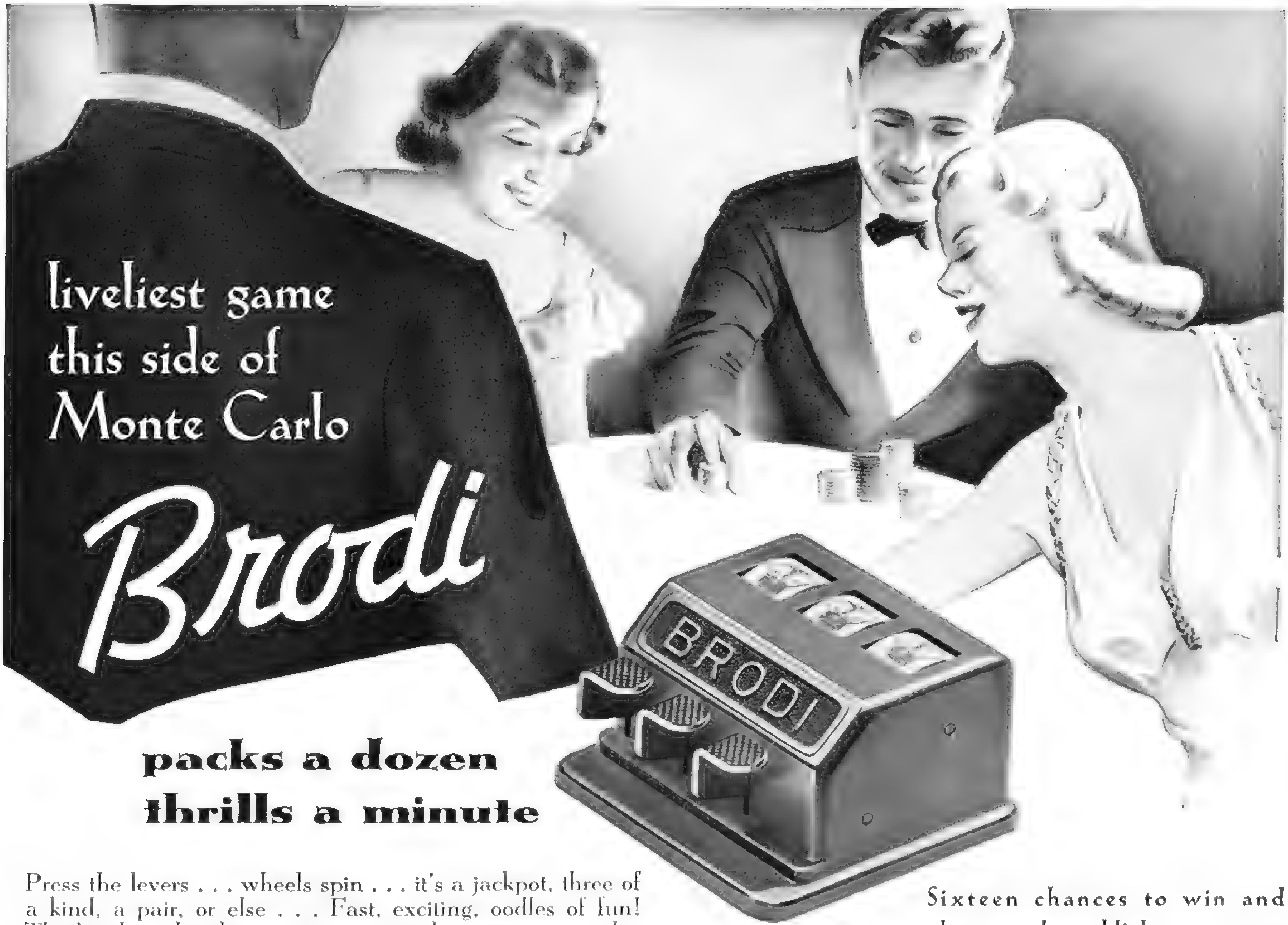
HIGH-LOW—This variety is applied to the straight versions of Stud and Draw; it is just another form of the time-honored Low Ball. The player plays his hand for either high or low, but does not have to announce which way he is playing it until the last card is dealt. The highest and the lowest hands split the pot. Ace is always high and cannot be used as a low card except as part of a straight in the high hand.

So there they are. I have omitted all of the so-called straight games, as well as some of the better known wild ones, taking it for granted that those of you who were interested enough to read this, know them already.

And just one thing more; if you sit down to play Dealer's Choice with a strange crowd, you had better find out before the game starts whether or not that particular group considers Five of a Kind better than a Royal Flush or vice versa. It is a bit of a shock, to say the least, when you have been betting your head off on what you consider an unbeatable hand—a Royal Flush—and Joe Blow across the table starts to drag in the pot with Five Fours. It is an argument that has never been satisfactorily settled. The latest edition of *Official Rules of Card Games* published by the U. S. Playing Card Co., has very little to say about games in which wild cards are used, but it does state that Five of a Kind is the highest possible hand and that a Royal Flush comes next. The writer begs to disagree. It is a fundamental of poker that the more difficult a hand is to obtain, the higher the hand.

If that is true then a Royal Flush should most certainly beat Five of a Kind. With four wild cards, twenty-four cards in the deck may be used in different combinations to form the various Royal Flushes, but in making Five of a Kind the whole deck of 52 cards may be used. Stop me if I am wrong. Let me suggest, though, that you have a book of rules in your home. It will settle a lot of beefs when a card is turned up during the deal or Mrs. Zilch forgets and exposes a card or two in Stud before the betting is complete.

So keep on a-turnin', Mr. Hoyle. . . . I've got a new one, hot off the griddle that I am going to introduce to the crowd next Friday. . . . Seven-card Stud with all of the red cards wild! ##



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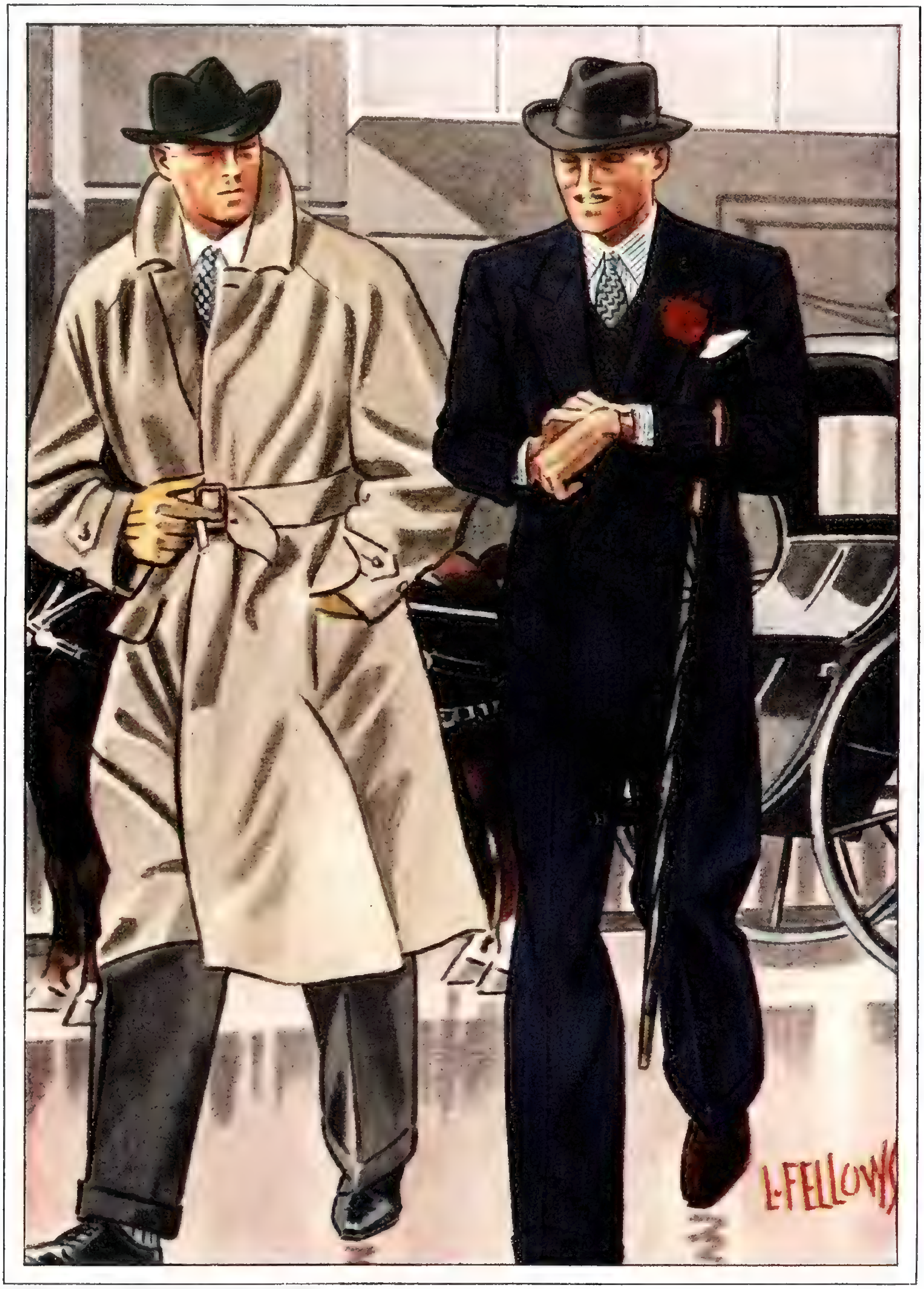
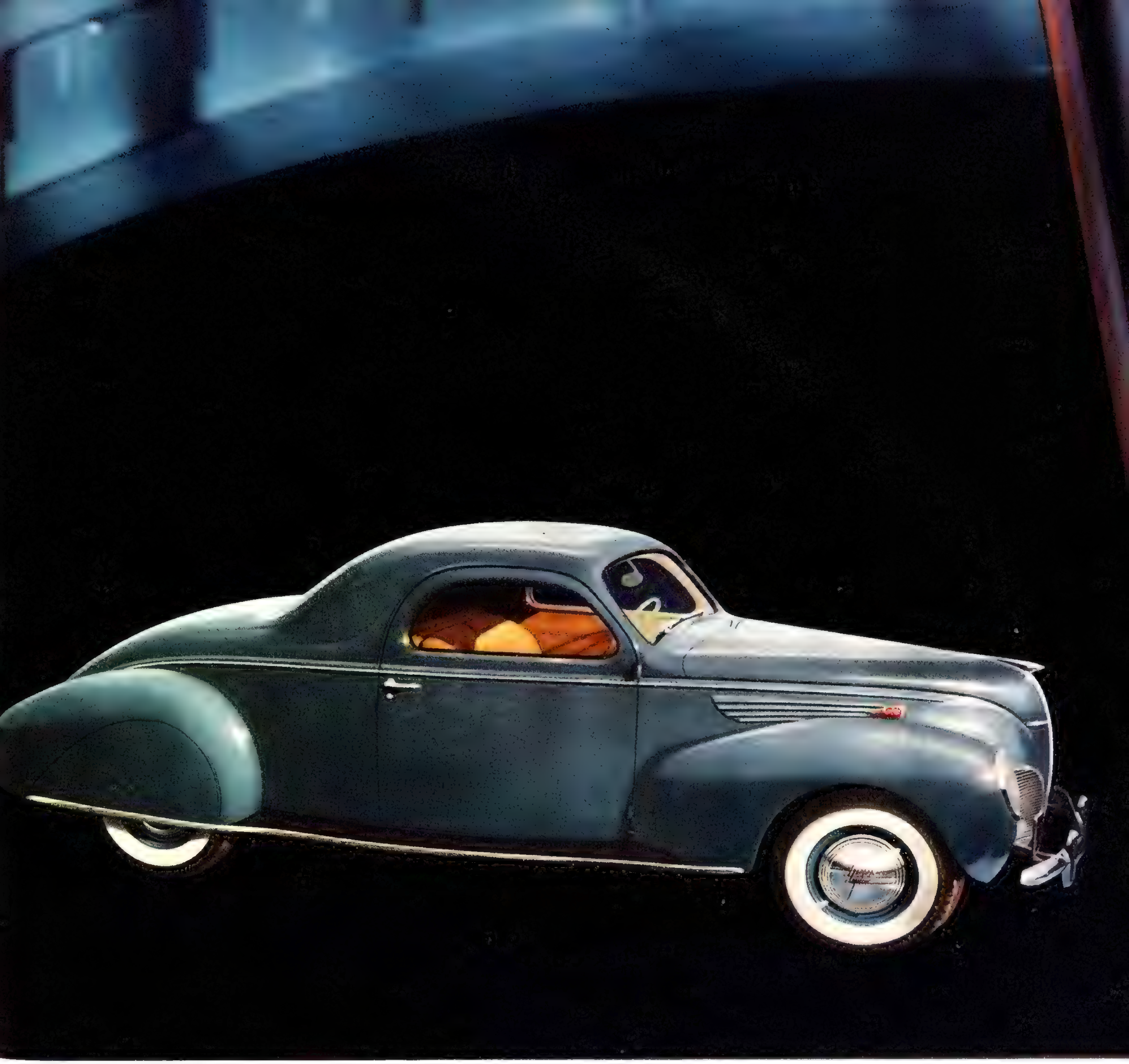


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NEW YORK BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

# JUST TO PROVE YOU DON'T WORK TOO HARD

You, too, can dally in front of the Sherry-Netherland during the height of the business day. That is, you can if you live in New York and part of your time is your own. If you hit this combination, it would never, never do to let people get the impression that you're merely en route from one business engagement to another. The thing to do is to wear a semi-sports outfit which designates the man who spends a few hours in town but is not confined to an office all day. The example at the left consists of an English raincoat with comfortable raglan shoulders and full skirt, white oxford shirt and checked wool tie, grey flannel suit, Cavalier hat, black blucher shoes and string gloves. The other man sports a marine blue flannel suit with pearl grey stripes, black lightweight sleeveless sweater, striped broadcloth shirt, Spitalfields tie, the new Lord's hat with raw edge rolled up and reverse calf shoes.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



## Thoroughly modern—*and the only car of its kind*

There are many features, besides its beauty, which make the Lincoln-Zephyr the thoroughly modern car. The 12-cylinder engine alone sets it apart in the medium-price field.

Most people know the advantages of a "twelve." They admire (and often dream of enjoying) the greater ease with which the "twelve" does things. But until the advent of *this* "twelve," the Lincoln-Zephyr, the added pleasure of added cylinders was beyond their price range. Now, at medium price, it offers the brilliant performance of 12 cylinders with many advanced features of construction.

This is a fast car, of course. But over 50,000 enthusiastic Lincoln-Zephyr owners appreciate, even more than speed, the smooth reserve power which is always at their command. Without strain, without fatigue, they cover familiar journeys in shorter time—and at lower top speed! An even and safer pace consumes distances greater than they are used to driving.

And owners find, much to their delight, that economy of operation goes hand in hand with economy of purchase. Under all conditions—through city traffic and on the open road—they report from 14 to 18 miles to the gallon. Twelve thrifty cylinders!

More, the Lincoln-Zephyr brings riding qualities unknown before, because its basic design is unique. Bodies are wider, seats are chair-like, all passengers ride well ahead of the rear axle. You ride relaxed—cushioned on soft transverse springs, 136 inches apart.

New in beauty, comfort, safety and ease of driving, this modern "twelve" at medium price is still the only car of its kind at any price. No wonder that people who once dreamed of "twelves" now drive them! Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr V-12s.

## LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12

NINE LITTLE BUTTONS
and then there were none

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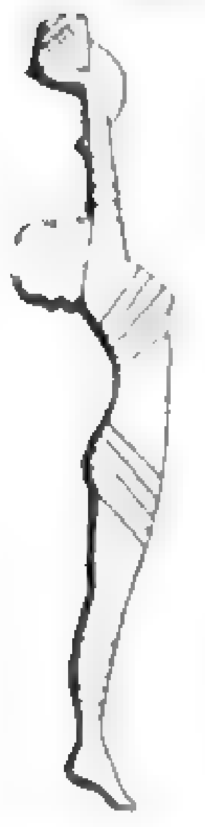

The average French-back short has nine buttons to come off, twist, break and be fumbled with. That's why the locker room air often turns blue. A few months ago Reis Sta-Put Shorts (as shown on the right) replaced the nine buttons with a simple waist-band made with "Lastex" yarn. Result, a perfect fit for every build, real comfort, better figures, smoother tempers. Now come Reis Dart Scandals, in knitted fabric (on the left) with more of the same good news. Reis Dart Scandals have a special front for correct support, ample fabric in back for seat, an exclusive Dart crotch that conforms to the body, and "Lastex" yarn at waistband and leg ends to hold the garment in position. Better stores everywhere have both Reis Sta-Put Shorts and Reis Dart Scandals (with shirts to match). Or write to Robert Reis & Co., 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Yes, "Lastex" yarn is definitely "in" throughout the man's wardrobe, imparting its magic stretch, for fit and comfort to all types of woven or knitted fabric, silk, cotton, wool or rayon. Give yourself the break of "Lastex" yarn when you order underwear, hosiery, pajamas, swim trunks, athletic supporters or what have you.

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THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

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## The Conquest of Mexico

Continued from page 45

the stars, events emerged from chaos and exploded according to the inner laws of their being. The lips in the picture were powerless to alter by their ghostly eloquence that which was to be.

Then her dream faded and she returned to the simple facts. Here she sat, and there sat Senator Connor peering at her.

She said: "Do the American people, as a whole, have any desire to annex Mexico?"

He shook his head. "Not the slightest."

"That is good," she said. "You see, Senator Connor, Mexico is not really a nation; it is a universe all by itself. It does not fit into any pattern known to you Americans or to us Britishers. It has no pattern, as yet. Here you will find peasants who feel that they cannot endure life without the consolations of the Church, and you will find other peasants who still secretly worship the terrible Aztec gods. In the region of politics, there are men whose corruption might shock even your renowned Tammany bosses; and there are also sincere idealists who are devoting their lives to the problems of education and economic development for the poor. If you look about, you will see patriots, bandits, union-organizers, scholars, illiterate fishermen, corrupt priests, saintly priests, ancient Spanish grandees, American promoters, poets, industrialists, ignorant tourists, and flashy generals who have almost as many diamond rings as they have mistresses. And behind all these, and perhaps more important for future history than all of them, you will see the scattered mass of millions of poverty-stricken Indian peasants in whom runs the yet-unawakened heart-blood of Mexico. This is a land of surprises, Senator. Did you know that in the mountains toward the northwest there still exists the Yaqui Nation, a race of Indians that has successfully repelled centuries of effort to exterminate them? Did you know that in the south there are large regions where the simple banana-eating people are not aware that such a thing as a government exists?"

"Yes, I was aware that this is a complex country," he said. "Please go on."

"In my opinion, Senator, the religious struggle which so distresses you is only a minor part of the inevitable travail of Mexico as it integrates itself into a nation. I am told by those of my friends who understand the matter best that the transition of Mexico from a primitive land into a modern industrial and agricultural nation will be attended by many disturbances which no one can foresee but in which the intervention of your country would be catastrophic for Mexico and perhaps for you. I shudder to think of the consequences."

He peered at her, and puffed at his cigar. At last he said: "I am reflecting on your words. You have given me a picture, a disturbing picture."

A bitter sense of her own ineffectuality stirred in her. She saw that she had not conveyed anything of importance to this man—that he was viewing Mexico from the outside, as if it were a preserved specimen in a museum, an object seen through walls of glass. This was a foolish parlor conversation, a mere magic lantern show—while outside in the darkness of the hills, in the remote depths of Sonora and Morelos and Oaxaca, the real history of Mexico was slowly taking shape.

She wished that the Senator would either talk of something else or would end his call and let her go to bed. She liked the man—but she felt tragically powerless to do anything that would aid him.

At a loss for better ideas, she asked: "Senator, would you perhaps care to talk with my houseboy Pedro? He is intelligent and trustworthy; you might find something in his point of view that would help you. I warn you that he is very unsophisticated; he cannot read or write, and he has never been fifty miles from Chapala—but his voice is the voice of the people."

"That is just what I should like to hear. May I indeed talk with him?"

"I will call him."

Pedro appeared in the lighted doorway that opened from the living-room onto the dim terrace. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, in white uniform and brown sandals.

"Pedro, come here and talk with the Señor. He is a great *politico* from the United States. Talk to him just as freely as you would talk to me. I will translate his questions to you."

"Yes, Señora." Pedro stood facing the Senator.

The Senator looked reflectively at Pedro. Then he said in a quiet voice: "Good-evening, Pedro. I have come to Mexico only recently, and there are many things about your country that I should like to know. Do you mind telling me?"

Pedro smiled, but shook his head. "I do not know anything, Señor."

"Oh yes, you do! Now, Pedro, you are a good Catholic, are you not? You see, I am a Catholic myself."

"Oh, the Señor is a Catholic!" Pedro's face brightened. "Yes, Señor, I try to be a good Catholic."

"I, too, can only try. Now tell me, Pedro, could anything persuade you to give up your religion?"

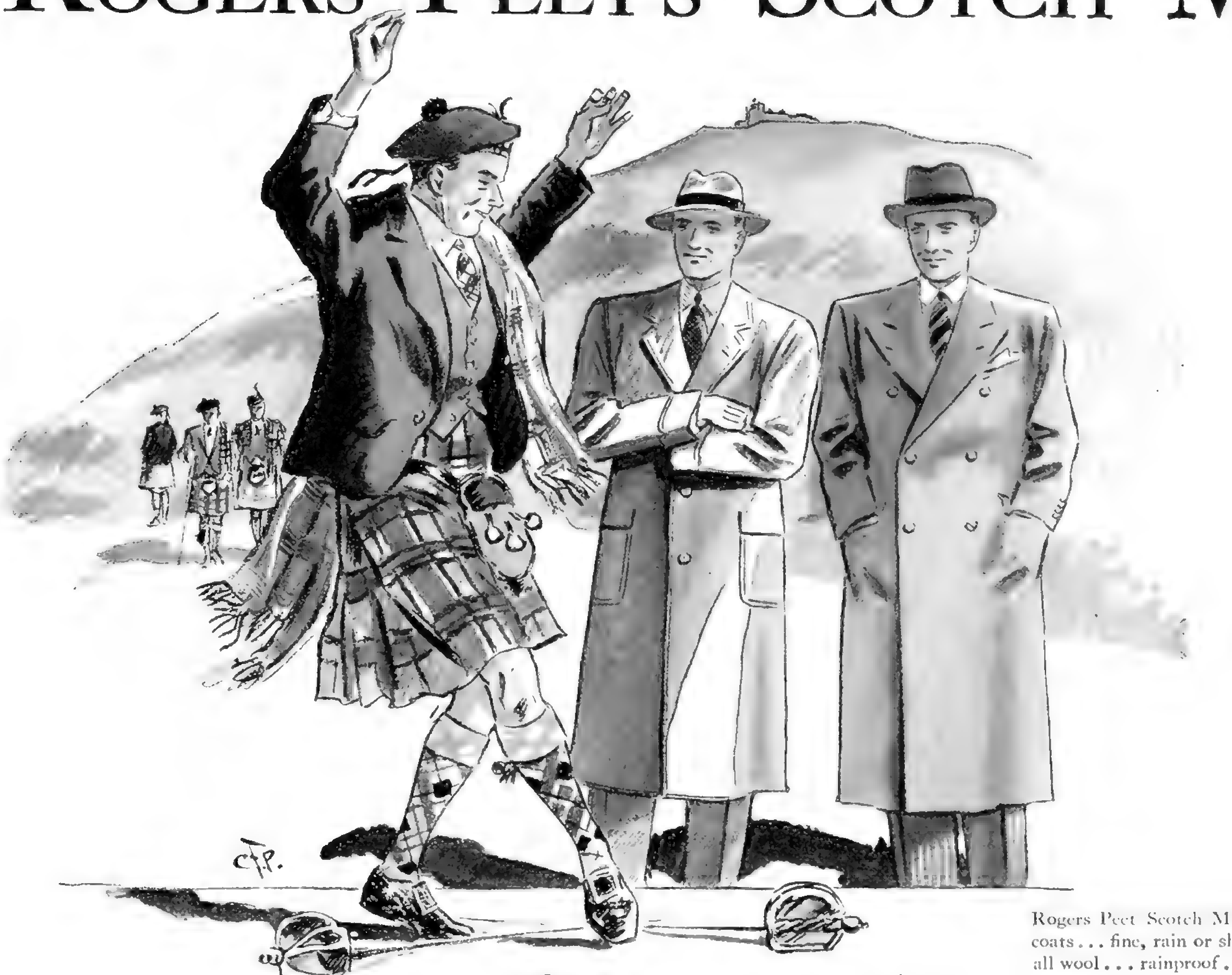
Pedro stared at him. "How could I, Señor? It is the truth. How could I stop believing in God and the Savior and the Blessed Virgin? How could I?"

"Only a fool would do so, Pedro. Now let me ask you—does the Government try to make you give up your religion?"

Pedro's face hardened. "The

Continued on page 179

# ROGERS PEET'S SCOTCH MIST*



Rogers Peet Scotch Mist top-coats . . . fine, rain or shine . . . all wool . . . rainproof . . . $65.

## . . . in the Spirit of Scotland . . .

The belief that Scotchmen are "Scotch" is a misunderstanding. The true Scotch heart is generous to an extreme . . . as your own Scotch friends soon prove. Yet deep in the nature of every Scot is a passionate hatred of waste, a heritage from a rugged land. And this influences everything the Scotch do . . . even their weaving. They weave cloths that are long wearing. Beauty is in them, but utility comes first.

Our Scotch Mist cloth perfectly expresses the Scotch temper. Made for us in Scotland, it is like the men who make it. It is hale and hardy, has a warmth and genuineness that claim affection. And it is generous in the true Scotch sense, giving more than usual wear and having a rainproofness that makes it "double-duty". We tailor this rain-or-shine cloth into coats well endowed with our modern style-smartness. But it is the cloth men particularly like—it has the spirit of Scotland.

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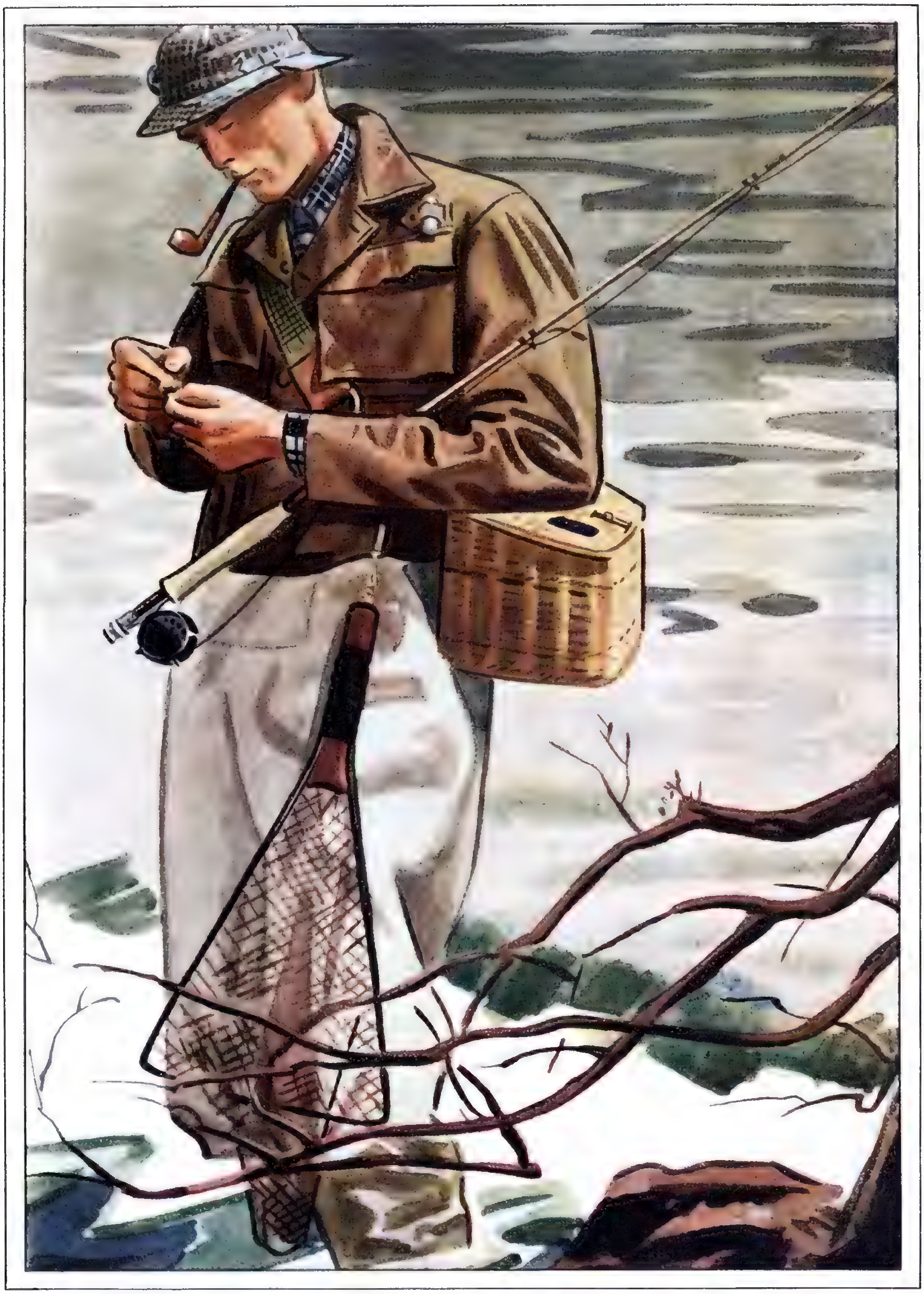


# IN THE CHILLY APRIL WATER AFTER TROUT

In the early season when the streams are often overflowing and there's apt to be a chill in the air and the water, this outfit affords a very practical and workmanlike answer to the problem of going after trout in comfort. Instead of the usual hip-length rubber boots, these English wading trousers of heavy rubberized cotton material are worn. The upper portion resembles overalls, while the nether extremity has actual feet vulcanized to the legs. Over these are worn very heavy coarse wool hose over which, in turn, go canvas wading shoes with felt or soft hobnail soles as a reasonable precaution against the lively possibility of slipping on the slimy stones. The front of these trousers carries a large pocket over the abdomen. The very short waistline wading jacket is of water-proof canvas and has four oversized bellows pockets to hold the essential gadgets. Wool shirt. Soft crown tweed hat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Conquest of Mexico

*Continued from pages 45-176*

Government is bad—you do not know how bad. It makes people send their children to school—and it teaches Socialism in the schools!"

"What is this Socialism that they teach, Pedro?"

"That you should not honor your father. That the Church is a lie. That you have no right to own your own house. That" . . . Pedro paused, embarrassed, but went bravely on in spite of the presence of Mrs. Morton—"that my wife belongs to everybody, just the same as she does to me."

Mr. Connor shook his head. "I am not sure that Socialism means quite all of that, Pedro. I think you may have got that a little wrong. But tell me about the definitely bad things that the Government has done to the Catholic people."

"In Guadalajara, forty miles from here, they closed the churches—and when our people took guns and knives in our hands and went to open the churches, there was a fight, and the government soldiers shot many of us, many of us. They killed hundreds of good Catholics. Was that right?"

"Very sad, Pedro. Lamentable. But now let me ask you—how would you like to have somebody force the Government to respect the Church, and give you the right to worship as you wished?"

Pedro's face lighted up. "Ah, Señor, that is what we long for!"

"And how would you view the matter, Pedro, if the great Government of the United States, seeing and pitying this sad religious situation of your people, were to send an army down here and make this country a part of the United States—so that you could never again be robbed of your religion?"

Pedro's face became a frozen mask of mystery. All expression disappeared from his lips. His eyes seemed to look inward, not at the terrace or at the two faces that confronted him. He shook his head ambiguously and did not answer.

Mrs. Morton said gently: "Answer the Señor, Pedro. He is asking you a question of grave importance. It is his desire to know what you think about that way of helping your religion and your country."

Pedro stared at her. His face worked convulsively and he ground his teeth together. "Those dirty Gringos? Do they want to come, and be like the *hacienda* owners and the generals, and keep us from having our land? They think we will be peons again? Let them try! Let them try!" He turned away, overcome by emotion.

Mrs. Morton glanced at the Senator's face as she accurately translated the unforgivable phrase "dirty Gringos." His expression did not change. She saw that he was aware that this insult, used in his presence and in her own, could mean only that the speaker did not regard him as a Gringo and had forgotten that he was a stranger.

As one now admitted to the inner circle of friendship the Senator leaned forward toward Pedro and asked confidentially: "And what would you yourself do, Pedro, if an American army came into your country?"

Pedro was silent for a moment. Then he astonished Mrs. Morton by pulling up the white jacket of his uniform and groping at the waist of his trousers. In an instant he extracted from beneath his clothes a leather sheath and from it drew a curved sharp-pointed knife eighteen inches long. Its menace of death was like a snake's fang in the air.

"That is all I would do, Señor—only that! But it can do much. But it can do much! I have seen, I have seen!" He slashed ferociously at the air in all directions. Then he replaced the vicious knife in its sheath and returned the sheath to its hiding-place under his clothing.

Mrs. Morton turned to the Senator. "Does that explain anything that you wanted to know?"

"Yes, Mrs. Morton. Would you be kind enough to tell Pedro that I am grateful to him for the frankness with which he has spoken?"

Pedro turned to go. But he paused meditatively in the doorway and asked: "Señora, would the Señor like to hear a story that my grandmother told me? It is an old Mexican story, and perhaps he would like to tell it to his grandchildren."

"Do tell it to him. I am sure he would like to hear it."

Pedro turned to the Senator; his expression had lost all its primitive fury of a moment ago; he seemed to be remembering and recounting a fairy tale that had charmed him in his childhood.

"My grandmother said that there once was a Coyote who came to see an old Rabbit, and said: 'Señor Rabbit, it is regrettable but I am going to eat you.' The Rabbit said: 'Señor Coyote, since you say this, what you say is doubtless true. But before you eat me, let me introduce you to my seven children, so that they can profit by your friendship and advice when I am gone.' The Coyote smiled; he could almost smell the seven nice tender little rabbits; and he said: 'I should be honored, Señor, to be presented to your noble progeny.' So the Rabbit led the Coyote to the modest hole in the ground that was the entrance to his house, and he said: 'Pray precede me, Señor!' And the Coyote smiled, and stuck his nose into the hole, and the seven little rabbits looked up at him in surprise; and then seven little rattlesnakes who were keeping house with the rabbits raised up their heads. And each of the rattlesnakes struck the Coyote once on the nose. And the Coyote gave a howl, and went outside, and died. That is the story my grandmother told me. She said it was true: I do not know, myself."

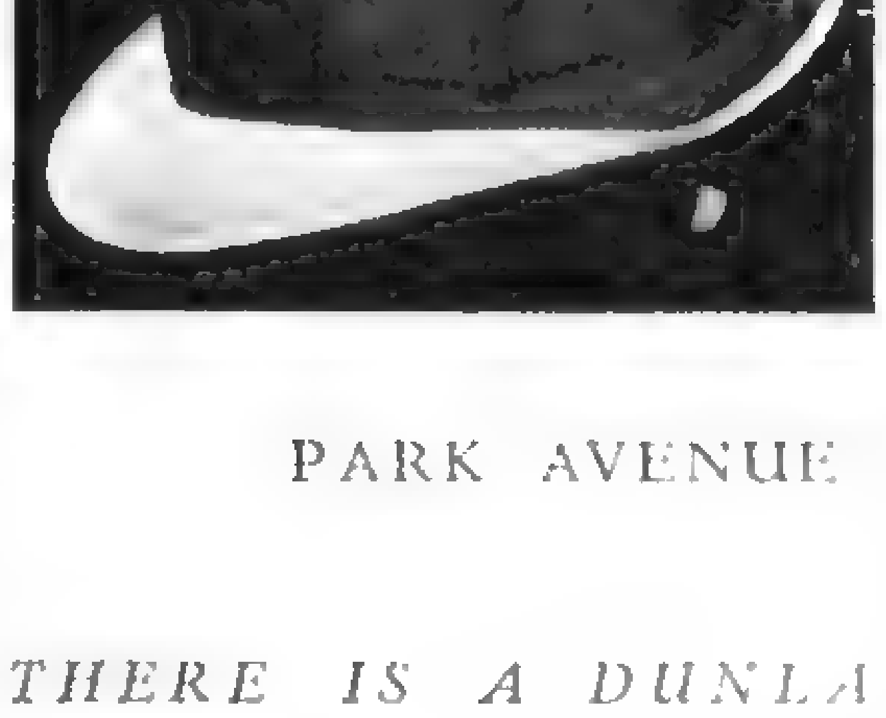
The Senator stared at Mrs. Morton. "What have we here?"

*Continued on page 180*

*Their craft has Wonder in it*

Light floods the shadows where their work is done. Hands move in strange rhythms . . . flexing, moulding, as if conjuring with mysterious magic. ❦ Strands of fine fur are meshed to a resilient felt. Contours are shaped to perfect symmetry. Curves are rounded to a lithe and living grace, surfaces smoothed to flawless texture, brushed to silken lustre. ❦ Slowly the felt becomes a hat . . . a Dunlap Hat. Then, as lines are guided and controlled, something enters into this creation, vitalizes it, gives it personality...a subtle something that is Dunlap Style. ❦ So a tradition born three generations ago lives on, through the hands of Dunlap craftsmen. So all its fullness of quality, its authority of style, are given to the Dunlap Hats that men will wear tomorrow.

*FIVE TO TWENTY DOLLARS*



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## The Conquest of Mexico

*Continued from pages 45-176-179*

he asked, plainly puzzled.

She shook her head. "I have never seen him in this mood before. It is for you to interpret."

He turned to Pedro, smiled, and held out his hand. "Thank you very much, Pedro, for all you have told me. Be a good Catholic and a good Mexican and a good man. God be with you!"

"*Adios, Señor!*" Pedro disappeared.

Mr. Connor sat in silence. At last he said: "I do not know what to think about it all. I got the clear impression that when Pedro spoke it was indeed the voice of the people. But he is so illogical. The Church is of primary importance to him, and he hates his own Government for destroying it; yet he goes wild at the thought of our coming down here to save the Church. Is he afraid that we will make peons of the people again?"

"Pedro lives in his emotions, not in logical ideas," Mrs. Morton said. "Yet if I am able to guess his feeling, it is a little more complicated than you think. Perhaps he is afraid that your country, in saving the Church from its Mexican socialistic enemies, might provide *it with American capitalistic friends* whose attitude toward the peasant would not be sympathetic. I have no desire to hurt your feelings, Senator — but surely you have not forgotten that during all these four centuries since the Conquest, the Church has been one of the most flagrant of oppressors, and that it has invariably sided with the rich and powerful as against the poor and helpless. Doubtless Pedro, uneducated as he is, has heard something of these matters. Perhaps he fears that the Church might not be able to resist the temptations offered by an alliance with the American lords of petroleum. Perhaps in his way he is trying to defend the purity of his Church as well as the autonomy of his soil."

The Senator frowned. "It is all very perplexing. I know nothing"

"Of course you don't!" she said sharply. "And that's why you would make the ideal American Minister to Mexico — because you know nothing and know that you know nothing. There would be some hope for intelligent relations between the two countries if you came down here as representative of your Government and saw things for yourself over a period of time. Why don't you have yourself appointed to the post?"

"I fear you ridicule me, Mrs. Morton. Doubtless I deserve it."

"I am doing no such thing. I have never spoken more seriously in my life."

He looked at her, and smiled his queer unhappy smile. "I will make it a point to have myself sent as Minister to Mexico if you will be the consort of the Minister."

She glanced at him, startled with distaste, as his clumsy and inappropriate attempt at airy persiflage came to her. Yet the next instant, meeting his eyes, she felt that there passed between them a look that was like a flash of lightning — an explosive communication beyond the region of speech. She saw that there was an emotion behind his inept words — an attempt to offer thanks, to ask for sympathy. And then his heavy words struck fire from the flint that was her heart. What he had said was as fantastic as the picture of two skeletons riding a broomstick down midnight winds; yet the wild picture had its own momentary enchantment. A flash of youthful romantic feeling vibrated in the air between the man of sixty-five and the woman of eighty. What a dream-pair they might have made — he the incorruptible Minister to a troubled nation, and she proud and loyal at his side! — encouraging through days of sun and shadow the emergence at last of a Mexico which they both could love.

She was startled out of reality: there came to her an ancient picture: it had all the vividness of an ether-hallucination. She became another person: she, she and none other, was Carlota, the young Empress; and there facing her was her young husband the dream-eyed Emperor Maximilian. Sitting in the garden-circled Borda Palace at Cuernavaca, they were deciding the destiny of Mexico. She was glancing abstractedly at the rings on her fingers while her whole attention was concentrated on Maximilian as he explained his dream and his purpose. The candles flickered in stirrings of air that came through the open windows. She smelled the fragrance of the garden. They were lovers; they were the Emperor and the Empress of Mexico; they would walk nobly, guiding their people toward a glowing future. A bat swept in through an open window of the palace, circled the ceiling in its swift flight, and soared out through another window, leaving a dead putrid smell behind it. Carlota could no longer see the rings on her fingers; she saw an inexplicable picture of a future bleak hilltop at Querétaro where stood three pale haughty men, two generals and an emperor, confronting a dull-faced firing-squad; and Maximilian turned to General Miramón and commanded him to take the place of honor, the central place; and he stood, with Miramón at his left, and beyond Miramón was General Mejía — until there crashed the

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sudden rifles of the firing-squad that destroyed General Mejía, General Miramón, and the Emperor Maximilian.

The shock of the dream-rifles destroyed her dream. She returned to reality. She knew that the vain, deluded, generous Maximilian had died long ago, and that the beautiful Carlota had wandered, an insane helpless ghost, through all the courts of Europe crying for justice until at last death mercifully claimed her. Yes, the days of Maximilian were past; this was the present.

She stared across the terrace to where Senator Connor sat. He was staring at her.

As a mariner, directing with steady hand his outward-bound ship, might look back for a moment toward a palm-fringed coast and terrific mountains of adventure which he has never explored and which it is now too late to explore so Mrs. Morton looked into the eyes of her guest and so he looked into hers.

He rose to leave. She also rose. "Good-night, Hamlet," she said.

His vaguely tragic smile lighted up. "Good-night, Queen of more than Denmark. But I am no Hamlet. I am not lucky enough to be able to afford the luxury of indecision." His lips grew rigid; he straightened his shoulders. "Good-night, Mrs. Morton. I have made up my mind. Thank you."

Mrs. Morton went to sleep that night wondering about many things.

In the morning, Pedro told her that the Senator was indeed a great *caballero*. When he went away, he gave Pedro five pesos for the priest to say masses for the soul of Pedro's mother, and another five pesos for the schoolmaster to buy a dictionary, and another five pesos for the government soldiers at the police station to get drunk on, and another five pesos for the savings-box of Pedro's little boy.

Mrs. Morton smiled and nodded to Pedro. Her only severe daylight thought was: "How statesmanlike!" She felt that the annexation of Mexico was not seriously imminent; she thought that a good many things were wrong with the world, no matter how dark and honest the eyes of the statesmen and of the house-boys; but she was honest enough to confess to herself her ignorance beyond this point. #

## The France and Germany of Asia

*Continued from page 46*

confer about it. He has to rely on personal initiative, with the ingenuity that must accompany it, and it is precisely this that the Japanese lack most.

It seems as if Nature distributed her gifts with a nice sense of balance. If the Japanese possessed initiative in addition to a genius for teamwork, there is no limit to what they could do.

By contrast, if in addition to individual initiative, China possessed a capacity for teamwork, it is difficult to see what could prevent this nation of almost 500,000,000 souls from forging to the front as the world's leading Power.

A united China automatically would make Japan a second-rate Power in the Orient. Here we have a clue to the fundamental principle of Japan's policy on the Asiatic mainland, which is to encourage local movements in China and to oppose the central government, irrespective of who heads it. This reveals as co-ordinated strategy what otherwise would seem to be merely a policy of spite and envy.

China was once the most civilized country in the world. Yet, its history is a continued sorry tale of keen minds put to the service of narrow individualism. It was always for some personal grudge conceived in jealousy or selfishness that the gates of China were opened to the various invaders who overran the country.

That was how the Mongols came in. That was what enabled the Manchus to pour through the Great Wall. That was also how the puppet state of Manchukuo was formed. The Japanese themselves couldn't have gone ahead with this ambitious program, even extending it into North China and Mongolia, without using the natives themselves. The Japanese task was mainly to play off one Chinese against the other.

A Japanese trait closely related to their teamwork is their spirit of regimentation. It's this that makes them admire the Germans most among all the peoples of the world. It is the French attitude toward life, however, that the Chinese admire most. They shy from regimentation and are lax in their rules. No one who has lived in both the Orient and Europe can avoid noticing this striking similarity between the German and the Japanese on the one hand, and the French and the Chinese on the other.

Regimentation permeates all Japanese life. There is no more curious sight in the world than a gang of Japanese workmen on a railway track. It's as unreal as a ballet dance. The laborers lift their pickaxes at one tuneful signal, bang away at the next, advance a step with military precision at the next, then resume all over again, methodically and repeatedly, until they seem like fantastic robots, machines in human form. It is labor's goose step. A scene like that would be unthinkable in China. The Chinese would break out laughing in the midst. The precision would seem senseless to them, cruel and inhuman.

This regimentation, however, explains the speed with which the Japanese authorities have modernized their nation. Their task is one of decision, not persuasion. A sign appeared one morning on a police sentry box near my Tokyo residence instructing everybody in that area to appear for vaccination at a stipulated hour the next day. That was all that was needed. They all appeared.

*Continued on page 182*

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## The France and Germany of Asia

*Continued from pages 46-181*

The Chinese wouldn't have bothered to read the sign. It's not modern legislation that China lacks. It already has the most advanced laws in the world. Its anti-opium regulations, for instance, are more progressive than those of the United States. That doesn't stop the Chinese from covering millions of acres of their best soil with the insidious poppy, however.

The resemblance between the Chinese and the French even extends to their art, as can be seen by comparing the Museum of the Forbidden City at Peiping and the Louvre at Paris. It is visible in all the gamut of their artistic creation, from painting to vases, and from lacquer ware to cloisonné. It is to be found in provinces as far apart as their epicurean cuisine and their liberality in religion. The unrestraint of both peoples is as shocking to the Japanese as to the Germans.

It is more than a mere coincidence that the only two peoples in the world who have made an art out of eating are the French and the Chinese. It is not that they copied from each other. Their cuisines are wholly different, except for the preference each gives to tasty, piquant sauces. With the same outlook on life, it was inevitable that they should adopt a similar viewpoint toward food.

The chefs of both countries try to create at least one new dish for every banquet, and are as temperamental in the kitchen as an artist in his studio. No greater contrast can be found to this than in Japan and Germany. The rigid code of the Prussian is as similar to Japan's as is French liberalism to that of China. It was not militarization that created the spirit of regimentation in Japan and Germany. It was the other way round.

These differences are carried over into their international relations. Japan and China get along together just about as well—or badly—as do the Germans and the French.

Alongside these contrasts, we have a Japanese genius for imitation, and a Chinese faculty for ingenuity. Nevertheless, although keen Chinese minds thought up such world-revolutionary inventions as printing, gunpowder and the compass, something in their make-up prevented them from ever pursuing them beyond their first, self-evident conclusions and uses.

The Japanese, perhaps as a compensatory trait for their lack of inventiveness, possess the most highly developed faculty for imitation in the world. Although so much of our merchandise is marked "Made in Japan," there is nothing we can point to as Japanese-made in origin. There is no purely Japanese culture. What we call Japanese culture was Chinese until the Japanese went over and borrowed it, adapting it to their own needs, exactly as they later sent observers to the West, copying everything from printing presses to straw hats. They copied printing from China, but had to wait until the West developed the printing press before they were able to have a newspaper.

There is nothing backward about Japanese imitation. It's done on a wholesale scale. They took everything they saw in China a thousand years ago, at the time of the T'ang Dynasty, from religion and clothing to art and morals. Startling illustrations can still be found of this. For instance, I wandered into an isolated mountain village of China where I recognized Japan.

Only in Japan had I seen women's hair done in such high, curiously-shaped mounds, hardened by special oils. It had been pointed out to me as one of the distinguishing features of the Japanese toilette. Geisha girls always wore their hair that way.

But this was China. It was such an isolated part of China, however, that modernizing influences hadn't reached there. This hairdress was just one of the many styles that the Japanese copied, and which the Chinese themselves discarded later.

This trait remains unabated to this day. When a world traveler visits the Tokyo subway, for instance, he feels mildly surprised, like meeting someone he dimly recognizes. He feels as if he rode in it before. Gradually, he recognizes the best touches of all the other subways in the world. Indeed, it is a composite of the Berlin, New York, London and Paris undergrounds. Only the best of everything was imitated. The result is a product superior to any one from which it was copied. Thus it is with so much in Japan.

The Chinese, however, if they built a subway, would never go to all this trouble. They'd either hire a foreign engineer, who'd duplicate what was in his own country, or employ a native who'd install the system he was taught.

In no field of endeavor has the Japanese faculty for selecting the best that the world has to offer been pursued more energetically and painstakingly than in military matters, giving the islands an advantage over the Chinese in warfare right from scratch.

A psychological factor that enters into every Far Eastern affair of importance is what is a veritable instinct for compromise among the Chinese. Lack of comprehension of this trait is one of the main reasons people talk of a "Chinese puzzle."

"Who's going to win?"—"Who's in the right?" These are the two questions that white men are forever asking in reference to China's affairs, and they are precisely the two questions that the Chinese themselves don't ask. "How will it be compromised?" is how the problem just naturally arises in their minds.

If newspaper readers and editorial writers would ignore the possibility of a clear-cut victory or defeat by any side on any issue, and try to think out how a compromise can be effected, they will be amazed by how often they can predict the actual outcome.

Compromise is also a Japanese trait, but trimmed and molded so as to conform with Japanese regimentation and their paternalistic form of society. Yet, the underlying truth of a compromise is always present. It explains such a paradox as an army coup d'état that was suppressed in Tokyo, then followed by the adoption of the main planks in the insurrectionist program.

The compromise in that case was to inflict the death sentence on the officers who participated, but at the same time to agree to their demands. What they asked was the subordination of parliament to a military, totalitarian government, and an iron-fisted policy toward China. The public had just expressed the contrary desire at the ballots by an overwhelming vote. Yet, although the insurgents were put down, their demands were incorporated into government policies.

This was accomplished in the true spirit of the "Forty-Seven Ronin," Japan's favorite historical legend. The theory is that if these people are willing to sacrifice their lives, their sincerity cannot be doubted. The strict tenets of the law have to be upheld, but the grievances satisfied, too. Only by understanding this trait can a white man follow the otherwise inconsistent train of events that always accompanies the frequent Japanese political murders. The assassins are punished and at the same time are deferred to as heroes by the government authorities.

Sino-Japanese differences even extend to the definition of patriotism. The Japanese are the only people in the world for whom patriotism and religion are one and the same. A Japanese patriot cannot be other than a believer in the divinity of his emperor, which is the Shinto religion. In fact, denial of this ancestry is a prison offense.

In contrast, no compelling devotion to the Fatherland stirs the breast of the Chinese. Seizure of territory always fails to arouse the Chinese as it does others. However, it is not that they are without patriotism; it is that theirs is a racial patriotism.

A Chinese is patriotic toward China as a race and not as a country. What happens to the land except to the immediate surroundings of one's birthplace, or the soil one actually tills, is inconsequential. There's always land somewhere, and whose flag flies over it seems meaningless to the Chinese so long as he can live on it and use it. It was this racial patriotism that finally conquered the Manchu and the Mongol invaders of China, although they assumed the sovereignty of the soil.

It is against this racial patriotism of China that Japan's religious patriotism is pitted. The Japanese have achieved what the Nazi-Socialists of the Germany they so admire are only striving toward, a native religion merged with a deification of the Fatherland, and headed by an infallible leader. With patriotism a religion, every war in which the Japanese participate becomes a crusade for god, their emperor, and to die for him becomes the first joy and privilege of the subject. That is why the emperor comes first and the country second in Japan, with the people a poor third.

Only this can explain the curious combination of the primitive and the modern in Japan. Of all up-to-date armies, only the Japanese think up exploits that smack of tribal sacrifices, such as when three soldiers at Shanghai tied bundles of dynamite around themselves in an attack on enemy barbed wire. An Anglo-Saxon general would consider this a criminal waste of lives and court-martial the officers responsible. The incident would be classified as an atrocity. In Japan, they raised monuments to it.

This flavor of religious sacrifice permeates all Japanese heroics. It is only natural that it was they who thought up the tactics of making a living torpedo out of a sailor, or piloting an explosive plane at mad speed against an enemy warship.

A horrible death of this sort doesn't matter to the Japanese. They do it for their Shinto gods. They do modern things, but in the ecstasy of primitive, sacrificial beliefs.

This blend of religion and patriotism is one of the secrets of the Japanese military strength. China's lack of the same kind of patriotism as professed by other countries, however, is why it is often said that China isn't really a nation, that it corresponds instead to Europe as a whole, with just as many differences and just as many languages as Europe.

The Japanese viewpoint toward war as an institution was impressed on me in Japan whenever I referred to peace movements or disarmament conferences. When I mentioned the horror of war, these people would gape at me as if I were insane, or would smile indulgently. They regarded war as a thing of beauty, like a rose, precisely in that half-feminine, romantic way.

It is this that makes it logical for booted Japanese soldiery to go on what they call cherry blossom viewing parties. My first reaction was to laugh. I couldn't help picturing a batch of American Marines out on an expedition to hunt daisies. Yet, the cherry blossom to a Japanese is the symbol of a soldier. The petals as they lightly flitter away on the slightest

*Continued on page 184*

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## The France and Germany of Asia

*Continued from pages 46-181-183*

breeze represent the life of a *samurai*, or Japanese knight, of whom the Japanese soldiers consider themselves the spiritual descendants.

No greater contrast can be found than the Chinese viewpoint toward war. They can't see any glory in getting killed. It's annoying to them, and that about sums up their attitude. They don't mind if it's only mildly dangerous, but if it's merely a question of patriotism as others interpret it, they prefer to fight with "silver bullets."

That's what they call the money that passes between enemy generals, who withdraw or advance accordingly. It's a game of chess with few casualties. It was with "silver bullets" that Chiang Kai-shek made his momentous drive against the northern generals when he first came into prominence.

They do sacrifice lives, but their bravery is as different from ours as are the mystic heroics of the Japanese. Theirs is not the deliberate heroism of the Occidental. As often as not it approaches closer to panic, the result of a mass psychosis such as the beat of the tom-tom induces among African natives.

Only that can explain, for instance, the beautifully futile gesture by the Chinese at Tsinan when the Japanese tried to prevent the Nanking Army from capturing what was then the capital at Peiping. In file, one by one, the Chinese would rush along the top of the narrow city wall toward a Japanese machine gunner, who would pick them off as easily as flicking ashes from a cigarette. There was no sense nor gain in this sort of bravery. It was not the type of heroism that the Japanese engaged in. If they wasted lives, there was always a mysticism attached to it.

The Chinese action was comparable to what happened at a fire in a crowded film theatre at Kirin about that time. An emergency squad of Chinese police came up, and without stopping, dashed into the theatre, which by then was a flaming torch. It was obviously too late to do any rescuing, and the police were among the several hundred burned to death. That type of bravery is not the kind that wins battles against a highly modernized and mechanized army such as the Japanese.

These contrasts even extend into social life. In spite of the erroneous belief that the Chinese lack a sense of humor, based on their ability to assume a perfect poker face when they want to, they see a joke very much as does a white man. Not so the Japanese, though. These people can't see a joke. I witnessed countless cases of foreigners becoming disheartened and perplexed because their Nipponese friends had misinterpreted innocent jokes as insults in a wholly bizarre manner.

If there is a Japanese sense of humor, it's almost extinguished by the sacred halo they place about anything to do with the emperor and their country. If you laugh at a policeman for stumbling over his useless, long sword, he is likely to inform you that you have just insulted the emperor.

One of the rawest farces I ever saw was a daily column published in an English-language newspaper in Japan, mercilessly exposing the Japanese weaknesses. It was the laugh sensation of the foreign community, but won the author extraordinary popularity among the Japanese, who took his burlesque for serious. A typical column would explain in detail how a Japanese invented the telephone. No foreigner could mistake the joke. The Japanese, however, accepted the most extravagant statements as wholly serious, and were as delighted over them as the foreigners.

These people even differ in their capacity as drinkers. The Chinese are good drinkers. They can take the white man's whiskey and guzzle it until as often as not it's the white man who's left snoring underneath the table.

Virtually never so with the Japanese. A few thimblesful of *sake*, their native rice wine, are usually sufficient to put them in their cups.

It would be contrary to nature if these contrasts were purely mental. They are physical as well. The slant eyes are almost the only similarity in the physique of a Chinese and a Japanese. The build of a Chinese is much closer to that of a white man than to a Japanese.

Neither the Chinese nor I, for example, can wear Japanese-size socks or shirts. We could buy the right trunk measurements in shirts, but then the sleeves are too short. Japanese arms and feet are shorter in relation to the rest of the body than those of other peoples.

Any Japanese who can wear an average white man's socks is considered a freak. These larger sizes aren't even on sale except in shops that cater to foreigners.

In addition, the Japanese possess all the traits that go with smallness in stature. A delicate psychological factor enters here, that translates itself into an additional irritation between the Japanese and the Chinese, who are tall.

Observers of Far Eastern affairs are often so misled by the fact that the Chinese and the Japanese belong to the same race as to envisage a Sino-Japanese alliance of the future. The psychological differences between the two, mental as well as physical, make this Sino-Japanese alliance more unlikely, however, than an alliance would be between either China or Japan and almost any white country.

Only by interpreting what happens in the light of these contrasts can the confusion over Far Eastern affairs be at least partly dissipated. ⌗

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## This Cancer Business

*Continued from page 55*

inherent weakness or abuse as occurs in some types of heart disease, but rather a wild, lawless, irresistible overgrowth of any type of tissue cells which is constantly and relentlessly invading, infiltrating, destroying.

And now as to the causes. The reformers, as usual, try to have you believe it's all due to our modern high-geared civilization, pointing out that the disease is on the increase and is causing more deaths now than ever before. However, we know this to be untrue as history records its presence as far back as the time of the Pharaohs and the apparent increase can easily be accounted for by better present day statistics, greater public interest, increased longevity, and a higher degree of diagnostic skill on the part of our clinicians. Some cults preach the gospel of vegetarianism and maintain that the eating of meat is a dominant factor in producing malignancies. Others, like the nudists, have the nutty idea that if we exposed the big pink body to the sun and elements instead of covering it with clothes, fewer cases would develop. Yet the fact remains that the inhabitants of the Arctic regions who subsist almost entirely on a flesh diet and are practically submerged in clothing the year around develop fewer cases than do we who live in the more temperature regions. Along this same line, tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, aluminum cooking utensils, and lately even milk and dairy products, have come in for their share of the blame. If it weren't for the fact that the malady is common to all vertebrate animals down to the fishes, one might take a bit of stock in such phony beliefs. Such ideas as the foregoing are all adequately summed up by one of our leading authorities in the words, "Twaddle, mere twaddle."

Among scientific men, one of the theories of origin is known as the "parasitic theory." This assumes that the cause is due to a disease organism which as yet no one has been able to demonstrate. Some authorities feel that this unknown organism might belong to the class known as the filtrable viruses, which are so small as to be invisible in spite of the highest magnification of the finest microscopes and whose minute size permits them to pass through even the most closely knit porcelain filters. Such organisms are known to be the cause of mumps, small pox, and possibly the common cold, and investigators along this line have the additional incentive of hoping that if the answer turns up in this direction that it might also be possible to develop suitable vaccines or serums for treatment. Here, unfortunately, no research has as yet shown any real promise and we are forced to admit that we draw a blank.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the theories is known as the "chronic irritation theory." Although Cancer occasionally develops at the site of a single injury or trauma, it is by no means unusual to see it develop at the site of repeated or chronic irritations, and it can hardly be a coincidence that the neoplasms always appear to arise at the definite point subjected to the irritation. Investigators call our attentions to many classical examples of this fact, pointing out that people with roughened or sharpened projections of carious teeth at times develop cancer of the tongue, that inveterate pipe smokers are prone to have the difficulty develop on the lip, that among the betel nut chewers of the Far East the cheek is a frequent location, while with the herders of Kashmir who keep themselves warm with pots of glowing charcoal carried under their garments, the lesions develop most frequently on the skin of the abdomen which is the part subjected to the greatest amount of heat. Also noteworthy is the fact that in animals a similar relation between chronic irritation and development of malignancies exists, as skin cancers have been produced many times by repeatedly painting the skin of susceptible animals with an irritant such as coal tar, and we also see neoplasms in the domestic animals preceded or accompanied by irritative infections. In the face of such evidence one must admit that apparently more than a casual relationship exists between the development of tumors and chronic irritations, yet it can hardly be the dominant factor otherwise everyone subjected to such irritations would develop Cancer and this is by no means true. This fact has led some well known authorities to state that Cancer never develops in a normal healthy spot and there exists some previous liability or defect of tissue which is the forerunner.

This immediately brings to mind another theory—that known as "embryonic rests." This theory assumes that in the early development of the body certain islands of tissue called "rests" become isolated, retain their vital spark, but remain dormant. Then in later life through some unexplainable stimulus these islands again begin to grow, the cells multiply without restraint and become malignant growths. Objection to this theory is sometimes made on the grounds that it is difficult to imagine how these remnants of embryonic life can develop after having lain dormant for years, yet this very thing occurs in the hair follicles on the face of the male. A more valid objection appears to be the fact that neoplasms appear in so many different places that it is extremely doubtful whether these rests could be so widely distributed and especially how they could coincide so accurately with the places exposed to irritations where the difficulty so often develops. Certain it is that in a few special types of new growths retained embryonal tissue

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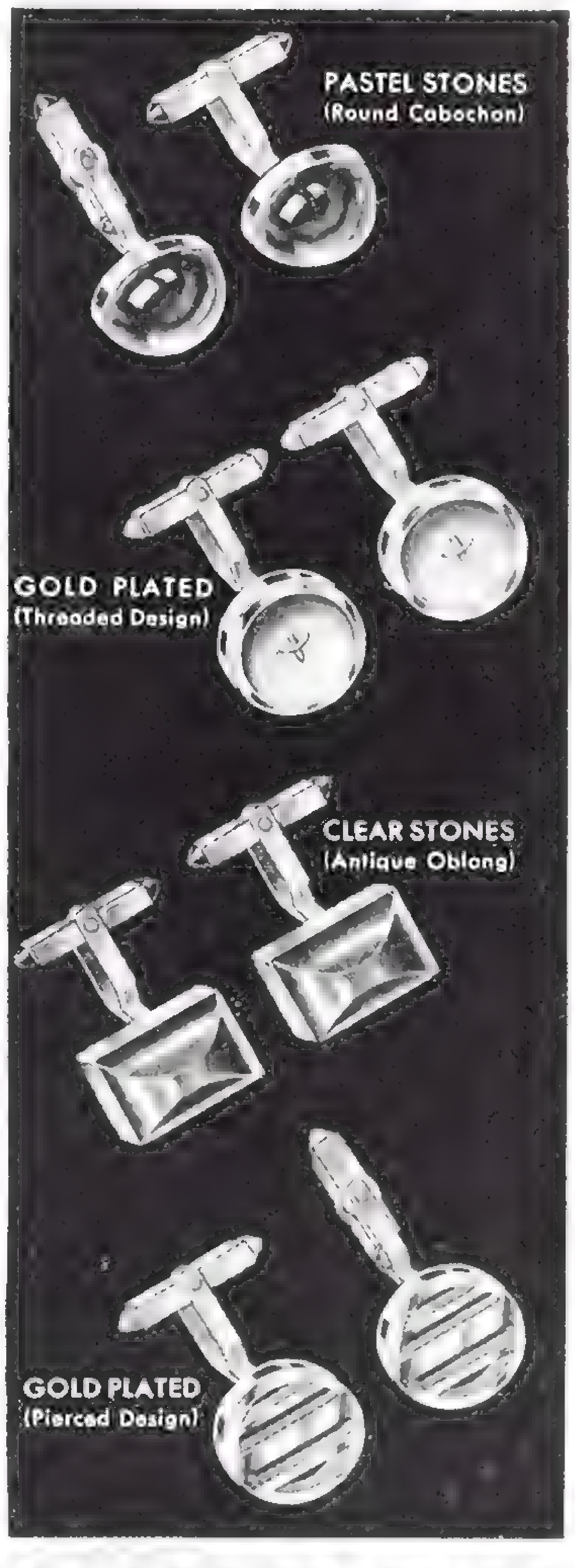

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JULIUS .WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
IN
4 ACTS
ACT 1

TIME:
*Before dinner*

1st CANAPE: Hm-m! This should be some dinner—serving *you* first.

DRY SACK: Well, if I do say so, I'm acknowledged everywhere to be "THE superior medium dry sherry."

2nd CANAPE: From your manner the host is serving you slightly chilled.

DRY SACK: Sure, my fine anchovy, that's the *new* way. But my mellow "nutty" flavour makes friends at room temperature, too!

1st CANAPE: Lay off! HE has a right to brag. He's from the royal house of Williams & Humbert.

The world-famous Sherry in the Old Fashioned Bottle. Alcohol 20½% by volume. Bottled in Spain by Williams & Humbert. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK
SHERRY

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 3 PARK AVE. N.Y.
DRY SACK
(SHERRY)
Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

## This Cancer Business

*Continued from pages 55-185*

is a factor, but it is by no means a prime cause of malignancies in general.

One of the most widely held beliefs by the laity is that the disease is a result of inheritance. Numerous instances of "cancer families" and "cancer villages" are cited as well as published experiments with laboratory animals which tend to show that the malady is transmitted from generation to generation. On closer analysis we see the fallacy of many of such arguments. So prevalent is the disease that scarcely a family in the land exists that does not show a case history if one goes back only a generation or two. While it is true that a certain type of neoplasm may be transmitted from generation to generation and affect several members of a single family at the same time, it is invariably the same type of tumor and one must remember that these rare instances are more accurately classified as congenital defects, and we must also take into consideration the reports of those life insurance statisticians who report that there is no greater average of incidence than normal among the children of parents both of whom were victims of the disease. Close scrutiny of the so-called "cancer villages" generally reveals that its inhabitants principally number those who fall in the cancer age, namely those in the later decades of life. Regarding animal experimentation, we mustn't lose sight of the fact that it is always the same particular type of tumor which is handed down to succeeding generations.

Thus all of our study so far brings us to the unsatisfactory but truthful conclusion that we are dealing with the greatest unsolved riddle of medicine.

Still all this ceaseless toil on the part of many interested research workers has not been entirely devoid of accomplishment and from their efforts we have learned many things. For instance, we know that it is not an infection, but an aimless unrestrained overgrowth of tissue; that it is an affliction which is chiefly common to the middle and later decades of life; that it is not directly hereditary or contagious; that its chief danger is the spreading to other parts of the body by a process called metastasis; that reports of its curability in thousands of instances are no myth as proved by the accurate files of the American College of Surgeons; that it is not a disease of modern civilization and is common to all vertebrate animals; that dietetic fads have no influence whatever and that a mysterious susceptibility plus chronic irritation produces many cases.

While all these things are matters of great academic interest, no doubt you are all more interested in the practical considerations of the question so let's see what sort of a clinical picture it presents. Existing in so many types of tissue and in so many different locations, it follows that no definite chain of symptoms manifests itself to give you warning. The onset is generally slow and insidious, and the symptom of pain, which brings most people to the doctor, is lacking in the early stages, which is most unfortunate. Many of the malignancies exhibit a tendency toward friability and vascularity, which means the tissue is fragile and bleeds easily. Therefore any unaccustomed discharges from any of the body orifices, especially if persistent and bloody, should put you on your guard. Some of the surface growths assume the form of sores and ulcers which show little or no tendency to heal. Again you should let this serve as a warning and investigate. Sometimes neoplasms first manifest themselves by a disturbance of function such as persistent hoarseness in tumors of the larynx or unrelieved symptoms of gastric distress when the difficulty appears along the digestive tract. At other times the trouble appears as various types of lumps or thickenings in the body or on the skin. Don't misunderstand now. Such symptoms as the above in the vast majority of cases are not indicative of Cancer and their presence should not frighten you unnecessarily. They are merely possibilities that such might be the case and when present always warrant investigation—and that's where you fit in the picture. If any of these signs appear in your case or among your family or friends *investigate immediately.* That's the prime lesson you must carry away; to find out about it at once. Not tomorrow, not next week, not after the next business trip or after your vacation if you don't feel better, but *now.* Don't figure that your Doctor will label you a neurotic and a sissy if you present yourself for examination unnecessarily. He'll probably congratulate you for showing such good sense, and the priceless peace of mind that you receive in return for his modest fee is the best bargain you'll ever make. Too much stress cannot be laid on the matter of prompt and early investigation. Therein lies our only hope as the growth must be nipped in the bud before it has had a chance to spread and metastasize. Your Doctor will be able to tell you the truth about the matter about a hundred per cent of the time, because he has at his disposal medical laboratories where the tissue can be studied microscopically by experts and its malignant characteristics clearly demonstrated if they exist. But you must give him this chance early if you expect to get anywhere.

Thousands upon thousands of remedies have been propounded and exploited in the treatment; many of them honest, legitimate efforts to effect a cure, but the majority of them the products of quacks and fakers whose only interest has been to fatten their own purses. Not only a drowning man,

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 2

TIME:
*With dinner*

SQUAB: Well, you're just bubbling over with pride, aren't you?

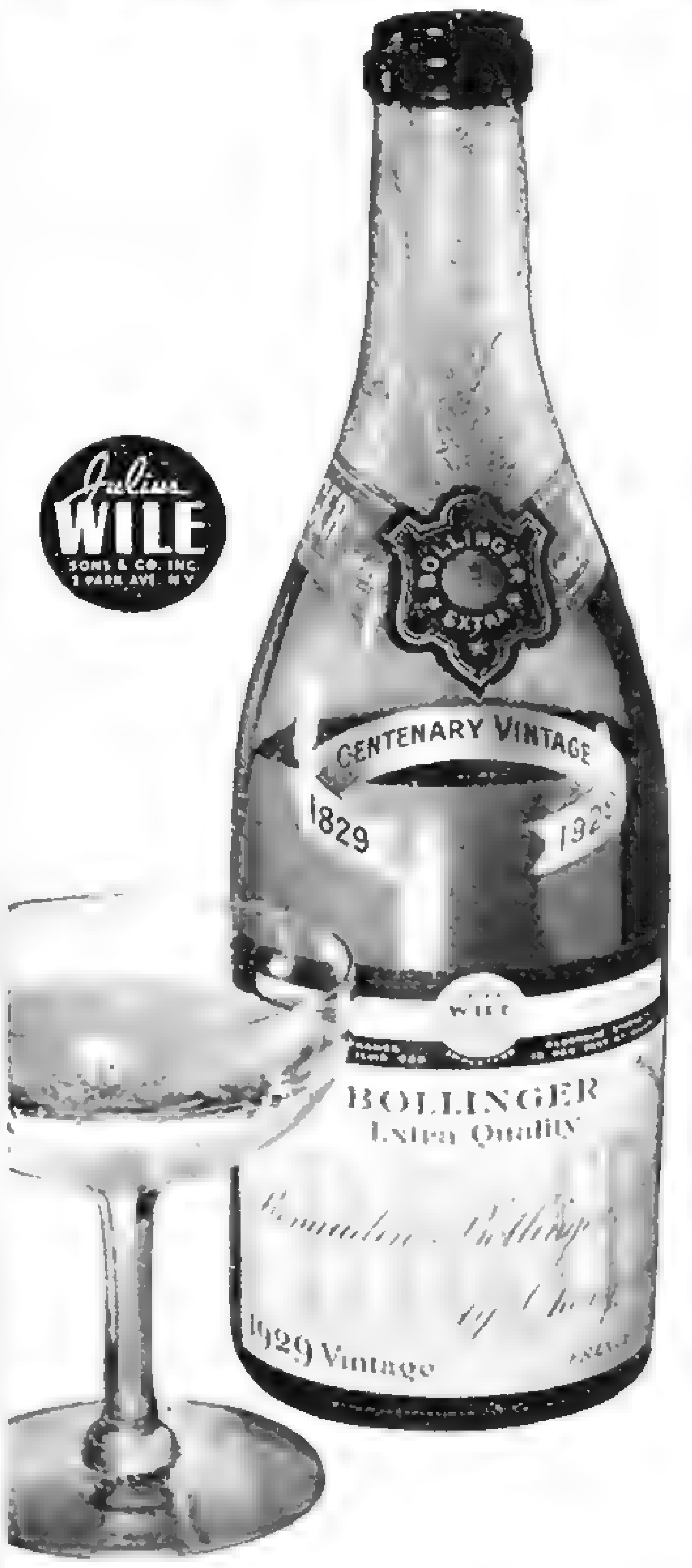
BOLLINGER: And why not? Hasn't Bollinger been among England's most popular champagnes for 100 years? And *I'm* Bollinger, 1929—the Centenary Vintage.

SQUAB: Didn't I hear the host say a champagne is only as good as its maker?

BOLLINGER: Right! M. Jacques Bollinger personally supervised *me* from grapes to bottle. And connoisseurs know *that* means champagne at its best.

Bollinger's degree of dryness just suits. You can get both Bollinger Brut and 1929 Vintage Bollinger. Ask for it by name. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

BOLLINGER
CHAMPAGNE



JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

ACT 3

TIME:
*After coffee*

**COFFEE:** So you're the chap whose name is always linked with mine. Tell me, what's the secret of your success?

**BENEDICTINE:** My secret formula . . . my unique flavour. I was first made by a Bénédictine monk in 1510—over four hundred years ago.

**COFFEE:** Whew-w! And during all those years you've never been imitated?

**BENEDICTINE:** No! Lots of people have tried to imitate my flavour, but it can't be done. I'm the one and *only* Bénédictine.

King of after-dinner liqueurs for 400 years. Pour into liqueur glass . . . sip slowly. Also mixes royally in many cocktails. 86.° Proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

After Coffee a

BENEDICTINE

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

D. O. M

Julius WILE
D.O.M
BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR
FECAMP

but a sick man as well, will clutch at a straw, and many straight thinking, common-sense people when ill, fall easily for the wiles of the medical charlatan. To date the only reported cures in the medical literature have been accomplished by surgery, X-ray and radium or a combination of these facilities. By surgery the growth is excised with a necessary margin of healthy tissue and thus the growth may be completely destroyed and removed. Sometimes it is even possible to remove adjacent tissue and lymph glands and accomplish the result. By the use of X-ray and radium the growth may at times be stopped and inactivated so that it ceases to grow and spread. But again let me repeat that our best bet is an early, accurate diagnosis and prompt and effective treatment.

Among most people the belief exists that untold millions are being spent yearly in this fight against Cancer. Yet, the appalling truth exists that while our Federal Government has seen fit to appropriate huge sums in the past to study sick oysters and find out what's wrong with indisposed hogs and cattle, it has spent nothing upon the attempt to discover what it is that is responsible for the second largest cause of death among its citizens. However, in the past few months another magnificent bequest of several million dollars has been left to one of our famous universities for this work, and legislation enacted during the last session of Congress grants monetary aid toward establishing a National Institute for Cancer Research. These hopeful signs augur well toward the eventual solution of the problem and here's hoping that when the answer to this great riddle is found, as it surely will be, you and I will have the pleasure of being on hand to help celebrate the last rites of this Cancer Business. ⌗

## Adventure in Resentment

*Continued from page 76*

began howling, but neither of his parents, dressing savagely, paid him any attention. Barney was the first to speak. "What have you done with my wristwatch *this* time?" he demanded curtly.

For answer she pointed under the bed.

He fished it out along with the dust roll.

"And my fraternity pin?"

"I didn't touch your fraternity pin."

He looked under the bed, on the dresser, in sundry drawers.

"I've got to have it," he fretted.

"Oh, they'll know you're a Beta if you should go into the office without it. It sticks out all over you. Why not go the rounds and give them all the grip?"

He transfixed her with a glassy eye. "Listen, Millicent, there are two things I'll kindly ask you not to make fun of: my family—you know what they do "

"Yes, I know," she murmured.

"And my fraternity!" he bellowed. "It helped me through college, and now it gives us our bread and butter."

"And cheese."

She could see he was more than angry: his pride was touched.

"You mean you're dissatisfied?" he asked quietly.

Some perverse nastiness drove her on. "Yes, I am!" she broke out. "I'm sick of being a Beta's sweetheart and being left alone while you drink your way around the country with a lot of half-baked college boys. And when I lived at home I had a new dress occasionally."

"Perhaps you'd better go back there."

"I will!" she cried.

"You don't need to. I'll stay at the club. And not just for the night."

He went on looking for the pin, rummaging fruitlessly. She went downstairs and heated the baby's bottle. When she came back with the bottle, Barney was throwing shirts and socks into a suitcase. She gave Junior the bottle, reviewing in her mind the wild words that had passed between her and Barney and the things she might have said, clever, cutting things to feed her anger, which somehow had died. She didn't want Barney to leave. It frightened her. She wished now she had thrown the mirror at him; he was such a big thug he didn't resent physical violence; in fact, she realized that he secretly admired a woman who could stand up to him, give him as good as he sent. But Barney couldn't cope with sarcasm and now she was losing him. In Millicent's heart the yeast of her self-disgust was rising. The sudden realization of her own meanness overwhelmed her. Barney's parents tried to be kind and Barney did the very best he knew how. She mustn't let him leave this room! "Barney," she bleated, half strangled, "Barney, I'm sorry. Please forgive me!"

He continued to pack, inexorably.

She must do something. Perhaps if she could find the pin

Dropping Junior's bottle, she ran into the bathroom to overhaul the junk on the white enamel top of the toilet, ransacked the medicine cabinet unavailingly and flew back into the bedroom just as Barney was starting for the door. Perhaps if he could see her standing by the baby's crib, if he would take one last look back . . . weeping silently she started to change Junior again.

"Barney!"

The confusion of laughter and weeping and tenderness in her voice made him pause, made him stalk back; and when he had glanced down, he tossed the suitcase into the corner, put his arms around her, and kissed her.

For there, holding the gathered ends of the soggy diaper that trussed up their squirming baby, was a Beta fraternity pin. ⌗

JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

ACT 4

TIME:
*Throughout evening*

**SELTZER:** I notice no one at this bridge party says "I pass" when the highballs are made with you, Old Squat Bottle.

**OLD CURIO:** Well, Bubbles, a 12 year old Scotch with *my* subtle bouquet is pretty rare. *I'm* good enough to enjoy straight.

**ICE:** And that's an "honor" for any Scotch. No wonder you're "trumps" in "clubs"!

**OLD CURIO:** You fellows are certainly "cards." But here's advice that has both rhyme and reason: *If you want to make your party go, offer guests Old Curio.*

Peter Dawson's "Old Curio"—12 years old. For *lighter* Scotch, try Peter Dawson's "Special." Both 86.8° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole Distributors in the U. S.*

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OLD CURIO

BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

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Blended Scotch Whisky
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DAWSON'S
OLD CURIO BRAND
SCOTCH WHISKY
OVER 12 YEARS OLD

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GETS

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1239 Broadway, New York

## The Crazy Guy

*Continued from page 102*

"What do you mean by progress?" he says. "You don't call it progress when you make more nails and give less men jobs. What are they running the world for, anyways," he says, "nails or men?"

Well, we never got nowheres arguing, but I could still like the guy and my kids and my wife liked him but he wouldn't come to the house only once in a while. But I'd see him at the shop every day and we'd talk. But he kept to himself with the rest and after a while even the assistant supers stopped kidding him. He was one of the best men they had and he could punch out plenty of nails. There wasn't no danger of him getting fired even when they got those new machines in that they'd been talking about. That's what made the whole thing so screwy.

They'd been talking about those machines for a hell of a long time, so long that none of the newer guys was afraid of them any more, because they didn't think they'd ever come. Then, without no warning they're there one day when we get to work, standing against the wall of the shop, blocking out some of the light, waiting *to be set up, with the arm on them* half as long again as the arm on the regular machines, the old ones.

I'll tell you there was damn poor production that day. I didn't have much reason to worry but the whole place felt so restless that I began to feel funny myself. At lunch hour everyone was in bunches talking about how many guys would get fired. I knew I wasn't going to get it but I began to figure that maybe there was something to what Stanislowski had been talking about. The way the guys looked as they talked was enough to give you the willies.

I look up Stanislowski during lunch hour and I say to him: "I guess it's going to be tough on some of the boys." "Well, what did you expect?" he says. "Every couple of years the same thing will happen."

"It's tough, all right," I told him, "but you can't interfere with the march of progress. What are you going to do?"

"Stop the march of progress," he says, "or what they call the march of progress, until some way has been found to take care of the - the resulting unemployed," I think he called it. Yeah, "the resulting unemployed. Or until they been educated to going back to the land."

"You don't have to worry, anyhow," I said. "You won't get fired. You ain't been here long but you know your stuff."

"If I was discharged," he says, "it wouldn't be so bad as for some of the others with families. Why did this place have to be the first to buy those new machines?"

"What are you going to do?" I says, sarcastic-like. "Bust them up?"

"More people would be kept working for a while," he says, "if something like that happened." He was looking away from me when he said it and I hardly heard him; maybe that wasn't what he said, altogether, but it was like it. "You don't like to see kids go hungry," he says, "because their father is out of a job?"

He turned to look at me when he said it and I began to feel restless again. I'd been losing the feeling during lunch hour some. I said: "Hell, no, but what can you do?"

The whistle blew then and the machines started punching and you couldn't hear to talk. I didn't get to see him after work and I was pretty tired when I got home and slept good and it was a damn good thing I did, too.

The next morning I get there just on the dot of eight and I'm telling you when I look in on our floor I think I'm nuts. Those new machines was lying on the floor and most of them was all busted to hell. The extra long arms was busted in half a dozen pieces and the machines was good for nothing but junk. The company guards was there with rifles and they had *the guys that worked the machines* lined up against the walls and Lithgoe and the assistant supers were talking and moving around like they was nuts. You could smell gunpowder in the air and then I noticed right near the busted machines Pete Stanislowski was lying on his face, his head in a little puddle of blood and a small-headed, long-handled sledgehammer lying under him.

I'm telling you, I never see the like of it. I thought I was screwy or having a bad dream. The other guys that worked the machines looked the same way I felt, kind of dizzy-looking and sick and the only ones that was making any fuss was Lithgoe and the assistant supers.

Right away I knew what had happened but before I could say anything one of the assistant supers says: "There's Malone now," and Lithgoe calls me over to him and says: "Don't talk to no one. Go right to my office and wait there for me."

He sends a guard down with me although I would of gone to the office without no guard and about ten minutes later he comes down himself with the two assistant supers who work on our floor. He closes the door after sending the guard out and he don't waste no time. "Now, Malone," he says, "you knew Stanislowski better than anyone else, they tell me."

"I didn't know him good, though," I says. "No one knew him good. I only had him out the house a couple of time to dinner, he was such a lonely kind of an old guy."

"Oh, we're not trying to fasten anything on you," the super says. "All we want to establish is that he was a Red. He was, wasn't he?"

"Not that I know of," I says.

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"Leastways, he never mentioned it to me."

"Didn't he give you pamphlets about Communism?"

"No, sir," I says. "He give me stuff written by a Pope."

"You wouldn't kid me, Malone?" Lithgoe says, sneering-like.

"No, sir," I says. "Here, look at it if you want." And I pull a pamphlet out with Stanislowski's name written on the top in funny, foreign kind of letters. "I ain't read much of it myself," I said, "but it don't say nothing about Communism. You can't be a Catholic and a Communist at the same time."

"Don't give me that crap," Lithgoe says and he looks through the pamphlet, pretty quick. "I'm wise to everything that goes on in this place," he says, putting the pamphlet on the desk. "We'll keep this. You can go now but we ain't through with you yet."

I was worried some but I didn't know what they were so bothered about. I figured it must be something else than the busted machines. One of the assistant supers tells me to take the afternoon off so I didn't know what they were all so worried about until I see the papers that afternoon. The local District Attorney, a young mick out of Boston College, was wanting to know why Lithgoe had given the guards orders to fire at Stanislowski when they could of maybe just overpowered him, you know. The whole story was in the paper. Stanislowski had been the first man to work that morning and he must of carried the hammer in with him under his overcoat. Lithgoe hears the noise upstairs when Stanislowski goes to work on the machines with the hammer and he goes onto the floor with the guards and right away he tells the guards to give it to Stanislowski. They shot him down without saying anything, it looked like, because he fell on his face and toward the machines and he never saw who shot him.

Anyhow, Lithgoe was on the edge of being in a jam and after he talks to me and has me sent home he goes around the next day to see Father Malik, who runs the Polish Church in town and check with him about Stanislowski. I don't know what Lithgoe said but anyhow he gets thrown out of the rectory. This Father Malik ain't no lightweight any way you look at him and it got in the papers how he took Lithgoe by the arm and onto the porch and half-tossed him down the steps.

The next morning Lithgoe calls me to the office and this time he's all smiles and offering me cigars and talking about how I'm in line for the next foreman's job that's open; and I don't know what's got into the guy until he says: "Now, Malone, we're glad to find out you were right and telling the truth about Stanislowski not being a Red. Stanislowski's case is a very bad one," he says. "We have reason to believe the poor man was insane."

"You don't say," I says. "That's news to me."

"Oh, come, come, Malone," he says, "you knew him better than anyone else. How could anyone but a crazy man commit such a a wanton act of sabotage—" that's what he called it—"a wanton act of sabotage such as Stanislowski did, an act which will keep us on the old schedule of production for months to come and which interferes so—so wantonly with the march of progress. Now surely Stanislowski must have revealed other signs of his insanity and what we'd like you to do is to so testify before the grand jury next week if it is necessary to do so. He gave every evidence of insanity while destroying the new machines and the guards and myself feared for our own lives if we did not kill him. Now I'm sure you'll be willing to testify as to his insanity. He must have revealed it in some way. Think hard, Malone. Just what were the man's habits? They must have been revealing."

"Well, let's see," I said. "He used to garden some out with those Polacks he lived with. And he used to read. Let's see. Well, once he said, what the hell was the world made for, nails or men? But I guess that's about all. I don't know whether those things are nuts if a factory hand does them or not."

"Oh, come, come, Malone," Lithgoe says. "He must have manifested himself in other ways. The man was criminally insane."

"May be," I told him, "but honest, the guy never did anything nuttier than what I just told you."

"Well," Lithgoe says, getting nasty, "if that's the way you feel about it, you better get your time. We don't want anyone around here that thinks such ideas as his appeared to be, are sane. Of course, if you change your mind by next week, let us know."

I went out of there feeling kind of sick, I don't mind telling you. I'd never been out of a job in my life. And I tried and tried to think of something nutty Pete had said and I couldn't. The more I thought of it the more I figures that the guys that were really nuts was the guys like Lithgoe.

How did they finally whitewash the thing? Oh, they got some guys to swear that Pete had been a Red and had told them they should break the machines and kill the bosses and that he used to wander around the lockerroom talking to himself with his clothes on inside out. Imagine.

Me? No, I don't want to bust no machines. I just want a job. All I know, even if I don't do what he did, is that he wasn't nuts. There's a lotta screwy guys at Peerless but he wasn't one of them. That don't mean I'm gonna do what he did, though.

Sure. Sure. Thanks. I'll be up day after tomorrow to start then, and the family ought to get down in a couple of weeks. Sure. Thanks. Goodbye, now. ╫

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CAMEL HAIR

EVEN an uninformed sense of touch could determine that the camel hair material in this coat is of extraordinary quality. Even an inexpert eye could quickly deduce . . . from the distinguished design and the conscientious workmanship . . . that the tailoring was done in London.

To provide for individual preferences, Smith of Bermuda stocks both single- and double-breasted models . . . with either raglan or set-in sleeves.

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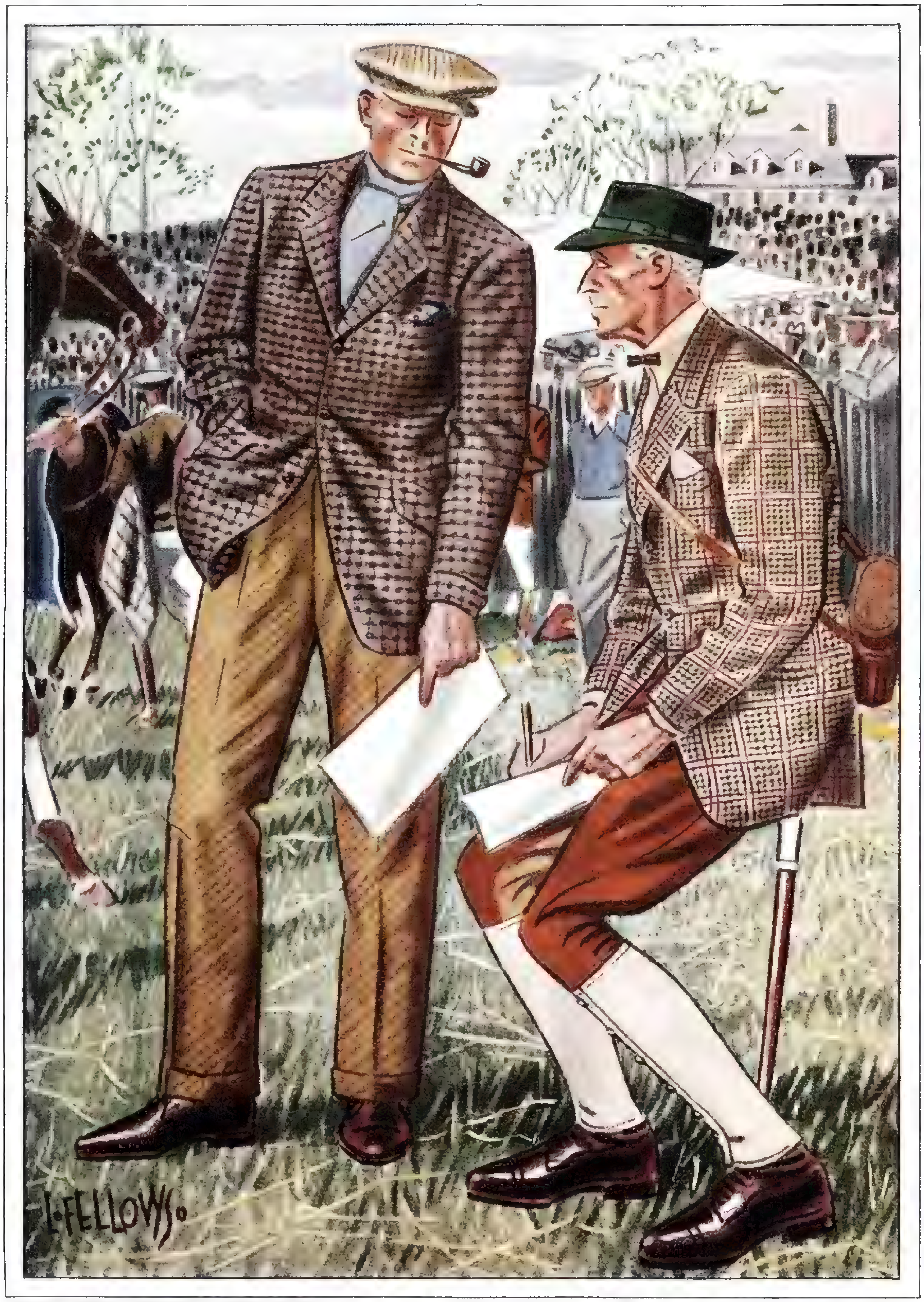

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN MARYLAND BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

# CONFUSINGLY SIMILAR BUT VERY SMART

It's getting so that you really can't tell the players without a scorecard at informal race meetings, because the new trend is for the spectators to dress more and more like the participants. The chief horsy elements in the outfit at the left are the three-button notched lapel tweed jacket, the narrowly tapered khaki drill trousers, and the hunting shirt of yellow silk and wool with blue cotton stock. The corduroy cap is in the popular new dune color. Even more equestrian is the other outfit which consists of an odd tweed jacket with large subdued plaid tan madras shirt, the smart new ribbon shaped bow tie in horizontal regimental stripes, green porkpie hat, tanbark color twill riding breeches, canvas leggings and high brown calf shoes. To prove that there is no fake about the realistic effect of this spectator sports outfit we can tell you that it is perfectly correct for informal country hacking.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from page 101*

pantomime of the final scene, which was weakened by clumsy staging and the appearance of the statue on foot.

His scenes with Leporello (Virgilio Lazzari) had an *esprit* and spontaneity that was missing elsewhere, demonstrating unmistakably the value of having characters on speaking acquaintance with each other. If Richard Crooks, the Don Ottavio, will stick to Mozart until he can do the music full justice and at the same time be completely at ease, the memory of that feat will outlive all his faked Chevaliers and Romeos.

Dusolina Giannini alone among the women understood what the composer and the librettist were about. Her dramatic sense was unfailing, unfortunately her principal air was transposed according to Met custom. Gina Cigna, the Elvira, made clear that she had just picked up the notes and was not sure how or where to set them down. Marita Farell, the soubrette, was inadequate and her boy friend (Louis d'Angelo) was a comic-strip character.

* * *

*Gianni Schicchi* in English is the most appreciated Metropolitan show: the audience understands what is happening on the stage. Each quip gets across the footlights as it should, but doesn't, in *Die Meistersinger*. There is beautiful singing by Hilda Burke, a never-to-be-forgotten characterization by Lawrence Tibbett, and fully-drawn profiles of the other characters.

Neither this nor any other Italian opera, however, should be coupled with Strauss's *Elektra*. The latter is brief, but it is intense enough to stand alone, and subscribers would undoubtedly be thrilled by the notion of going to the opera house at nine and leaving before eleven (most of them do anyway).

*Elektra* was the most carefully studied opera presented in New York this season and, therefore, was the most convincing. Rosa Pauly made her Metropolitan debut as the heroine and received the most overwhelming and dramatic acclaim I have witnessed in any theatre. She deserved it.

From the moment when she enters to commune with the spirit of her dead father until, at the end of her unforgettable and nameless dance, she falls motionless on the steps, a mere heap of carrion, every eye is glued on her. Not for one second does she relax. Always vital, intense, with "hatred as her bridegroom," only curses and despair come out of her body. Battered, degraded, appalling in her wildness and her rage, not one detail is missing: gesture, movement, look, every impulse emanate instinctively from the melody and rhythm of the orchestra. She becomes the image of incarnate hate, the flaming instrument of a holy cause, exuding the very essence of Elektra. And Elektra is the most formidable character in opera, practically impossible to act, to sing, and to conceive. Pauly *is* Elektra, taking her place alongside the unique and essential Boris of Chaliapin, Melisande of Mary Garden, Isolde of Flagstad, Erda of Schumann-Heink, and Marschallin of Lotte Lehmann.

She may turn out to be a one-part artist for the Metropolitan, though she has sung more than fifty roles in Europe. It would be profitable, however, for us to hear her as Kundry, as Marie in *Wozzeck* and as Die Frau ohne Schatten. Kerstin Thorborg added *Klytemnestra* to her large collection of operatic personages and made her a telling and disgusting figure. In future *Elektras*, Madame Flagstad should be the Chrysothemis and Mr. Tibbett the Orestes. The sister's role demands more voice than Irene Jessner has and Mr. Schorr is finished.

It would be best for him to resign and impose no longer on his friendship with Mr. Bodansky. A long and distinguished career is behind him. His voice is but a shell. Why not, then, retire in glory before he is kicked out by an exasperated and long-suffering public?

Whether or not one approves the Hofmannsthal-Strauss effort, it is gratifying to hear it and to find that it has not been shoveled on the stage haphazardly like other items in the repertoire. Herbert Graf is conscientious and if the tenors and sopranos in the productions he supervises do not come to life, they at least know where to turn and what to do.

Usually, the whole stage business at the Metropolitan is played exactly like blindman's buff. Singers who have not seen each other before fumble around the stage, edging into a prominent place before the footlights: the spots seek them out exactly as in a night club. Don Giovanni dresses in his garden because there is no time to draw the curtain and improvise a boudoir.

If a legitimate theatre attempted to stage a play in the accepted Metropolitan manner, its audience would be on the way out before the fall of the first curtain. Not only does the chorus invariably shamble on in ill-fitting, out-of-the-period costumes, keeping one eye on the prompter, the other on the principals, but they convince everyone they are there because they are fit for nothing better; and their expressions and carriage and their single ridiculous gesture are the same whether you meet them in Nürnberg or Cairo, in the ducal palace at Mantua or the Wartburg Hall of Song. And like the orchestra, they slop along with two gradations of tone, an uncertain *piano* and a lazy *mezzo-forte*, when they should be able to establish at least a *pianissimo*, a *piano*, a *mezzo-forte*, a *forte*, and a *fortissimo*.

One reason for this is too many

*Continued on page 192*

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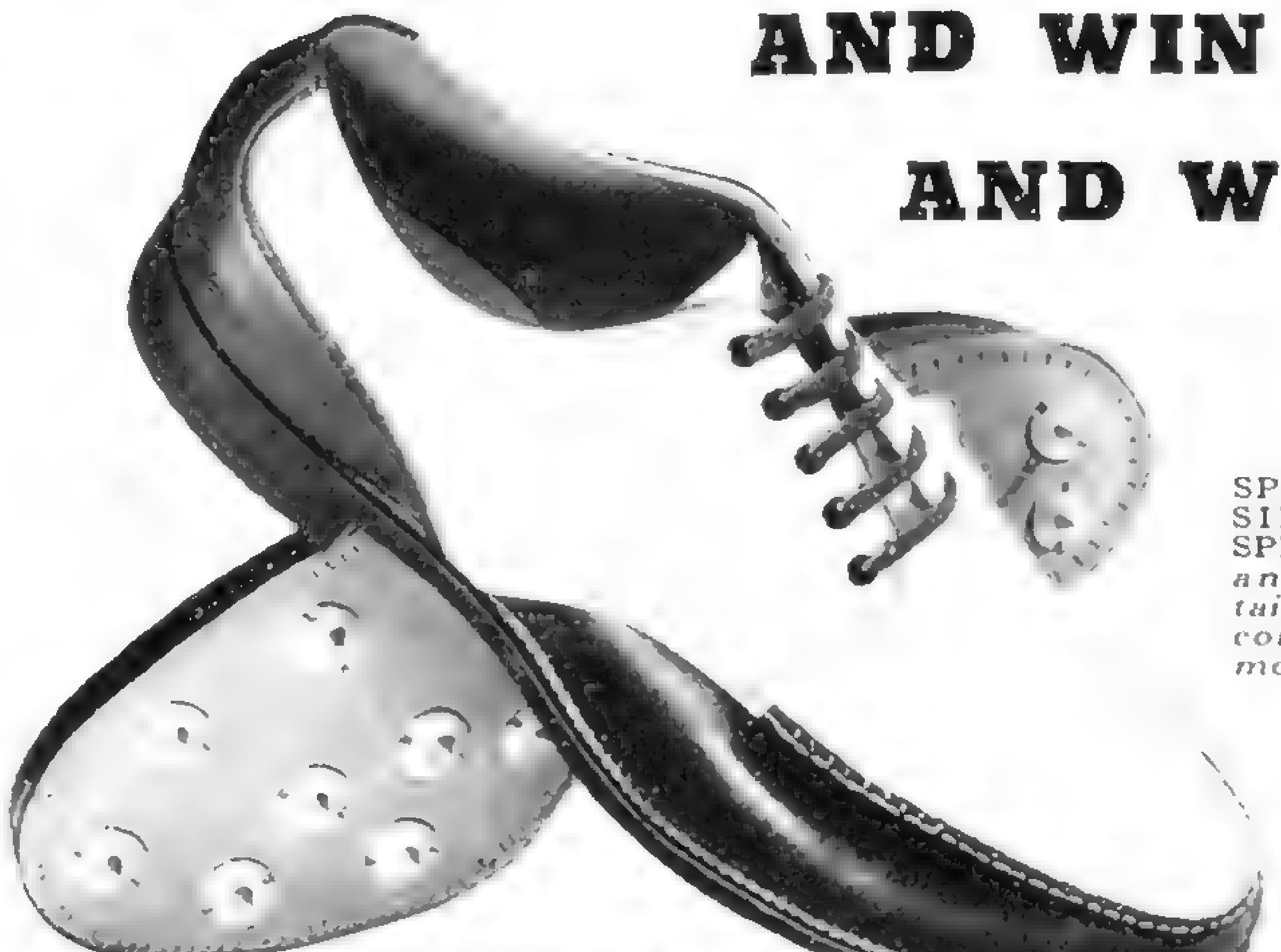

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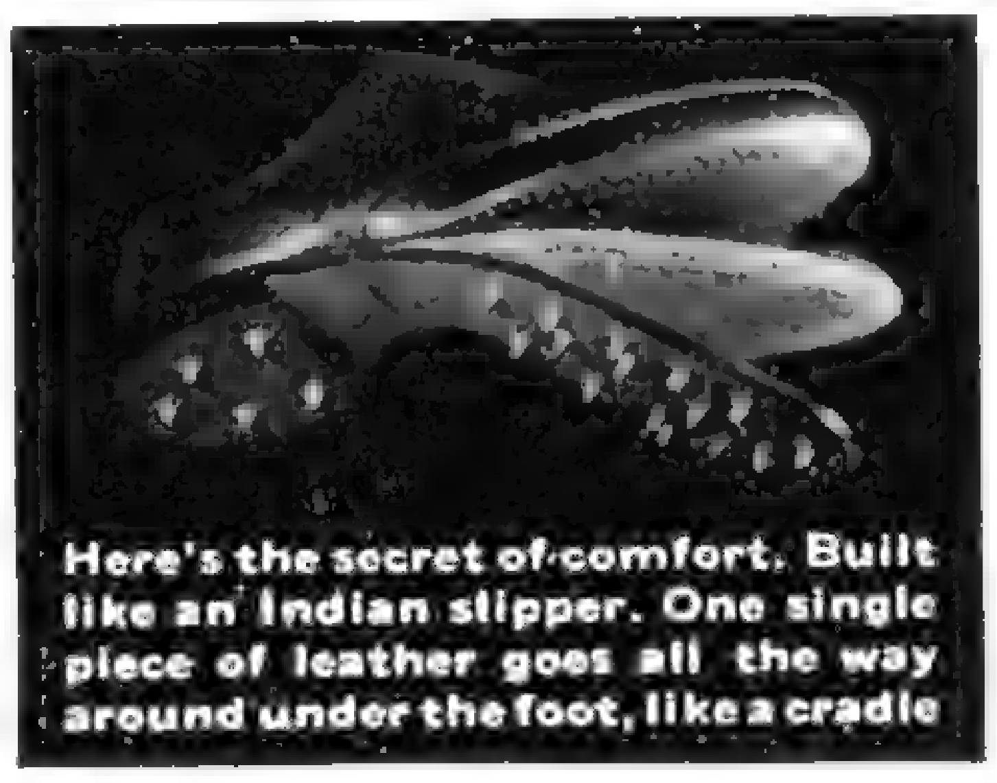

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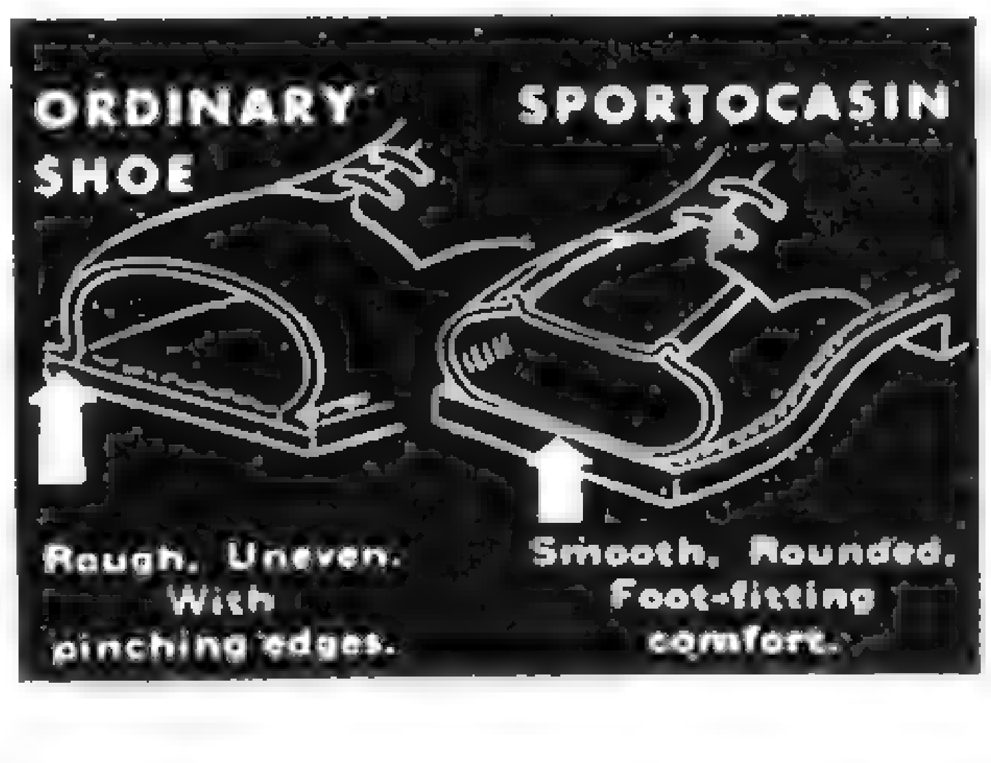

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## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from pages 101-191*

operas—there were two dozen in the first seven weeks. That sort of factory schedule leaves neither time nor money for preparation.

The solution is not our problem: it is the management's. We must proceed on the plain assumption that what cannot be done well should not be done at all.

It is true, however, that part of the blame rests with the public. So many operas are in the repertoire because the public demands them. The present General Manager of the Metropolitan and his associates have had ample experience. They may be lacking in imaginative insight, they may be reactionary and not forward-looking, they may not even have absolute and undivided authority, but it is reasonable to assume that if an opera will fill the house six times they will give it six times, not five.

It is necessary to train the operagoer to approach a performance with the same degree of expectancy and seriousness that a symphony lover approaches (or thinks he does) an orchestra concert. He must come to realize that a collection of brassy or silvery or golden voices do not make a great opera performance any more than a collection of virtuosi instrumentalists make a fine orchestra. Both require rehearsal and direction.

The performance of an opera score no less than the performance of a symphonic partitur is the blending and matching of an infinite number of small artistic entities. The Metropolitan has acceptable ingredients. Its voices are better than those in European opera companies. Its orchestra is competent, though overworked. Its scenery and stage equipment, it is true, are antiquated.

But the defects of its performances could be minimized with preparation and that will be possible only when it is relieved from the pressure of a different show every night. It must concentrate on the quality rather than the quantity of its performances.

* * *

To perfect details, to experiment and educate its public, the Met needs a subsidy. Good opera has never existed for long anywhere without it. In London, wealthy individuals buy new scenery and absorb the cost of restudying their favorite opera. Is that not possible in New York?

Also, some responsible citizen might ask a court of proper jurisdiction to construe Mr. Augustus D. Juilliard's will and determine whether more from the fourteen million dollar trust fund he left in 1919 should not accrue to the Met. In addition, other ways must be found to secure the Met an annual income sufficient to make it unnecessary for it to operate on its present "hand-to-mouth" basis. The Met is actually the poorest of the world's opera houses. Though it spends more cash in its short season than many European companies do in ten months, its purchasing power is in reality less. Payments for union stage hands and orchestra players—the biggest items in its budget—are higher than elsewhere. Incidentally, is there any reason why these figures should not be made public?

Assured of sufficient annual income, the management could prepare its shows more carefully, employ self-respecting conductors, increase its orchestra to 125 men so that the first players could be alternated in successive performances as they are in Europe and not sound, as they do, fagged out. Young voices of quality with little experience—America is full of them—celebrated voices if they would spare the time—could be assembled early in the fall and rehearsed for months by an experienced leader until they knew the meaning of ensemble. The public, seeing the results, would soon realize the value of such work and find more and more reasons for hearing the same opera again and again.

Once the word got around that an opera, even *Rigoletto* or *Trovatore*, was a good "show," sparkling and scintillating, perfected in each detail, presented with the best of modern stagecraft, conducted by a Toscanini or another equally scrupulous artist, it would be sold out not five but a dozen times. As the greatest cost is the cost preceding the first performance—subsequent rehearsals are less exhaustive—a great saving would be made if there were fewer operas to prepare. The present roster of singers, too, could be reduced.

Since not every opera benefits to the same degree by repeated rehearsal—there are certain works that depend more on the caliber of individual talents—it would be wise to rehearse and present first those operas which profit most from ensemble treatment.

* * *

Additional subscribers might be enlisted if they knew precisely what operas they were buying. Besides the present Monday to Saturday matinee potluck subscriptions, why not sell subscriptions calculated to appeal to listeners of specific tastes? Cycles are popular: let's have a specific subscription series for lovers of novelties, or for fans of Verdi or Puccini or Richard Strauss or perhaps Mozart, if his music can be made at home in the big house.

The Metropolitan should take an aggressive leadership in developing and maturing public taste. It must hire not merely good, routine conductors but men of genius and inspiration, provide them with favorable conditions under which to forge singers into artists, and thus become a vital producing organization. It must cease being a repository of tradition where people snore because they have no choice and are satisfied because they know no better.

## Strong in the Arms

*Continued from page 57*

club firmly. But the bearded man made no move, only following Cawper with his eyes that seemed to smile.

Cawper turned the dobbie over carefully, pretending to examine every part of it, his back still toward the other man.

"Aye," he said finally. "This is ma dobbie."

He turned around and laughed, loudly, in the face of the stranger.

"Now, Ah gate what Ah coom for, Ah'll be off on ma road hoam," he said.

He waited patiently, but there was no answer.

"Aye, that's champion," Sam said quickly. "Thanking this lad varry politely for his help, us'll be off."

Black did not look at Sam. He stared at the unmoving man on the rock.

"Nay, but on t'other hand," Cawper said, "Ah maught want to stay."

The other man did not move, so Black Cawper went near to him, and squinting his eyes and looking up through his knotted eyebrows he said:

"Ah nivver turned ma back on noa man yet be-out being polite-like, as tha mought say. Soa Ah'm axing thee: wouldt'a like to feight, lad?"

The blond man laughed.

"Eigh, there's all neight for sport yet," he answered. "Sit thee down here for a while—if tha's gate time to spare."

"Ah've gate as much time to spare as ony other man," Cawper said, "and brass enow to sit ony place ma feet can carry me to."

So they sat, each on a boulder, facing each other. Sam, not knowing what to do, sat on the ground, hugging the club. For a long time nothing was said, but Sam, knowing Black Cawper, could see he was getting ready to do a bit of thinking. Nearly half an hour passed in silence, and then Black said, suddenly:

"If a hen and a hawf laid an egg and a hawf in a day and a hawf, how much would one hen lay in a week."

He looked cunningly at the big man, for Black Cawper prided himself on being a foxy sort of a chap at thinking. But right smack back came the big lad:

"Four eggs and two-thirds on the way to lay another."

Sam Small drew in his breath quickly, for he knew of no stranger who'd been able to answer that problem before. Many a pint of beer had Black Cawper won from strangers in the inn with that one. Moreover, the answer given was the right one, for that's what the schoolmaster had told them was the right solution when they'd first taken the puzzle to him to be worked out.

When this stranger gave the right answer, Black Cawper nodded his head, for he began to see he was up against a very unusual opponent this time. So he went back to doing a bit of thinking again. He thought and thought until the moon was rising up in the sky. Then he got up suddenly and walking to Sam took the club from his hand. Looking over to see if the stranger was watching, Black took the dobbie from his pocket. Not speaking a word, he threw it up in the air with a fine, careless twirl of his hand, and then swung back with his club. The dobbie flashed up in the moonlight and began to fall. Just when it was a little over waist-high, Black's club came swinging round and caught that dobbie a crack that sounded sweet and true.

Away that ball went like a line of silver. Then it was gone, slanting up into the night. But even then they could hear it whooshing away with a dying moan in the black quietness. For a long time they waited, breathless, and the minutes passed. Faintly they heard at last the sound of the dobbie tacking and tumbling on the stones far across the valley.

Then Black nodded his head in satisfaction and sat down.

The big man said never a word, but he got up and looked carefully at Black's club. He took it in one hand and whooshed it round a few times. Black's club was a special one, so heavy that no man but himself could swing it with the flash of accuracy and speed that knerr and spell demands. However, the stranger seemed amused by it and put it aside. Instead he picked up a great ash cudgel and selected a rock. As big around as a man's two fists, that rock was. But the big chap flipped it up in the air and swung quickly. That was a crash as if the rock had exploded, and Sam Small blinked as if he'd been blinded.

How far that rock went, Sam never knew, for as he waited for the sound of it falling, there came a flash of light on the horizon and a mumbling and a bumbling of thunder far away.

"Eigh, they maun be hevin a storm up i' t'Malvern Hills," Sam said.

He felt he must say something, for the other two never spoke. They looked at each other, and the blond man smiled. Black Cawper knotted his brows in anger and suddenly cried:

"Ah'll run thee a race for ten bob!"

"Good! To the tower and back," the other man said.

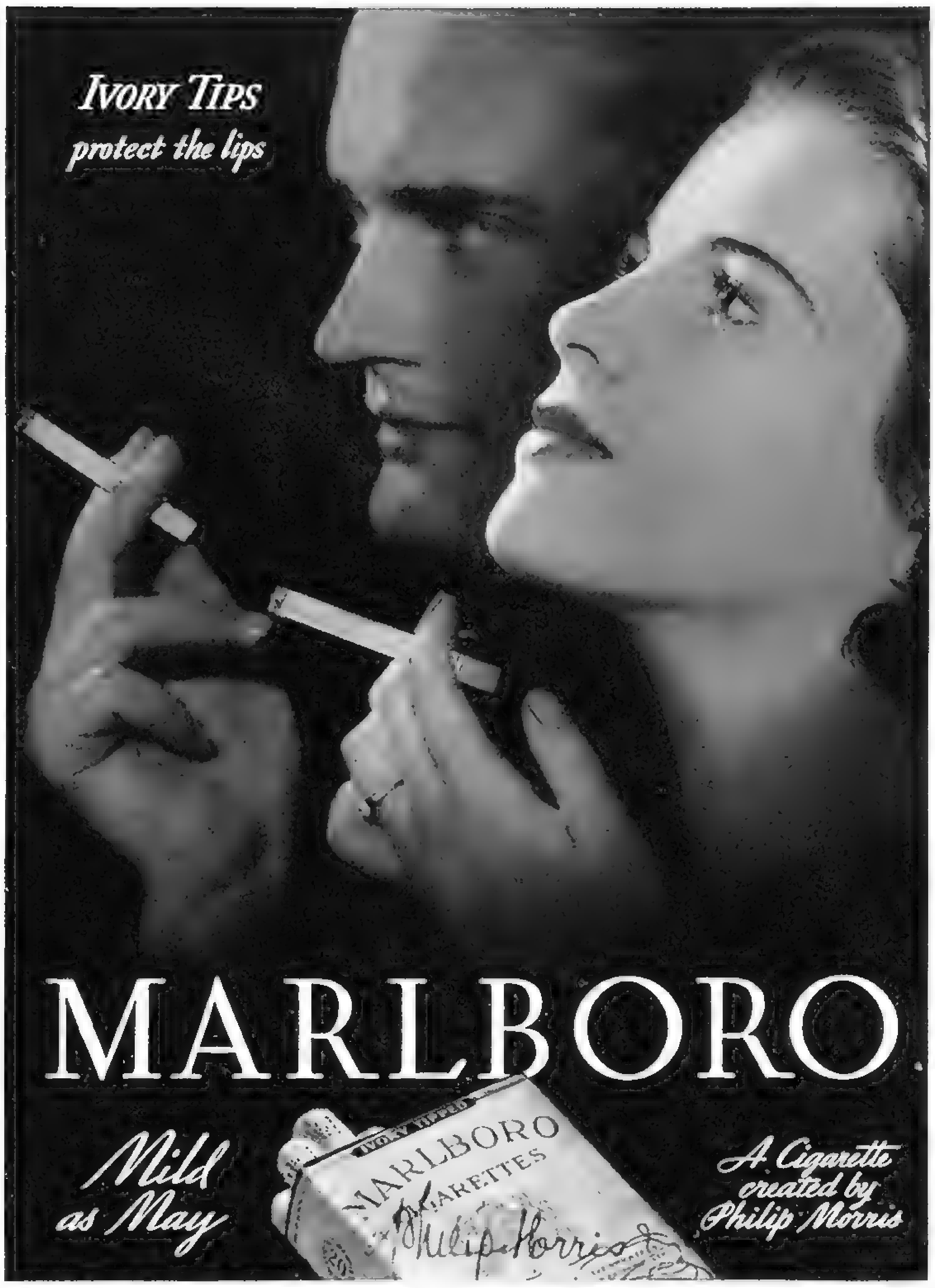
At the mention of that tower, Sam did shiver for fair. But Black Cawper hesitated hardly a moment.

"Done," he said.

"Touch the tower wall and back to Tichie here," the stranger said.

At this Sam got fair blazing, for although he wasn't a big man, no one had ever called him Tichie before—for that word means a dwarf man in Yorkshire. But he consoled himself with the thought that now the stranger would be beaten, for few light men were as

*Continued on page 195*



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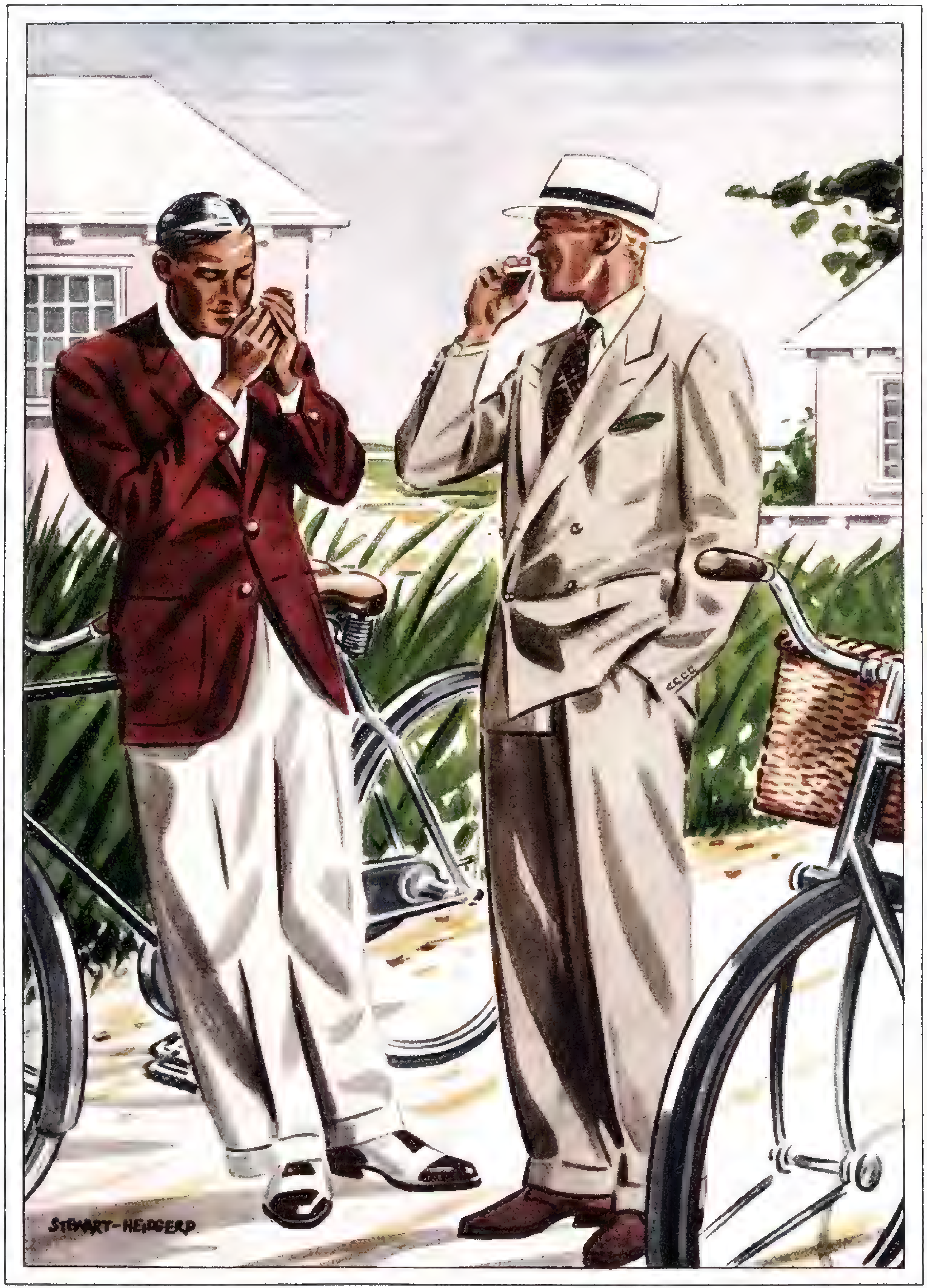

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## Strong in the Arms

*Continued from pages 57-193*

fast on their feet as Black Cawper, and surely no big man could best him in a footrace. But before he could think much of this, Black shouted:

"Ready? Go!"

Away they went into the darkness and Sam could hear the mighty churning and awhortling of their bodies tearing through the thick bracken and the crashing of their feet upon the rocks. The sounds died away and then grew again. Sam jumped to his feet to see who was first, and when they came into view they were neck and neck. But right at the last moment the stranger seemed to glide ahead without altering his stride and flying past he tapped Sam with the tip of his hand.

It was only a light touch, yet Sam felt as if he'd been struck with a jolt of electricity and he felt himself going rolling and abowling arse-over-ashtip down the rocks. When he picked himself up and got back Cawper was paying off the bet, his forehead knotted in anger.

Now that the blond man had won the footrace, Sam realized that Black Cawper was up against something the likes of which he'd never known before and that this night was to see a contest to be remembered. For Sam knew that Black Cawper would never give in. And neither he did. In that moonlight night up in Wada's country, Black Cawper matched the stranger at all the things he knew, one by one. They matched at games of cunning and games of strength; at jumping for height and jumping for distance; at heaving rocks for yardage and heaving rocks for aim; at lifting boulders of greater and greater size above their heads. And always the stranger won.

Finally Black Cawper had not a farthing left to bet with. So he jumped up in anger and tore off his coat.

"Now lad," he roared, "there's nobbut one thing left. There's gate to be a feight, between me and thee!"

"For what stake?"

"Nay, Ah gate nowt left. The maun feight me for t'fun on it."

"And varry happy Ah'll be to do so, too," the blond man said.

"That's spoken like a honest chap," Black said and tore off his shirt.

They both stripped to the waist, and knotted their neckerchiefs carefully about their middles. Black Cawper flexed his knotty arms and lifted his chest, all covered and matted with black hair. The other man's skin shone in the moonlight, pink and hairless as a baby's backside.

"Now lad," Black said, "how'll us feight—standups or knockdowns? Us maun do this reight and proper."

"Nay, awther way tha says," the other replied, lightly.

Sam waited anxiously. For there are two kinds of fighting up in Yorkshire. The standup is a softy sort of fighting that is drifting in from the south counties, in which it is very useless to knock a man down, for all you must do then is stand back and let him get up again.

Now the knockdown is the real Yorkshire way of fighting, for if you once strike your man down then everything else follows in a sensible sort of way—for instance you may jump on him, or kneel on him and batter him, or if you think it best you may stand off and kick him sweetly. This is a most honest way of fighting, especially since the clogs of Yorkshire have fine, pointed toes that are capped with brass, whereas the men from the south counties have only blunt-toed boots.

So Sam waited breathlessly, for a man who feels he is to be beaten will always pick the cowardly Southern style which allows him to escape whenever he wishes to lie down and fight no more. But he was proud of Black Cawper when he roared:

"Knockdowns—onless th'art flaid!"

The blond man laughed and waved his hand to say it was all the same to him. Then, bending, their arms hanging low, they began to circle each other on the flat rock. For nearly five minutes they moved thus, and the only thing heard in the clear night was the shifting of their feet on the rock and the deep drawing of the breath into their chests.

Suddenly, without a warning, the blond man charged first. But Black Cawper was ready. Like the blink of an eye he swung his clogged foot and kicked the man in the groin. So fast that you could hardly see it, he kicked again—and a third time. Then they swung around and faced each other once more, and Black Cawper laughed deep in his chest.

The other man should have dropped, but instead he charged in again, and this time from the position of his feet Sam could see he was to kick at Black's crotch. But Black knew a trick worth two of that. Without giving ground, he half-turned in a flash, standing on one foot and holding the other foot with his hands. He held the foot knee-high, and with the metal-shod sole turned out. He did it just as the other man's leg swung forward, and it was like a shield in defence. Sam Small heard a sound as if the shin-bone were splintering when the stranger's leg crashed against the upheld foot.

But the big man gave no sign, and instead kept coming right in and the two locked their arms. For a time they circled, each bent over, head to head like stags in the mating season. They pushed and swayed, each feeling for a stronger hold and kicking at each other's legs. It seemed to be deadlock, until Black Cawper shifted quickly and reaching under grasped the other's beard. He pulled down

*Continued on page 196*

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## Strong in the Arms

*Continued from pages 57-193-195*

with all his strength, yanking the man's head down; and at the same time he brought up his knee with a force that smashed it into his opponent's face and sent him staggering back, with blood gushing from his mouth.

Without halting a second, Black put down his head and charged. He caught his foe in the belly with his head, and the force of the butting charge sent the man flying back. His body went wildly through the air and crashed onto the rocks six feet below the flat crag. Even while it was falling, Black was following up, and charging over the rock he leaped out into space, meaning to come down feetfirst on the body of the man below.

But somehow the man managed to roll aside with a lightning twist, and scrambling to his feet he locked his arms tight about his enemy. Thus they stood, chest to chest, and Black grinned, for he had never yet met a man who could withstand his grip. So he squeezed, tighter and tighter. Sam saw the cords and veins stand out on his neck as he put on the pressure, but the other man only waited.

At last Black was done, and then it was the other's turn. He pressed, tighter and tighter, seeking to crush in Black's ribs. But Black, waiting as the other had waited, could not be beaten that way, either.

At a deadlock again, they began trying to lift each other, to pluck their foe from his feet and throw him. But they seemed evenly matched there, too. They swayed and staggered, crashing about and panting.

Thus, while Sam Small watched, Black Cawper and the stranger fought all that moonlight night in the land beside Wada's Keep. They crashed over the rocks and locked together they rolled down the slopes. They tore themselves free and charged each other. They wrestled and struck and kicked themselves apart and came back to the locked embrace again.

So the moon sloped over the sky and the wind blew cold and the night went past as they fought on.

And then, slowly, Sam saw that Black Cawper was to be beaten. He charged as courageously as ever, but his arms were lifting more slowly. And in a final locked struggle, the bearded man at last bent Black Cawper back, further and further. Then he lifted him from the ground and hurled him across the rocks.

Black Cawper, his face covered with blood, lifted himself up and came back, but again he was thrown. For a second time he lifted himself, shaking his head savagely as if to get it clear. He charged in once more, and once more was thrown. And this third time, try as he might, he found himself unable to rise. He pushed with his arms upon the ground, but they would not lift his body. But even then he was not beaten in spirit, for as the blond man advanced, instead of wrapping his arms about his head to protect his skull, the way beaten men do, Black Cawper lay there proudly and defiantly, looking up sidewise at his enemy, but without any pleading in his eyes.

The big man jumped down to where Black lay and drew back his foot. Then he said:

"All this neight us has contested, thee and me."

Black Cawper did not answer. All there was to hear was the breath coming and going as his chest heaved for air. He tried to lift himself and managed to push up his shoulders with his straightened arms. But he could get no further though he tried until the beads up sweat stood out on his forehead.

Then, with a quick movement, the blond man reached down and with a great lift hauled him to his feet. Without saying a word he helped Black into his shirt and coat. When that was done he lifted his head and looked about and said:

"But a little while longer and tha'd ha' beaten me."

His voice sounded sad and far away as he went on:

"Ah, and if tha nobbut had! For when there comes another like unto me, than Ah am released and may go ma way!"

Black sat with his head bowed. The big man looked about him, turning his head.

"Eigh, but Ah maun go. Fare thee well, lad."

Black Cawper rose suddenly and held the other's arm.

"Nay, tha maun't go," he said. "Ah want thee to coom hoam wi' me and meet ma wife."

"Thy wife? What for?"

Black Cawper stood up firm and held the other's hand proudly.

"Well lad," he said, "Ah'm a Yorkshireman born and a Yorkshireman bred, soa Ah can nobbut speak like a true sportsman. Tha's bested me at cunning and tha's bested me at speed; tha's bested me at strength and tha's bested me at feighting. Soa there's nobbut one thing left for an honest lad to do.

"Ba gum, Ah'm bahn to tak' thee hoam and hev a pup off'n thee!"

The other shook his head, quickly.

"Nay, Ah maun be off," he said.

He started away, and then suddenly he stopped as if struck by a surprising idea. He spoke almost as if to himself.

"For when there is another like unto me, then am Ah released and may go ma way," he said.

Quickly, gladly, he reknotted his kerchief. He started to smile and say: "Ah'll go wi' ye," but then faintly, yet loud as faint sounds are at dawn, there came a cockcrow from the village far away. Sadly, sadly, the blond man looked at the east and cried:

"Nay, nay! Ah maun go!"

He turned and raced away before they could stop him and was gone from sight like the winking of an eye. But from the hills came his booming voice, fading away, and Sam says he heard him call, saying:

"A month from today! Ah'll be back and tak' ye up on that—a mooonth from todaaay!"

Then his voice rumbled off into the hills and became one with the muttering thunder of a dawn storm.

* * *

Now that is the story that Sam Small tells. He says he can remember the exact date—as most men in the village can.

For coming down from the moor that gray morning, Sam Small and Black Cawper were so late they had no time to go home to their cottages. For they were on the 6 A.M. shift at the pit, and so they went right to work.

And that very day was the day of the big do at the Silkstone Pit Number Two. It was the day of the disaster when Sam, racing from his gallery, saw Black Cawper standing like a Colossus, his great back arched and holding up a sagging cross-timber.

Everyone knows that is true, for they still tell you about it in Polkingthorpe Brig—how Black Cawper held up that great timber and roared in his bull voice to the men to hurry, and how as the men in his gallery ducked under his arched body that great timber pressed him down, lower and lower.

Black Cawper never came out of that pit, for as Sam Small ran along toward the shaft there came a rumble and a roar and the roof behind them caved in. Sam Small and seven others reached the cage in safety, but in that level sixty-seven lives were lost. Sam and the other seven came out to tell the story.

So no one can mistake the date on which Black Cawper died. And no one can mistake the date on which Ian Cawper was born—ten months later.

Now we are not too handy on arithmetic and such tricky matters; but, as we say in the village, there seems to be summat varry, varry fooney soomwheers.

But, naturally, nobody ever says anything much about it because—well, Ian's affable enough most of the time; but if he ever got real angry, why he could break any man in two with his bare hands. It's almost supernatural, how strong Ian Cawper is. ###

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 91*

a week? He can't prepare his mind, adjust it to a definite period of nothingness. So cram in all you can of Paris, boys, while you have the chance.

There is the character of mind to make clear. These are people of high ideology, perhaps half of them are people of more than average intellect, college graduates, even "intellectuals." And there is the tradition that people who can think make poor soldiers, that they are ineffectual, undecided when it comes to action, unable to accept discipline.

Through the Internationals, it must be shown that a man with a few brains can use a gun as well, and better, than a simple brute. That a skinny civilian, conviction-driven, is even the superior of a strong-muscled mercenary.

These round-shouldered, city-bred flyweights, these sallow cigar-counter Jew-boys, these committee members accustomed to all-night debates in 14th street Childs: pick them up later, flat, alert in their fox-holes in no-man's land: pick up the Bronx socialist squirming up a hillside at Quinto, unrolling a stretch of communication-wire, a volunteer out doing a job under direct fire. Pick up, later, the bragging kid from Chicago, who calls himself Chicago and claims he got his training as a gangster before he woke up to his place as a worker and—he boasts the word—revolutionist. The comrades kid him along; let him keep his romantic notions of revolution. But pick him up in the battle at Brunetti, when he stalks out to bring in the wounded. He gets a new, a longer name there. They call him Chicago-I-ain't-afraid-of-nothin'.

After Paris, the journey on train and bus to the town near the border, the waiting at a designated café for the guide-contact; these boys, in their mad assortment of outfits for war—several in golf-pants and sweaters, most simply with suits and light overcoats, scarcely a one with anything heavier than oxfords on his feet, all set to walk over the snowy Pyrenees. And all trying elaborately to look like tourists, keeping up this funny half-serious game of secrecy. —Aw what the hell! The cops know where we're going, they turn their backs. —Yah? what about the forty guys they threw in the coop at Perpignon, for trying to cross over? —Well, every once in a while they have to make a show.

So nevertheless they duck around corners, or pretend to be photographing monuments, until at last word comes it's all set for the hike. There are perhaps a hundred in the group going over the mountains. Packs and luggage turned over in Paris, to be shipped into Spain: they can ship your pack in but they can't ship you in.

It's really still preliminary, that mountain hike, yet it remains the strongest experience in the mind of every volunteer. From eight to thirteen hours of going into space, the thin long line of men strung through the night, constantly going upward, upward into snow, and at the summit of each mountain, no end in sight but another mountain. Each step seems a sym-

*Continued on page 198*

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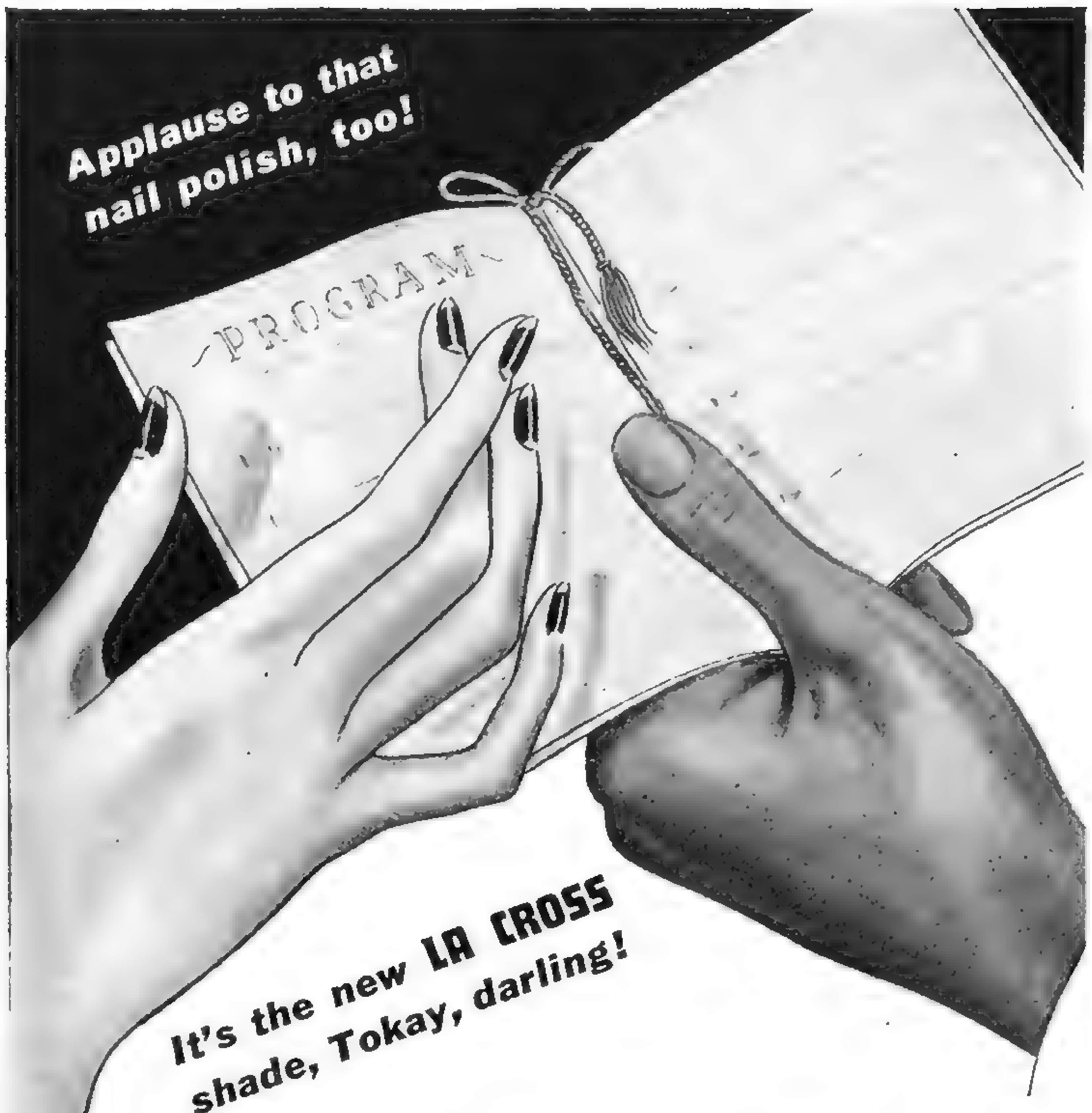
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## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 94-197*

bolic severance from all one has known of life in the past, a penetration into the way of pure action, toward the real, the physical, the actual expression of a man's ideology.

Only the chemist from Seattle laughs. He takes it nimbly; mountaineering was his sport back home; he's wearing heavy hobbled shoes especially built for this work. The cigar-store clerk's thin oxfords have become ice-wrappings on his feet. After a couple of hours, the first comrade collapses, and has to be half-carried. After five hours, one has to be left behind.

The little artist from Columbus finds an unexpected vitality in himself; this first task is not so tough. The night, the mountains, the file of men going silently, whispering in this wilderness, making wide circles to avoid the occasional huts, halting and squatting behind barren shrubs for moments when the guide fancies he has heard a noise that might come from a patrol. And underneath, the sense of being ridiculous, ducking and hiding in this vast snow-streaked waste.

Then they struggle into an old stone structure, once a monastery. There is hot soup. They are in Spain.

Twelve hours later, the one who had to be left behind crawls exhausted over the doorstep. He wouldn't go back.

Another way, they come. Some two hundred and fifty are on a steamer, and a bunch of them are below playing their last hand of bridge as the ship nears Barcelona. The torpedo comes from a submarine. In seven minutes the ship sinks. A fishing fleet picks up most of the volunteers. Fifty are lost. The two who are last to be picked up are in the water for an hour. A Negro from Detroit, and a social worker, son of a New York stock broker, clinging to a piece of two-by-four that has floated their way. The shore is only about a mile off; yet they see ship-comrades going down for the last time. They try swimming, but the tide is against them. At last, naked on a fishing boat, they reach Spain.

Not Madrid right away; some are to fight a year in Spain before they see Madrid; now, first, they entrain for Albacete, the headquarters of the International Brigades. A main-street town, with a couple of six-story hotels, muddy side streets, a bullring, and a park. This was Franco's home town. Had to be a lot of cleaning up here; and there is still the legend of the fellow from Boston, the dude with the master's degree in psychology, who was given an automatic rifle and a squad of men, and the address of a house where a fascist circle was meeting.

The psychologist of the machine gun did a good job. Now a soldier can walk in the narrowest street of Albacete, at night, without fear of a knife-thrust from a doorway.

The newcomers line up in the bullring, for assignment to companies, for issue of uniforms. For the Americans, the choice is simple enough. They will go into the 15th Brigade—the English speaking unit. And within the Brigade they will go either into the Washington-Lincoln Battalion, or the Canadian unit, called Mackenzie-Papignon.

Here in the bullring of Albacete you get a picture of the structure of the International Brigades. There are only five brigades now, numbering eleven to fifteen. In each brigade, three or four battalions; in each battalion, three or four companies. It doesn't take an international commission to do the counting here. Give it the maximum: 120 in a company, times four is 480 in a battalion—say 500. Say four battalions to a brigade, makes 2,000 men. And five brigades makes it 10,000 Internationals all told, in fighting service.

But actually, at present, more than half of the members of the I. B. are Spanish, for it has been the policy of the government during the last year to increasingly infiltrate the Internationals with native troops.

Then of the ten thousand men in the I. B., only five thousand are foreigners! Where, then, are the vast armies of foreign volunteers supposed to be aiding the government? Where are the "Russian troops"? You can't show them because, simply enough, there are none. Even the comrades from America, aware as they are of the uses of propaganda, are not completely free of the idea that there are Russian troops some place. They keep their ears cocked. Occasionally, in a g.h.q., one hears a streak of Russian; it appears that there are a few soviet observers and advisers, but actual combatants, none. Material, yes. The recruit rides from Albacete on a big dark-green truck, which, the boys give him the wink, is a "Mexikansky." There are Mexikansky tanks, and the rifle he gets is likely to be a Mexikansky. (And, incidentally, all Mexikansky stuff is paid for, in gold.) The beans he eats will be really Mexican—not of the jumping variety, but a big tasteless bean called garabanza.

The chatos, chaser-planes used by the government, are largely Mexikansky too, though now the government is turning out its own chatos at a rate faster than one a day, in a Barcelona factory.

There are aviators among the recruits, anxious to get their mitts on the stick of a chato, but the days of adventurous Capt. Dahls are over. Not one American or other foreign aviator is permitted into the air force. Thousands of young Spaniards have received training during the last year; the government feels they can now handle the air themselves. Spaniards are good flyers. The bringing down of a foreign aviator makes nasty publicity. So the captain with years of experience in the

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American army air force finds himself in the Spanish infantry. Another airman, full of tales of his work in the Chinese aviation, can get nothing to drive but a truck. Okay. It hurts. But if the Spanish can now handle the air themselves, so much the better.

Then you have to show what use there really is for this little force, five thousand men amongst the five hundred thousand the government now has mobilized. Say there are in addition, working behind the lines in medical units and transport units and administrative and propaganda jobs, another ten thousand foreigners. Is their aid of such material importance?

You have to show the twofold importance. First the Brigades came as shock troops, taking the most dangerous posts, rushing to fill the open gaps in the Republican defense. Of the French, particularly, many were killed. But with the passing of the first months of emergency, with the slow stabilization of the fronts, the mission of the I. B. changes. The Brigades are still shock troops; but now the Spanish have their own famous shock troops, the Campesinos and the Listers. Now the second role of the I. B. becomes evident. Here is the moral effect. Here are the Lafayettes who have come of their own free will, to help a people keep its liberty. In the towns, on the fronts, wherever they are seen, they elevate the spirit and the confidence of the Republicans. There should be the widest spread of contact between the I. B. and the Spanish troops, to take full advantage of this moral inspiration. Young Spaniards are placed in the Brigades, they become mixed Brigades, both that the foreign volunteers may feel in touch with the people whose fight they have come to share, and that the Spanish soldiers may have the Internationals amongst themselves, instead of in an adjoining sector of trench.

Now, in Terrazona, the mixture of peoples begins. Terrazona is the town to which the boys go, on the truck from Albacete. Down a side-road into a "typical Spanish town," a central square, a huge church, and the town a huddle of white-walled houses. Here, deep in the middle of Spain, the war has scarcely reached. The life of the town flows along, almost completely apart from the lives of the few hundred English-speaking soldiers in training here. And a few miles away is another such town where the French troops are trained, and another for the Germans.

During the day, there is simply the pattern of villagers coming to water their burros at the fountain in the square, of dwarfish, black smocked peasants plodding after their cask-loaded carts. Only, early in the morning, the companies march into the square, stand at attention while the flag is raised, then go off down the road to their drilling ground. There, they march a bit, they dig shallow pits called fox-holes, and lie on their bellies and aim their guns in the tedious exercise of dry firing, and all the while the peasants go on ploughing the adjacent fields.

All commands are given in Spanish now. And with the mixture of Spanish and foreign troops, all instruction has to be repeated by interpreters. First the solemn Canadian ex-bookkeeper demonstrates the cleaning of the Maxim sub-machinegun. The young Spaniards watch him with the intent, unblinking stare of people listening to a language they do not understand. The English-speaking volunteers ask a few questions. These, too, have to be translated by the interpreter, who may be a Cuban, or a Spaniard who once worked in the States, or an American student whose Spanish consists mostly of English words pronounced with an a at the end. It goes slowly. But the outdoors is pleasant, and still warm, the countryside is bright with color, there's a little stand of trees, their lower branches cropped, Spanish-fashion, for firewood; take it easy, next week maybe the trenches.

Stew with beans or stew with rice. In the still-dark mornings, coffee— made mostly from barley, but it looks like coffee and it washes down the bread and marmalade. At noon, the usual army soupy stew, and maybe a dish-up of garabanzas, to boot. The meat is mule or burro or horse. Never was much beef in Spain. The Spanish boys are, as a matter of fact, eating better than they ever ate before, though the rations are not fancy enough for the ex-customers of Childs. In the evening, stew again, or maybe rice with bits of olives and meat. There's plenty of bread around this part of the country. Though the army gets all the bread wanted, even in the Madrid region, where bread is most scarce.

There's still a rumor you can buy eggs from the peasants and have them fixed up in some house in the village, and certain old campaigners like sailor Donovan can go forth in the evening and smell out some cottage where the old lady will fry a pan of potatoes for a few pesetas. Those are the warm moments of war.

There's real army discipline in this town now; get rid of the idea that the Internationals are an individualistic, unofficered outfit. At nine, the few wineshops close, and even the sneak-joint called Ali Baba's, because of the forty huge jugs, is closed these evenings. Major Johnson, a thin, scholarly looking soldier, with that air of long regret common to sensitive men who find the army a necessity, has put this training town on a straight military basis. The veterans of the early days, with mingled admiration and regret, tell you it isn't what it used to be.

Lights go out at nine, and there's nothing to do but lie around and talk in the dark, or read by candle. A whole company can be quartered in one of these old houses, with its series of tile-

*Continued on page 200*

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## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 94-197-199*

floored rooms surrounding a muddy courtyard. The boys are stretched on the floor, close-packed. Most have managed to snag some kind of a mattress, even if it's only a sack of straw, to divide them from the bone-chilling tile. Old hands like Donovan can root out an ancient bedspring; and there are always enterprising fellows like the Greek who manage to build themselves wooden platforms. The cigar-store kid, to show his revolutionary hardihood, wraps in a blanket and sleeps on the tile. It's getting wintery, so about all a man takes off, for sleep, is his pants. But there's a suburbanite from Oak Park, Chicago, a man who left his own advertising agency to come here—and he changes all his clothing, at night. He hasn't got lice, as yet.

A fellow wants to talk. In the dark of the young evening, when a man most feels the absence of woman, the scattered conversations rise. Women, lice, garabanzas, what I could do to a T-bone, when do we get de-loused, you can take a bath but what's the good of a bath when you put on the same lousy clothes, women, lice, beans, it's the same army talk as in any other army, among the intellectuals and idealists of the I. B.: only the kid from the Federal Theatre Project, who got married a month before he left for Spain, doesn't take part in the women-talk.

There is a strange loneliness that gets hold of the men, even when they are together like this, and it is doubly strange because here a man is with comrades who share his deepest convictions, who have come from far places, here one should feel the warmth of the world uniting, one should be able to discuss, to get the glow of a kind of communion. This loneliness is of an elemental kind, a longing for familiar places, a street corner in Coney Island, and even for dopes back home who are lesser people, further from true friendship, than the Finns sleeping on this floor. (In later years, in those who survive, there'll be a loneliness for this peasant-house, and the good fellows who were huddled here hunting lice.)

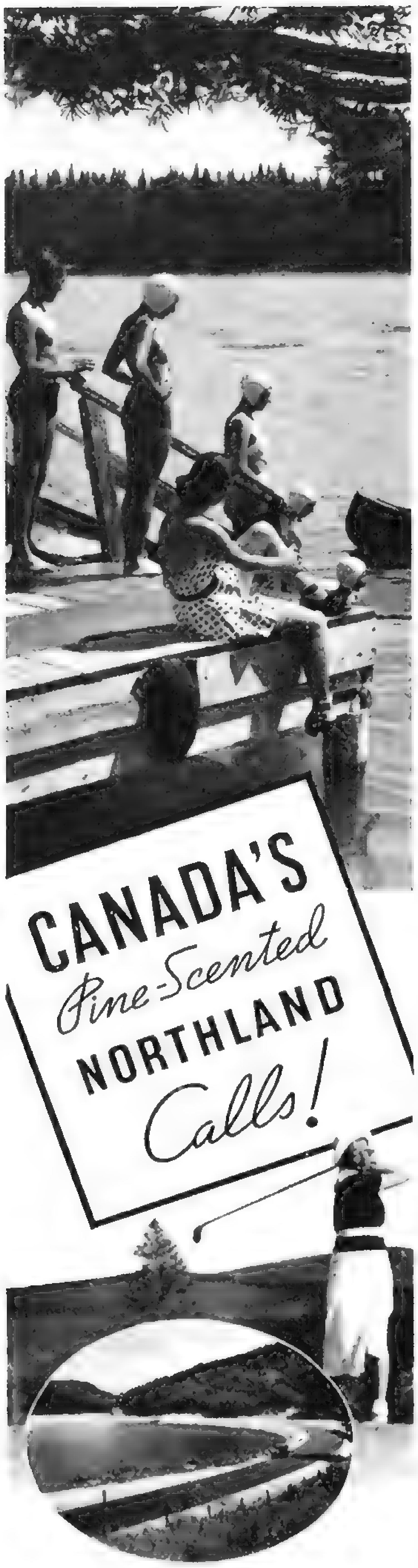
In a low voice, from one corner, a long conversation goes on. A Welsh miner is telling of his life back home, starting as a boy loading the carts in the mines, and the bugs down there, so thick you have to shovel them out before you start to work, the bugs that pounce on your food before you can get it from your lunchbox to your mouth, and how you come home from work so exhausted you fall asleep while trying to eat your supper, sleep, up, and time to go into the mine again; his voice goes on, calm, manly, factual, and strongly reassuring, because he lived through all that. He's talking to an American, a Kentucky boy; they two are veterans, of different fronts and different hospitals, back to rejoin their battalion. The Kentucky boy puts questions, are the miners in an industrial or in a craft union, and explains about the C. I. O. fight in the U.S.A. The Welsh had all that long ago; the Welshman's father was one of the first union organizers in his part of the world. —My father owns a mine, the Kentucky boy admits. But it's no longer a shame to him, now that he's here.

There are maybe three hundred veterans come back to Terrazona; some are taking the six-weeks' course in the officers' school, some are waiting for re-assignment; mostly they are placed in rear-line work, truck driving, supplies, a few go into factories; almost all have been wounded. This is a war with an unusually high percentage of wounded, bullets, mostly, though occasionally shrapnel, and frequently explosive bullets. Those make nasty holes; but a man can recover from that too, if he's lucky. And soldiers like the legislator's brother, who will go back into the lines time and time again, after wounding. This is no army happy to get a blighty and go home. The half-pint artist from Cleveland will get a leg-full of shrapnel from a hand grenade at Belchite, and go back into the lines a month later, refusing a job as draftsman for the historical commission in Albacete. And the Greek, wearing that ironic sneering smile you see on faces of pickets sometimes when they talk about cops, the smile that annoys so many good citizens because it has a provocative suggestion of knowing, inner superiority—the Greek will get an explosive in the arm but go back, with that smile more deeply frozen around his mouth come on with your fascist explosive bullets, you don't kill me.

There are the war-weary, too, amongst the veterans. The few who manage to get drunk on vino. There's discipline now, and a fine of ten days' pay for the drunk. That brings some beefing too. —Let a man get drunk, the sailor insists. —You'll see who stands up at the front. I know all you idealistic fools who never get drunk and never get a dose, but wait till you see some of your pals turned into chopped meat at the front.

There ensues a political argument on drink. A man's no good at all if he drinks in the lines. Agreed. But when he gets out of them he needs it. Damn it all, where's your revolutionary discipline. Then, the big laugh at the neophytes, with their purist ideas of revolutionary discipline. This is a war, that's all. You're just a soldier. Sure, the only difference is, you know why you're here.

Average about three weeks at Terrazona, learning how to run and fall with the gun, and get up and run, and take cover, learning how to clean the gun, and how to shoot, and duck your head except when aiming, and asking when do



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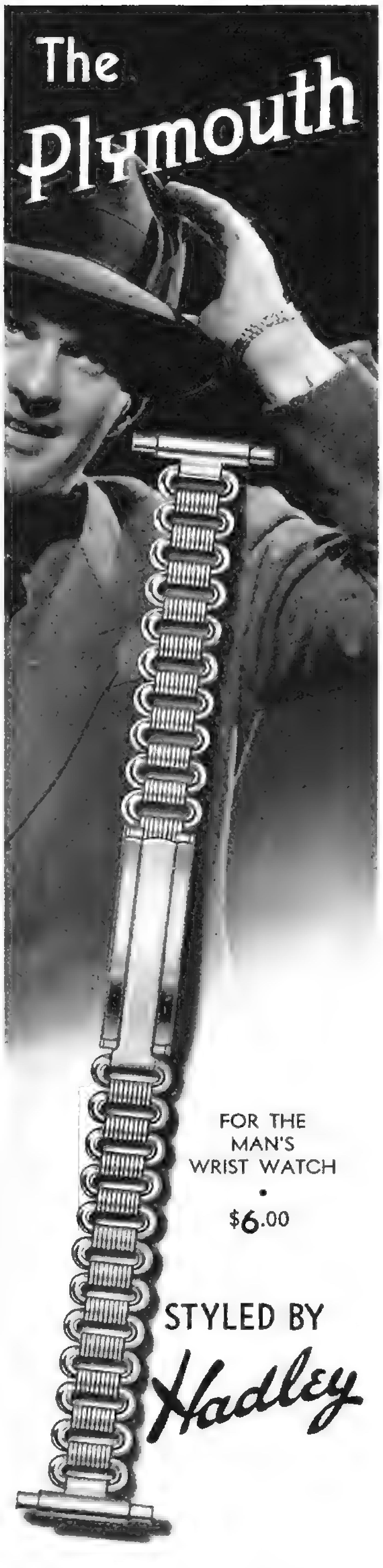

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we go up, when do we go up. About seven, eight hundred at Terrazona, a constant re-fill for the I. B.

Sometimes the Brigade comes out of an action with as high as ten per cent killed, fifty per cent wounded. A few weeks of rest, reorganization while the boys from Terrazona are put into the Brigade.

Those who join the Lincoln-Washington find it at rest in a mountain village, cold, no winter underwear, no boots. Where did that sailor Donovan get the boots. Boots! Hell, he says, and shows the boys how all he did was sew the tops of an old pair of shoes above the shoes he's wearing. A man who's knocked around knows how to get along.

The Mackenzie-Papignons are quartered, the whole five hundred of them in a single building, once a summer resort. Packed in there like fleas. A whole company in the billiard room. The Greek manages to snag himself a real bed, in the loft. The Finns discover a stone hut that can be converted into a sweat bath.

Follow through the student of engineering, from the University of Illinois, who could be counted on to go out there and dig trenches, dig a sap toward the enemy line, under direct fire. And the time they got him as he was digging; a bullet taking away a piece of his skull. Everyone thought he was finished. They lay him under a tree and put a newspaper over his face. They stood in the trench listening to his raucous breathing. He won't take another breath. He's finished. The longest time now, if he doesn't take another breath, it's all over. Then they hear it again, as if the air were pulled through thick blankets into the lungs. He's still breathing. A month later, he's back in Albacete, teaching a class in gas-warfare. The fascists are expected, in desperation, to use gas this winter.

Follow through the legislator's brother, a World War veteran, fourth in command, but the officers go fast during the battle, they insist on personally leading the charge, going over themselves first. Of fourteen killed in one action, eight are officers. Most stringent orders have to be issued, the men themselves have to insist that their officers stay behind to direct the attack. The legislator's brother is now in command. This is Belchite, where the Internationals are on an almost flat field, assaulting a fortified town. The fascists, as usual, have studded the church tower with guns. Take the church and you have the town.

Two charges have failed. At night, they go over again. The commander gets it this time, he seems to have been hit in the spine, paralyzed. He lies there and orders them not to come after him. —You'll only waste a man. Stay back. They can scarcely hear him. There's a stretcher bearer, a medical student from the University of Iowa—used to be champion amateur wrestler of his state. He goes into fire, and brings back the commander. He makes it all right; but he goes out again and again for other wounded, and finally gets a hand grenade all to himself; both knees are cut through, and his left forearm is shredded. There is a hospital in Madrid, specializing in the saving of limbs. He lands there. For two months, gaunt and hollow-eyed, the ex-wrestler lies on his cot, following, with calm, objective interest, the series of five operations, the bone-grafts and skin-grafts that are to save his arm. His legs will be all right. The nurses, the doctors know that knee joint wounds provide the most excruciating pains; the slightest jar awakens misery. But you can never tell his pain, except by the sweat it brings out on his face.

The arm will function, partly, after a few more months, though it will never have complete wrist movement. His plans for a surgical career are ended. But he has plenty of time to figure out his future. —There will be a great job to do here after the war. Sanitation in all these little towns. After all, a specialist in public health contributes as much as a surgeon. Spain will be a great country to live in, after the war.

The wounded commander, too, is recuperating. There is a hospital on the sea shore. Juan March, Franco's first financier, had a little real estate development at Benecasim, some forty sea-side villas for the upper set. Now the villas are re-named; there is Villa Del Vayo for the war commissar, and Villa Marx, and Villa Gorky; the wounded recuperate here.

The flea-size artist lands here, too. He has seen a whole action now. He remembers how it was when the anti-tank guns started. Those guns made the difference; long low cannon, accurate as rifles, good against anything from steel to concrete, they slammed shells into the church-tower, they opened holes into the town. There was the night of confusion, the night too much like a war movie, house to house fighting and street fighting. From the trenches, you shoot, and all are firing; you may see men drop, but can't tell which have been hit by your bullets. In the street, from the momentary cover of a doorway, or from behind a half-destroyed wall, you can single out the figure moving toward you, watch it collapse after you squeeze the trigger. Three times; he came all the way from Cleveland, and crossed off three fascists. Then there was the time when a gang of fascist officers came driving against the street barricade, with their drawn guns driving a group of townsfolk, women, in front of them. You had to let those officers get away, but knowing they wouldn't get far. Belchite was surrounded. The last of the officers was picked up three days later, wandering in a field.

And after that night there was the final attack on the church; a small raiding party in the adjacent building, tossing grenades through the shell holes. He was there until a bomb fell five feet from him; a

*Continued at top of page 202*

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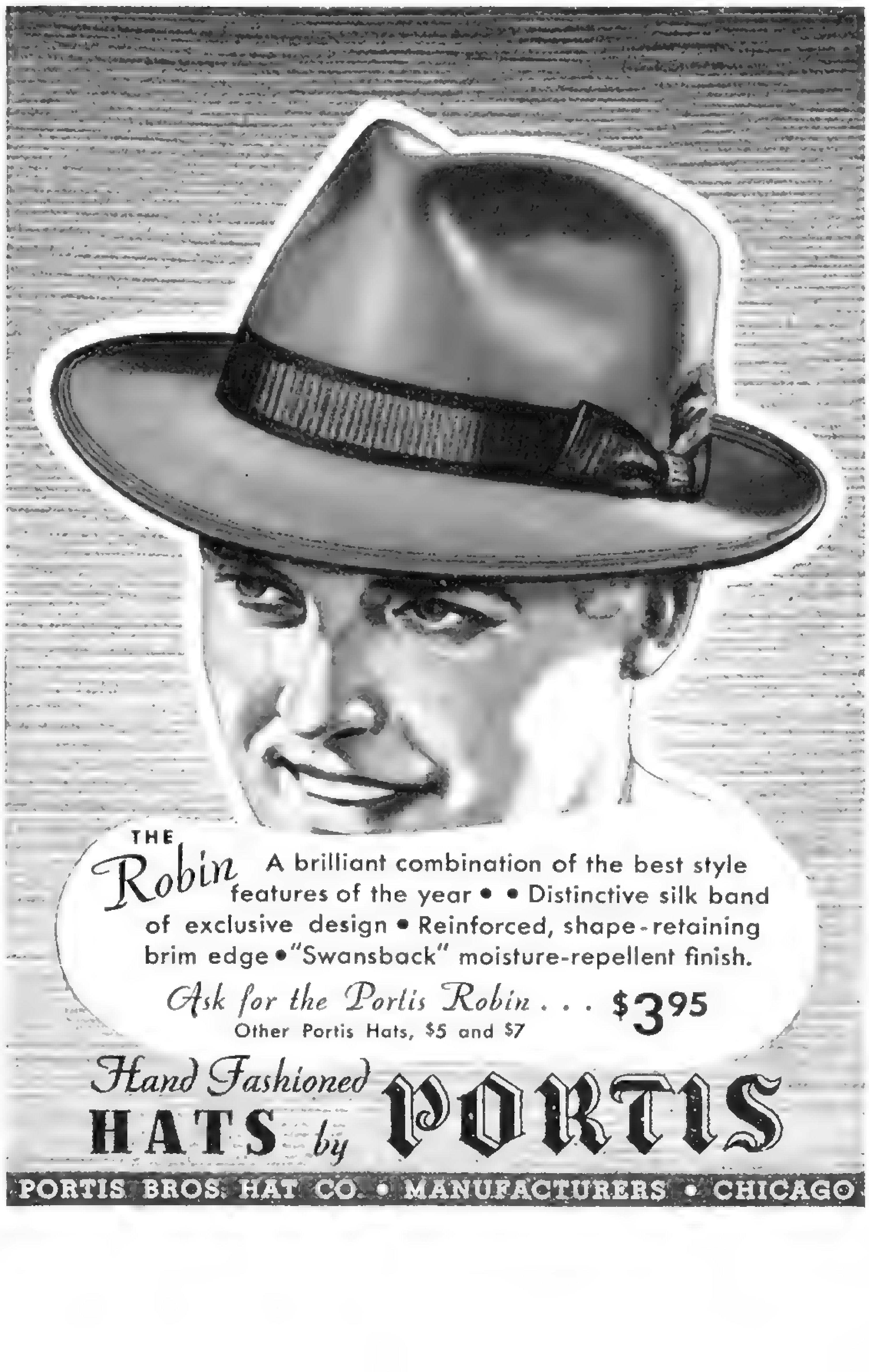
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## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 94-197-199-201*

Spanish lad got most of the shrapnel in his face; the Cleveland artist got it up his leg, and a chunk cut out of his behind. He stood there laughing hysterically as he bled, for his only thought was of the kidding he'd get at home. Hit in the behind. Then he noticed the Spanish boy holding his jaw in his hand, the jaw hanging from the face by shreds of cheek. Four hours later he finished carrying the kid back to the lines. There were not enough ambulances. Men were lying on stretchers waiting. The flea-size artist, wounded, could still walk, he said, no use wasting ambulance-space on him.

Well, he had been through action, he had done that and he could do it again. An intellectual, an artist, a flea of a man. Nothing would bother him any more, about himself.

Follow through the Coney Island kid, who gets drafted into the transport service. The Brigade is critically in need of more trucks. So the Coney Island kid becomes a specialist in "organizing" vehicles. Organizing is the term for putting something into service. It may be a blanket, or a piece of chocolate someone has foolishly left lying around unused. Or it may be a truck with a flat tire, left unguarded on the road, by some outfit that obviously has more trucks than it needs. So you organize the object. The Coney Island kid does very well in this service, there is only one blight on his record. A truck which he has organized, gets organized in turn. This hurts. But one day in Barcelona, while seated at a café, he hears a familiar rumble. The bastards have painted over his camouflage, but he knows that sputtering voice. He chases the truck four blocks; hauls the driver before the commissariat. It takes him a week to prove the Dodge really belongs to the I. B. (by right of primary organization and a few hand-made documents). When he drives it triumphantly back to camp he is informed he has been a.w.o.l. But after all, he has re-organized the Dodge. And more trucks are needed. Also, auto parts. So they give him a roving commission, with the title of Purchasing Agent.

Follow through the kid gangster, Chicago; the I. B. wasn't tough enough for him, he said, so he goes off and joins the Spanish shock troops, the Campesinos. Gets made into a lieutenant. His Spanish buddy takes him to Madrid on leave; the Spaniard's girl friend has a sister. So Chicago gets himself a novia. He has to become a captain now, he insists, because you can't get married on a lieutenant's pay.

When he goes to see her, he leaves her his tobacco. The next day she will give it back to him, beautifully rolled into cigarettes. Ah, romance in wartime.

There is another romance. The wounded commander, brother of a legislator, is being sent home to make speeches. He has a month of waiting for his papers, in Albacete. There's an American girl, who worked in the censorship office. She lost her husband in the war.

During siesta hours, they walk in the park together; they save their bread allowance, to feed to the swans.—It's permissible, they argue, since these are their own rations.

It's peaceful in the park. The swans come up and take the bread from a soldier's hands. #

## Thar's Gold in Them Hoops

*Continued from page 67*

Remunerative, however, as basketball seems to be in college and high school circles, it was never ranked as a "big-time" box-office attraction until one Ned Irish came along. Ned is a former New York sports writer who heard about these figures and decided that something might be made of the game along the Atlantic seaboard. He found a receptive ear among officials of Madison Square Garden in New York, who realized the need of some paying proposition to use up those non-productive evenings between ice hockey and an occasional boxing show.

Armed with a percentage plan and a list of available open dates, Ned proceeded to do some high-class selling to outstanding collegiate aggregations such as Notre Dame, Kentucky, Purdue, Marquette, Southern California, Alabama and others from the West and South where basketball of the most intensive type was played. He was also fortunate in having a local situation which couldn't have been better had it been made to order.

In the immediate vicinity of his arena were New York University, Long Island University, Manhattan College, Brooklyn College, New York City College, Columbia University and one or two other schools who were inordinately proud of their basketball teams and had large local followings. What, then, was more natural than for the throngs to follow their favorites into Madison Square Garden when the talk began to get around—and the newspaper publicity, too—about showing the South or the West or the Pacific Coast how basketball should really be played?

Much to the amazement of veteran sports followers—and of Irish himself, if the truth be known—the venture was an immediate success. Week after week the Garden sold out to fans who wanted to watch—of all things—basketball. When Purdue University met the undefeated New York University quintet last year, every one of the 18,000 seats was gone two days before the game. When the colorful Kentucky club was scheduled

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THE INSIDER'S WORLD
SEE PAGES 18 AND 19

to play, one had to see a scalper almost two weeks in advance if he wanted a good seat. When Notre Dame appears in Madison Square Garden, no matter against whom, it's equivalent to capacity—come rain, come snow.

Midwestern basketball coaches don't like to play in Madison Square Garden. The floor is too small, to begin with. Their players aren't accustomed to shooting at a glass backstop—transparent so that seats on the ends can be sold with some degree of visibility. They don't like Eastern officiating, although Irish has offset this to some extent by permitting them to import officials from their own section. Neither do they like to play under the auspices of a private promoter, since that is contrary to college ethics. But they come east just the same and welcome the invitation, for not only do they relish the advertising, but their cut of the gate goes a long way towards meeting the desires of the most covetous athletic director.

Last winter, twelve nights of basketball in Madison Square Garden attracted 140,000 spectators, who paid out close to $200,000.

Strangely enough, a similar venture in Chicago's huge Stadium was a terrific flop. First of all, there are only a few colleges around that city, and the bigger ones like Chicago and Northwestern wouldn't leave their home gymnasiums, arguing that they did all right where they were. Loyola University, with one of the better independent collegiate clubs, likewise offered the same objection. That left the load on De Paul University, which went into the Chicago Stadium with a great team against such clubs as Illinois, Minnesota, Purdue and others and played before pitifully scant crowds. The venture was quickly given up.

Similarly, it is rather a peculiar fact that basketball has never flourished to any great extent as a professional sport—especially in recent years. In the East a professional league still struggles along with moderate success, but few other places in the United States still go into the game on this basis. From professional ranks, however, have come many of the almost legendary heroes of the sport and numerous innovations which have helped make it the speedy and attractive game it is today.

The New York Celtics, for instance, are known wherever the sport has penetrated, chiefly because of their annual tours and the almost unbelievable ability of Nat Holman, Davey Banks, Joe Lopchick, Pete Barry, Johnny Beckman, "Dutch" Dehnert and others who have worn those famous green uniforms.

The Celtics are given credit for two innovations which had much to do with changing the course of the game. One was the pivot play, introduced more or less by accident. Big Joe Lopchick, about six feet five inches tall, took his position in the free-throw circle one night with his back to the basket waiting for a team mate to pass him the ball. It dawned on him, as he received it, that this was an ideal play with which to set up easy shots for his team. Gradually the Celts worked it out, and by the end of that season it was almost unstoppable. Lopchick, with his long body stretched out would take his position "in the bucket" as coaches began to call it, hold the ball at arm's length to keep it away from opponents and either pass it quickly to one of his mates as they dashed around him or would gradually back up to where he could whirl and throw it through the hoop himself.

It wasn't many years before everyone, including the college and high school players, began to use the pivot play. It was a prolific breeder of fouls, and finally several years ago it was legislated out by the simple expedient of limiting the tenure of a man with the ball in the free-throw circle to three seconds.

The Celts also gave to basketball the spectacular passing which is so much a part of the sport today. Twenty years ago a player who could take the ball and dribble it down the floor was the hero of the hour. The snakelike skill with which some of those old-timers squirmed past the defense was marvelous to behold. It would have been sensational even without the added task of bouncing the ball at the same time.

The pros, however, always on the lookout for the most results from the minimum of labor, discovered that the ball could be advanced even more effectively by tossing it hither and yon. With a hundred or more games a season to develop such teamwork, it was no wonder that the Celts grew so proficient that opponents would get dizzy trying to follow the ball. Soon all teams were trying to emulate them, and although none has ever reached the perfection of Banks, Holman, Dehnert, Barry, Beckman, Lopchick et al., all modern basketball offensive technique is based on their system.

What caused the decline in professional basketball? Well, the game grew too fast and furious. The athletes finally found that they couldn't keep up with the pace, and they began to resort to holding and grabbing. A little of this makes basketball interesting, but they didn't stop with a little. Games soon began to deteriorate into wrestling matches, and the fans began to go elsewhere. That marked the start of pro basketball's eclipse, especially since the sport began to take on such thrilling aspects in the colleges and high schools, where such tactics were barred and speed continued to be the keynote.

The increased attendance everywhere this season is credited to the amputation of the center jump this season, a feature of the game since it was invented by Dr. James Naismith in 1891. The innovation has added so much speed to the sport that any basketball fan

Continued on page 204

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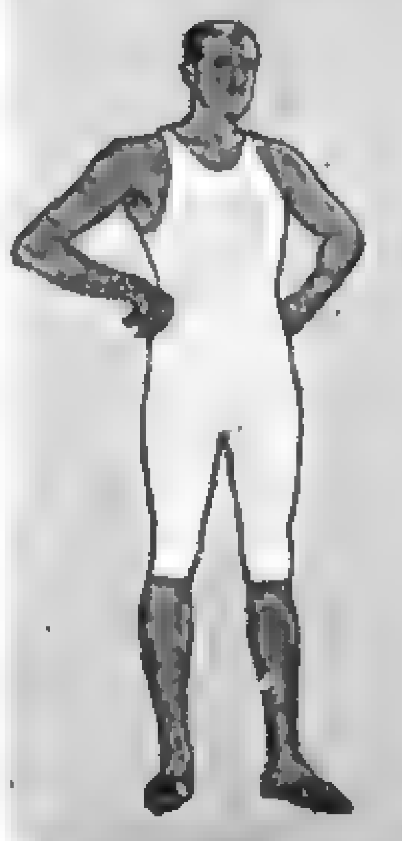

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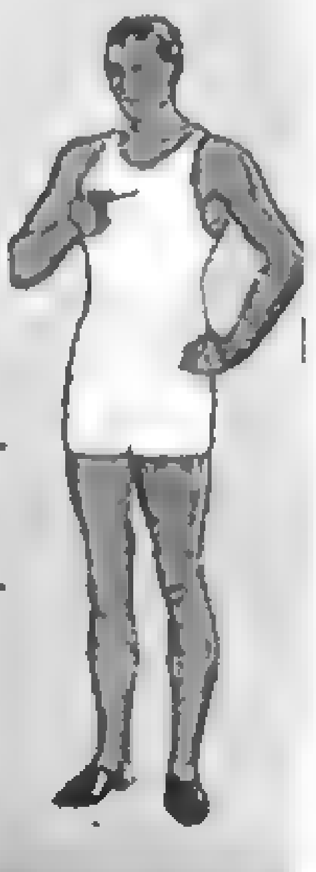

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## Thar's Gold in Them Hoops

*Continued from pages 67-203*

laughs to scorn ice hockey's claim to being the "world's fastest game."

Abolishing the tip-off also was hastened by the desire to offset the advantage which tall players give a team—an advantage so pronounced that it has almost eliminated from collegiate competition any boy less than six feet tall. Even more radical in this respect was the legislation adopted by the International Federation of Basketball after the sport was presented in the 1936 Olympic games. Not only did the members vote to do away with the center jump, but they also decided that no player should be permitted in future competition who was more than 1.90 meters tall (about 6 feet 2¾ inches). It is certain, of course, that the International Olympic Committee will refuse to approve such discriminatory legislation, but it must have sounded like a good idea to the delegates whose teams had tried to stop the rangy Americans.

Aside from Canada and the United States, there were few teams of outstanding ability in the Olympic competition. The championship went to Uncle Sam's representatives, who defeated the Canadians, 19 to 8, in a game played during showers on a sticky, muddy court.

One of the defeated nations, however, found much to cheer about. It was Esthonia, whose team scored 28 points against the Americans. The opposition made 52, admiring greatly the Esthonian strategy which kept a forward named Georg Vinogradov under his own basket, from where he scored 21 points by the simple method of taking long passes and throwing the ball unhampered through the hoop. The United States had a 25-point lead before an alert Esthonian mathematician figured out that five American players with only four Esthonian guards under the U. S. basket always left one of the slick Yankees open for a shot.

Foreign basketball is developing by leaps and bounds and by 1940, when, as and if the Olympic games are held, Americans will probably find some worthy opponents from foreign climes. Even now the game overseas has taken tremendous strides since the first international match some years ago when the Durant, Oklahoma girls went to London after winning the National A. A. U. championship. There, to their amazement, they lost to a group called "The Five Little French Girls," 34 to 24. A fat, funny-looking Frenchman, who couldn't speak a word of English, was the referee. He wore a Tyrolean cap with a feather in it, bright colored jacket and shorts, knee-length stockings and the heavy shoes of a Swiss mountaineer. He wouldn't allow them to pivot or dribble, nor would he permit the girls to talk to each other. Neither would he consent to any substitutions no matter what happened.

The American girls couldn't understand a word he said and dimly comprehended his sign language. Fortunately, however, they possessed a sense of humor and so, for the time being at least, basketball caused no international complications.

Over on this side, fans aren't quite rabid enough to shoulder muskets or dig trenches because of victory or defeat, but when it comes to officiating, they don't stop far short of that. Perhaps one of the big reasons for the sport's spectacular success as a box-office attraction lies in the fact that not even football can arouse the intense hatreds or the bitter feelings which forty crowded minutes of basketball can stir up.

Basketball rules are so simple that few in a crowd are unfamiliar with all their phases—and equally few don't have their own ideas about how they should be enforced.

The officials may be the most perfect sort of persons, good to their folks at home and fair and unbiased on the basketball floor, but to a crowd of cage fans they're a total loss. If they call too many fouls, they're spoiling the game. If they don't call enough, they're letting the game get away from them. The players don't like them. The coaches don't like them. The spectators don't like them. And undoubtedly after a few years some of the officials don't even think much of themselves.

It is possible, of course, that the spectators get their cue from the coaches, who as a class make their brethren of the football field look like sedate Sunday school scholars. Choosing the most excitable of the lot is a task monumental in size, but you wouldn't be far wrong if you handed the toga to Dr. Walter Meanwell, formerly of the University of Wisconsin and now practicing medicine in Madison, Wisconsin. He is the only coach in the business, so far as is known, who had a special balcony constructed for him at the request of harassed officials. It worked all right for a game or two, but the little doctor soon became so skilled at clambering down the steps on the floor that they finally decided to let him save his energy and sit with the players once more.

Ward "Piggy" Lambert, probably the country's most consistently successful coach, is another of the same type. During a close game he will lose five or six pounds—playing every shot, making every move, protesting each adverse decision and keeping his nerves tensed to the breaking point for the entire forty minutes of action.

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emotions are so turbulent during a close game that a sizable portion of the crowd undoubtedly pays its way to see them go through their tortuous reactions. Strangely enough, all are consistent winners, which perhaps proves that a fighting coach engenders a winning spirit among his players.

"You must realize all coaches are crazy," a famous member of that fraternity once told this writer. "If they aren't crazy for becoming coaches, then they get that way after a year or two in the business."

Considering all the things over which he has no control which may happen to his team during a game, perhaps this estimate of coaches is essentially correct. For instance, how would your mental processes stand up under the celebrated incident which occurred during a game at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, some years ago? An important game was nearing its finish, a player had sneaked past the defense for an easy "sleeper" shot, and just as he was about to toss the ball through the hoop with the winning points it exploded!

On the other hand, one wonders how important a coach really is, despite the opinion of the coaches and the crowds who come to watch them and their teams. A few seasons back Ohio State was playing Muskingum College, and at the end of a tough first half had managed to accumulate a one-point lead. During the intermission, Coach Harold Olson of Ohio and his assistant, Floyd Stahl, wandered downstairs into a washroom, where a janitor inadvertently locked them in. Through the entire second half they banged on doors and windows to no avail while upstairs their coachless and wondering team went ahead to win by a big margin.

And so the game goes on and on, with the present season sky-rocketing to new heights in attendance, arguments, gate-receipts and competition. One wonders what mild-mannered Jim Naismith would have thought that eventful day in the Y. M. C. A. gym at Springfield, Massachusetts, if he could have looked forward forty-seven years and foreseen the high-pressure box-office brawl which was to develop from an idea for light exercise and a couple of peach baskets.

It is just as likely as not that he would have hustled out for his hammer and pulled those historic peach baskets right down again!#

## Ten Dollars a Head

*Continued from page 62*

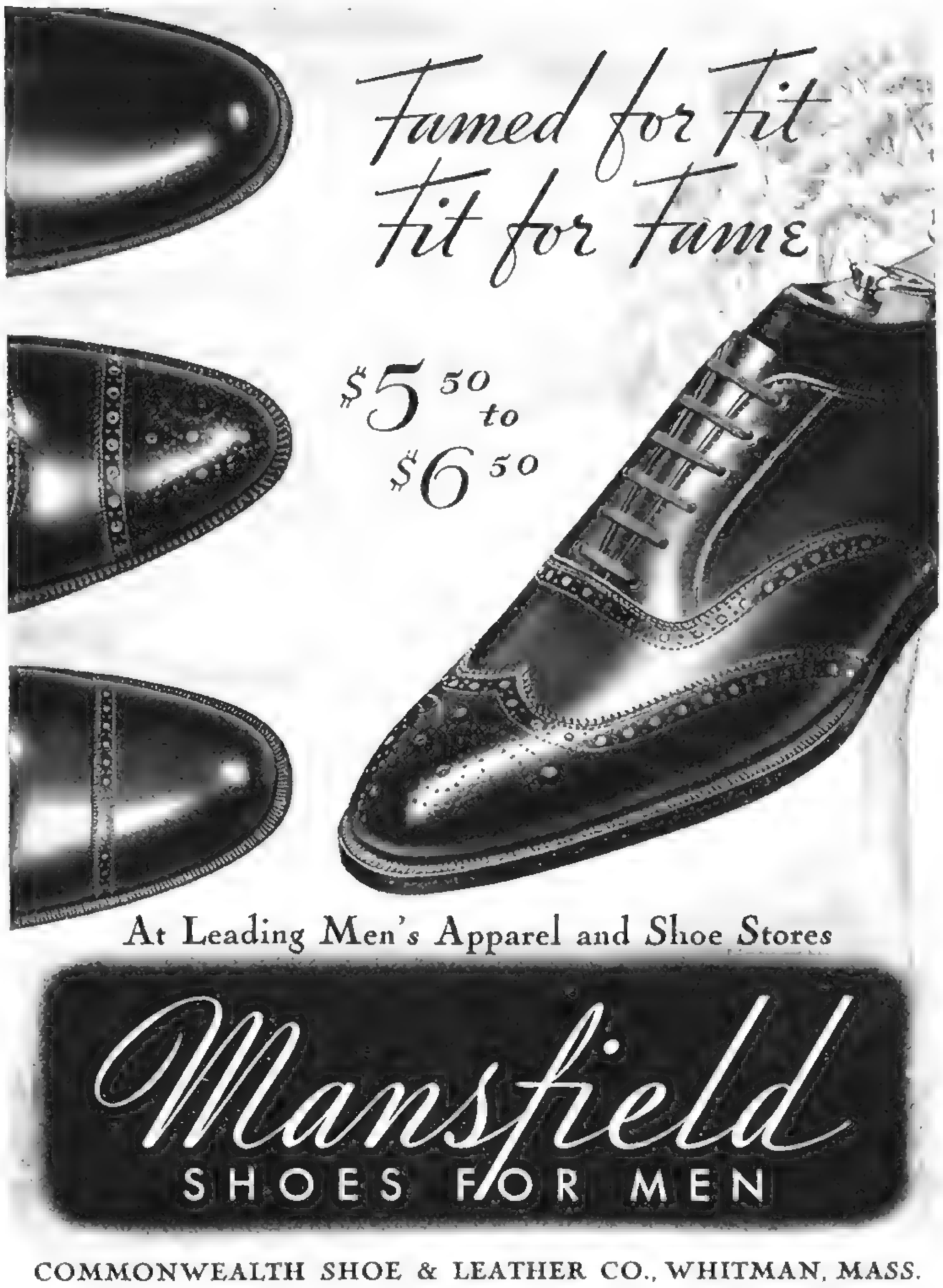
battered suitcase. They were all attempting to get themselves in order for the last time before boarding the boat and were having the same privacy as a dispossessed family on the sidewalks of our large American cities. Look! . . . those are the deckers! . . . deckers . . . deckers! It was buzzed around in English, in French, in Spanish, in Dutch. About fifty passengers, all of us staring at these people as children gaze, open-mouthed, at animals in a zoo.

These people were Haitian sugar cane workers, five hundred of them, many having lived and worked in Cuba for the past twenty years, and now they were going home, home to Haiti, to find work. The fare was ten dollars a head, cheap to go from Santiago de Cuba to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, but you had to go as a decker. The line was making a neat $5,000 on this deal, and it's not often these little inter-island tubs get such a nice cargo, these little third-class tubs that ply around Martinique, and Guadeloupe, and Puerto Rico, and Haiti, and Cuba. The mate informed me that there would be more deckers on other trips, maybe another couple of groups of five hundred. He seemed quite pleased.

At exactly 11:30 (I wrote that down in the small sketch-book I carried) at 11:30 they began to come aboard. Huddled together like cattle, they tried to find room about the decks, under the very few lifeboats that we carried (I counted six boats), along the rail, along the gutters, up against the old deck chairs . . . they couldn't sit in them, although no one was using them. These chairs were neatly tied together and were for the FIRST class passengers. Squeezed together, a seething mass of poor humans, pregnant mothers, children, babes in arms, clutching their few possessions: cheap suitcases and cardboard boxes, walking canes and roosters. Perhaps with luck one might be able to pit his fighting cock against another in the mountains of Haiti, and who knows? one might win as much as twenty gourdes, that is four dollars American, plenty of money, for the pay in the cane fields is one gourde, twenty cents, a day. The decks were hard and damp. This being the rainy season, the inevitable tropical downpour had started, and these deckers covered each other as best they could with their flimsy coats and wide-brimmed straw hats. They squirmed about, this mass of tangled arms and legs, boxes, babies, and roosters. These were the sugar cane workers. Two days are a short time for such discomfort, and surely these Haitians had borne much more discomfort in their lives.

I had just completed some drawings that were to be sent to the States when we reached Port-au-Prince, and now with all these people around me, packed in tightly, I felt terribly depressed. The cartoons didn't seem as funny as they should have. The air was oppressively heavy and damp. Only the monotonous slosh of the waves and the low hum of voices in French and Spanish drifted through the porthole. With every lurch of the overladen steamer, the beams cracked and sighed, and the rain, fine even sheets of it, spattered the deckers, who lay

*Continued on page 206*



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## Ten Dollars a Head

*Continued from pages 62-205*

crouched against our cabin door. The drawings kept sliding around the bunk. Connie was on tiptoe, gazing out of the porthole. "Good God! How can you just stand there and stare at those damn cartoons when there's so much misery around us? Can't . . . can't . . . Well, can't you do something?"

I had the silly thought of the tropics getting her. It was a damn silly thought, and I said nothing. As many times as I had been down here. The tropics don't get anyone if you are intelligent. You just think about things, about things that you can't do anything about, and keep on thinking about them. That can get you in any country.

Cuba had done all she could. She had given them years of work, twenty years of it to some of them, and now she had to look out for her own. Give them back to Haiti! They were Haitians, weren't they? Why couldn't they work Haiti's cane fields? Or Santo Domingo's? No, the Dominicans have to work their own sugar plantations, don't they? Why was a sugar plantation so important anyway?

Someone knocked at our door. The steward, a Martiniquan, came in. Were those deckers disturbing Madame and Monsieur? Ah, only two days and we shall be rid of them. I cannot speak French. Connie struggled with her French, though her knowledge was not sufficient to cope with this situation. Finally it came smoothly. "No, no. They do not bother us, not at all. We . . . may we not have *les enfants* . . . yes, the children, some of them to stay in our room for the night?"

I took a little wide-eyed brown girl by the arm. She was staring in at the doorway. "See . . . see . . . We wish her to sleep here. Her sister? Her brother?" Connie said, "It is raining outside. No protection for the little ones . . . the children . . . their mother, father."

A frightened mother drew the child close. Hostile stares from uncomprehending eyes. Proud, fierce Haitians, and yet they were afraid. They must have wondered at two people who looked like them, were their color, and yet did not speak their language. Excited babbling. The steward handled the situation masterfully. He shouted at them, and there was dead silence. "Madame, it is impossible. They pay too little, almost nothing, and this . . . this is FIRST class!" The door was closed.

We did not look at each other. The cartoons were lying in a heap upon the floor, the FIRST class floor of threadbare green carpet. A broken electric fan kept up its staccato purring. An old decanter tumbled crazily about in the cracked wash basin. I gathered up the cartoons and put them into my portfolio. Maybe Connie was right; maybe they weren't so funny. We went to bed, but we didn't sleep. We talked long and aimlessly that night.

*Sunday, May 30, 1937*

The Martinique woman, a huge black Amazon, knocked, backed her way in, bearing a large warped tray. "*Petit déjeuner,*" she said and smiled. I had given her a dollar last night. The breakfast consisted of thick slices of boiled ham and two large slices of pickle. "*Mirabelle,*" she said, as she pointed to the white cherry preserves. There was French bread and black coffee.

We waited for a moment. We saw her as she went by the porthole, stepping over the bodies of the deckers and chastising those whose legs or arms got under her feet. Connie had the tray in her hand. I opened the door. They thanked us in French. The little girl liked the preserves, and the warm black coffee must have tasted good to one who had slept all night on a wet deck.

The third class passengers, all Cubans, were on the first class deck. (The boat had two decks.) They were attired in white flannels and loud scarves, sport shoes and high red heels. A bleached blonde and two brown girls, the blonde had a very pimply face, almost hidden by powder. A blond wavy-haired young man with feminine characteristics, who was suffering from a gangrenous foot, and a tall black fellow. The black fellow had on a reddish tan suit that fit him too well. All are *artistes*, the Martinique stewardess had told me. The black fellow had trouble tightening his bass drum; the rainy season is not so good for the drumheads, he said. The brown girls danced a rhumba, and the bleached blonde shook the gourds. Some few of the ship's officers and most of the passengers, the FIRST class passengers, gathered around them, a space being cleared by asking the deckers to move closer together. Some of the deckers stood; there was not much room for them to sit now. After a while everyone drifted away. The deckers pressed back, but the *artistes* continued to play.

It rained again later in the day, but no one seemed to mind. It didn't bother the deckers at all, because as the stewardess said, anyone could see that these Haitians were used to wet garments. They worked in the cane fields in the rain. Just the same, I didn't feel that you got used to clammy clothes. The Martinique woman also told me that they left the *artistes* stay on the first class deck because they were *artistes*. That didn't make much sense either. All that dreary afternoon they played, the brown girl on a cornet, the bleached blonde with the gourds, and the tall black fellow on the bass drum. The slap of the waves, the ship's roll, the murmur of voices, all seemed far off now. Only the music of the rhumba was close and real. It was nice the deckers could listen to some music: the Martinique woman again. I never knew if the deckers liked

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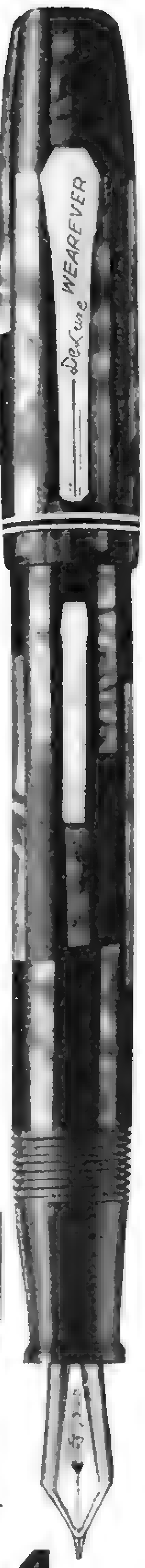

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SEE PAGES
18 AND 19

the music or not. They never complained. They just sat hunched up and stared at the women as they twitched themselves, but they didn't laugh; they didn't even smile very much. The stewardess came around the deck and told me the blond *artiste's*, the blond boy's foot was worse. The music was terrible.

*Monday, May 31, 1937*

Today we landed at Port-au-Prince. No rain at all, only a deep blue sky with puffy white clouds hanging like huge billows of whipped cream overhead. If you've been down there, you know how Port-au-Prince can look.

The Haitian Gendarmerie was lining up at the dock. A young officer was putting a squad through its paces . . . *At—ten—tion!* All heels clicked. It was diverting to watch, a little silly, but it was real. This was the manner in which Battista's Cuban soldiers had put the sugar workers on the boat in Santiago de Cuba, efficient and clean-cut, but not as efficient as the Haitian Gendarmerie. The marines, the American marines, had trained the Garde d'Haiti. The officers on the boat were calling down from the top deck as we bumped alongside the pier. The deckers had gotten their possessions together and were lined up along the rail of the boat, backs to the rail, at attention, fathers, mothers, children, and babies; the pregnant women were not as straight as some of the others. Odd, I thought, that none of the children are crying. They were as grave as their parents; they knew what to do. They were standing straight and at attention. Some of their parents had blue tickets in their hands, and with the blue shirts and jackets, bronzed and black skins, the colorful kerchiefs on the women's heads, they were impressive, but not as impressive as the Gendarmerie.

With our bags and various pieces of luggage, we walked by the line. It was as officers of high rank that we walked by hundreds of lean black Haitians, but we did not feel that way. We were embarrassed and a little confused. I don't know why we felt that way. I had the feeling that my clothes were too good and my wife's dress too crisp, too fresh. I passed the little girl who had slept outside our door. I handed her a drawing I had made of her as she slept in her mother's arms. She showed it to her mother. Her mother passed it along the line. The others stared and smiled. "*Merci, monsieur . . . Merci, monsieur . . . Gracias, señor . . . Gracias, señor . . . merci . . . gracias . . .* Thank you . . . Thank you . . ."

On the deck and later from the small customs house, the small customs house that was not for deckers, we watched them file past, a seemingly endless stream of tattered travelers, in bright blue overalls, with wide-brimmed straw hats. Some few wore black felts. The women with bright bandanas on their heads. Now and then someone was lost. Little broken groups would scatter and then melt back into line, bits of mercury breaking away and then merging again. They were never really scattered because the Haitian officers were very efficient. Every family must be together. All must have blue tickets. I felt, however, that the bayonets on the rifles were totally unnecessary, but of course there are many military regulations that must be adhered to. These five hundred people hardly spoke above whispers, but the French language sounds that way when Haitians speak it, soft and melodious. There was no shouting, no pushing, no confusion. A man tipped his hat to a friend, the friend returning the greeting with difficulty. He was carrying two sleeping little tots on his shoulder, while his wife bore the luggage or rather, the large cardboard box that seemed bursting with household goods. She was the pregnant woman. No, she was another pregnant woman. Our little friend, my little friend, the brown girl ran up to me. "*Merci, monsieur,*" and then she spoke volubly in Creole. Neither my wife nor I understood her, but I handed her some coins and said the one word, "*Photographie?*" She stood aside for a moment, and I snapped her picture.

Before going into town, I asked a Haitian friend just where all of these people were going. He shrugged. "There is no room for them in Port-au-Prince, no work. They are sugar cane workers, and they must go further. In the mountains they have friends, all over," he said as he waved his hand. "In Saint Marc, in Leogane, in Gonaives, in Jacmel, in Ounaminthe."

I was to remember that last place, Ounaminthe.

When I returned to the States, I saw this news dispatch. It simply said that there was trouble between Haiti and Santo Domingo and that at Ounaminthe a large number of Haitians had been killed. They were sugar cane workers, many having been expelled from Cuba during the past few months. It was one column wide and occupied about two inches in a New York newspaper.

If you have never been to Haiti, you would have paid scant attention to it, and even if you had, you would never have cut it from the newspaper. I cut it out and have it before me now. Somehow I wanted to write entirely differently about Haiti, but I suppose others have said all there is to say: the voodoo ceremonies and the drums at night, the crowded market places and the great Citadel of Christophe. I was there, and all of these are intensely interesting, but all of them, every one of them is crowded from my mind by the picture of five hundred sugar cane workers who thought they were going to find work, and the remembered face of a little girl who said, "*Merci, monsieur, merci, merci,*" to me so many times. #

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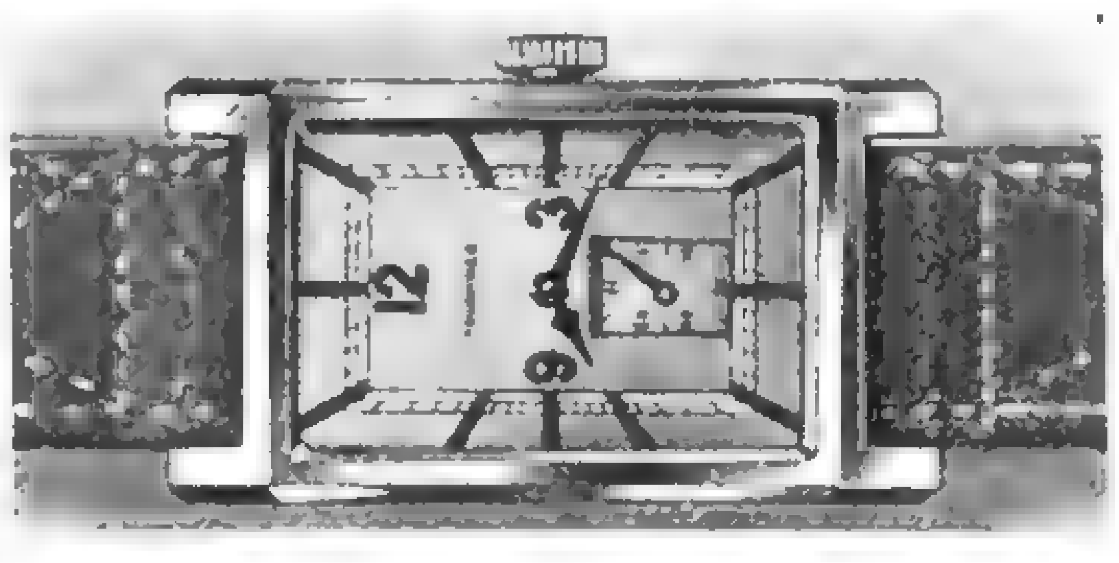

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## Are People Critics?

*Continued from page 70*

himself—God's hand, in short.) Therefore, what you think about the artist's telling is of no importance; and his telling is all important. You are submissive; he is creative. Creation is Godlike; divine.

The only way you can get near this divinity is to pretend to understand more of it than anyone else does; this makes you an amateur, an art-lover, and generally a snob.

I am not very fond of prophetic and mystic artists and I hate dictators who are also, invariably prophets and mystics. But as it stands I see a glimmer of sense in what the dictators have done and hope that a few sound artists will appreciate it. The dictators, in their crude way of demanding music the people can whistle or pictures the people can understand, are saying something which the coteries of art have denied for a couple of generations: that the object of creating art is to communicate—an idea, an emotion, an aspiration, it doesn't matter what.

For a long time the most highly-regarded of artists have insisted that they were under no obligation to communicate anything; they expressed something rare and exquisite in their own souls—if you were in luck, you caught on; if not, the loss was yours.

Mr. Ezra Pound knows, because I told him, that I have no knowledge of Provençal; that does not deter him from quoting Provençal poets in his cantos. His cantos thereupon become partly unintelligible to me, which I regret because the parts I do understand seem to me quite extraordinary. Mr. Pound, I assume, doesn't give a damn. Mr. Joyce is now writing in a fascinating amalgam of languages; at times it doesn't matter whether I can identify the originals, because a certain over-all effect is sustained; at other times I am completely lost; Mr. Joyce, I am sure doesn't care.

Mr. Dali, painting unrelated objects on the same canvas doesn't care whether the combination strikes me as silly or brightens my whole day. But the Marx Brothers when they combine grand opera and baseball care terribly.

The argument of the consecrated artist has always been that what he has to say is too delicate or too subtle for everyone to understand. Heaven knows that even the simple thing I am saying here is too subtle for a Laplander to understand if he doesn't know English; and for some others. But making a virtue of this is silly; it reverses the orders of the dictator and says that whatever cannot be understood is remarkably subtle stuff—even the gibberings of lunatics have been included in this category.

This feeling of difference and superiority has led artists to abandon all effort to communicate; and they have been pleased when they discovered in the more remote portions of their souls something which they themselves didn't understand, so they could put it on paper and baffle the whole world. (In due course they have said some pretty snooty things about the indifference of the world to its great artists.)

The one thing no delicate artist can bear is the success of the second-rate. It never occurs to these great ones that the second- and third- and tenth-rate artists, the painters of chromos, the makers of movies, the writers of awful trash, have worked pretty hard to make themselves understood; and have been rewarded. They may have done it for money; or the thing they had to say may have been so simple (and banal) that it could only be expressed in words of one syllable.

But they have gone in one direction—toward the maximum audience—and the great artists have gone in the other, toward the minimum. Once in a while, a popular writer or composer complains because the critics won't call him an artist; he is usually told to consult his bank account and not bother himself about art.

And it is just as reasonable to advise the artist who complains of being neglected, that he should consult his standing on Mt. Olympus. That's what he has been working for.

The modern world is giving the illiterate a break. Dictators, having a fondness for dumb followers, will promote ignorance up to a point and convert to their own purposes all that is intelligent. So, among the things to do before the dictator comes is to take popularity away from the charlatan, and the only way to do this is for serious artists to make a pretty sharp turn toward the public. Comparatively few of us are educated; a lot of us can't understand what we read. But the same forces which the dictators use are still available for decent human beings. The pictorial magazine, the movies, the radio, the popular newspaper, the pamphlet—they are not in the hands of the enemy; they are in the hands of those who have developed them and know how to use them.

If our best artists won't tackle them, someone else will.

I wonder what the dedicated and lofty man of art is really waiting for. I wonder if it would do him any good to read a list of the errors made by the best people, errors of judgment in their own field, picking the wrong artistic horses again and again, neglecting the good and going in for the flashy.

Because the civilized minority has made as many mistakes as the brute mass; the only difference is they made them first, by twenty years or so. #

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## As Far as We Got

*Continued from page 68*

### X

### SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

Well, soaks—I mean folks, this here Tom Thumb golf craze sure is the latest rage.—Especially for them guys that don't make good scores, eh? I mean putting them in a rage. Yes sirree. A coupla hundred years ago, everywhere you looked there was guys swinging tomahawks. Today you look, and they re swinging golf clubs at a little round ball. Did you hear the one about the guy who was a champ at midget golf, so finally he retired to write short short short short stories. Back in seventeen our boys was all going over the top. Now they're aiming at golf balls, and topping it over. Maybe that wasn't so good. Well, it sure gives me a laugh to park my car and see these blokes pushing away at them little pills when it's about a hundred and eight in the shade, and no shade around—like that weather we been having lately. After some of these fellas have been doing that a while, they're hotter than a

### XI

### ENGLAND SHOULD RETAIN DAVIS CUP

Already optimistic sports writers, of which there seems to be a plethora in this country, are predicting that 1937 is going to be Uncle Sam's year in tennis, and that next summer is going to see the United States lift the Davis Cup from Great Britain. My answer is: I hope so, but I doubt it very much. Fred Perry has just beaten Donald Budge in our national championships, and it is my belief that he will continue to do so as long as he chooses. The California redhead is a capable young player, but he has gone as far as he ever will, and I cannot see him as a world's champion. Baron Von Cramm, the great German player, is also capable of defeating Budge at least seventy-five per cent of the time.

However, there are some who predict that Great Britain will be a pushover because Fred Perry will turn professional. This is sheer nonsense. There is not the slightest prospect of Perry turning professional either now or at any subsequent time. Too much pressure will be brought to bear on him by the British authorities. Moreover, Perry would have little to gain by such a move. He would have no chance at all against Ellsworth Vines, and after a few meetings between them, tennis fans would refuse to patronize such hopelessly one-sided exhibitions.

Now let us analyze

### XII

### WILL EDWARD MARRY?

One of the most fantastic rumors to which your correspondent has listened in many long years is the one about King Edward's supposed infatuation with a certain lady who hails from the Southern section of the U. S. A. Not only is the monarch reputed to have a yen for her, but he actually hopes to marry the gal. This is just another confirmation of the old gag that people will believe anything if you tell them often enough and loud enough. There is about as much chance of a confirmed bachelor like Edward

### XIII

### THE HOWITZER MURDERS

I opened the door to Jonathan Glade's studio, stepped inside, and then stopped in horror. There, on the floor, in a pool of blood, lay the decapitated body of John Glade.

"Inspector Griswold!" I called.

In an instant the Inspector was by my side. "What do you make of this?" I asked.

Inspector Griswold's practiced eye roved around the studio. "Just murder," he said grimly. "That's all."

"His head's been completely severed from his body," I said. It was then that the full import of what had taken place dawned on me. "Where *is* his head?" I inquired. "I don't see it anywhere."

The Inspector nodded sagely. "Exactly," he said. "Because it isn't anywhere around."

"You mean the murderer took his head—I mean Glade's head—with him?—I mean with the murderer?"

"No," said Griswold in that calm impersonal voice I had come to know so well, "I do not mean that. John Glade's head was shot off by a howitzer."

"You mean a big cannon?" I demanded incredulously.

The Inspector nodded.

"But that's inconceivable!" I exclaimed. "Look at this studio. The windows are all tightly shut. There's no hole in the walls.—Not even a scratch. How could an enormous shell have entered this studio, decapitated John Glade, and then gone out again without leaving the slightest trace. It's inconceivable," I repeated.

"It may be inconceivable," retorted Griswold, "but that is what happened."

"But how?" I insisted.

"I'm hungry," said Griswold, "and there is a restaurant around the corner that serves the finest ragout of mutton in the city. I suggest that we adjourn there for culinary repairs."

### XIV

### SCRIPT FOR RADIO

Announcer: Introducing——
——, radio's king of laughs!
(Short music and fanfare)

Straight Man: Well, Joe, it's nice to see you here. How are things going?

Comic: Like a thirty-cent steak, Harry.

Straight Man: Like a thirty-cent steak, Joe? How do you mean?

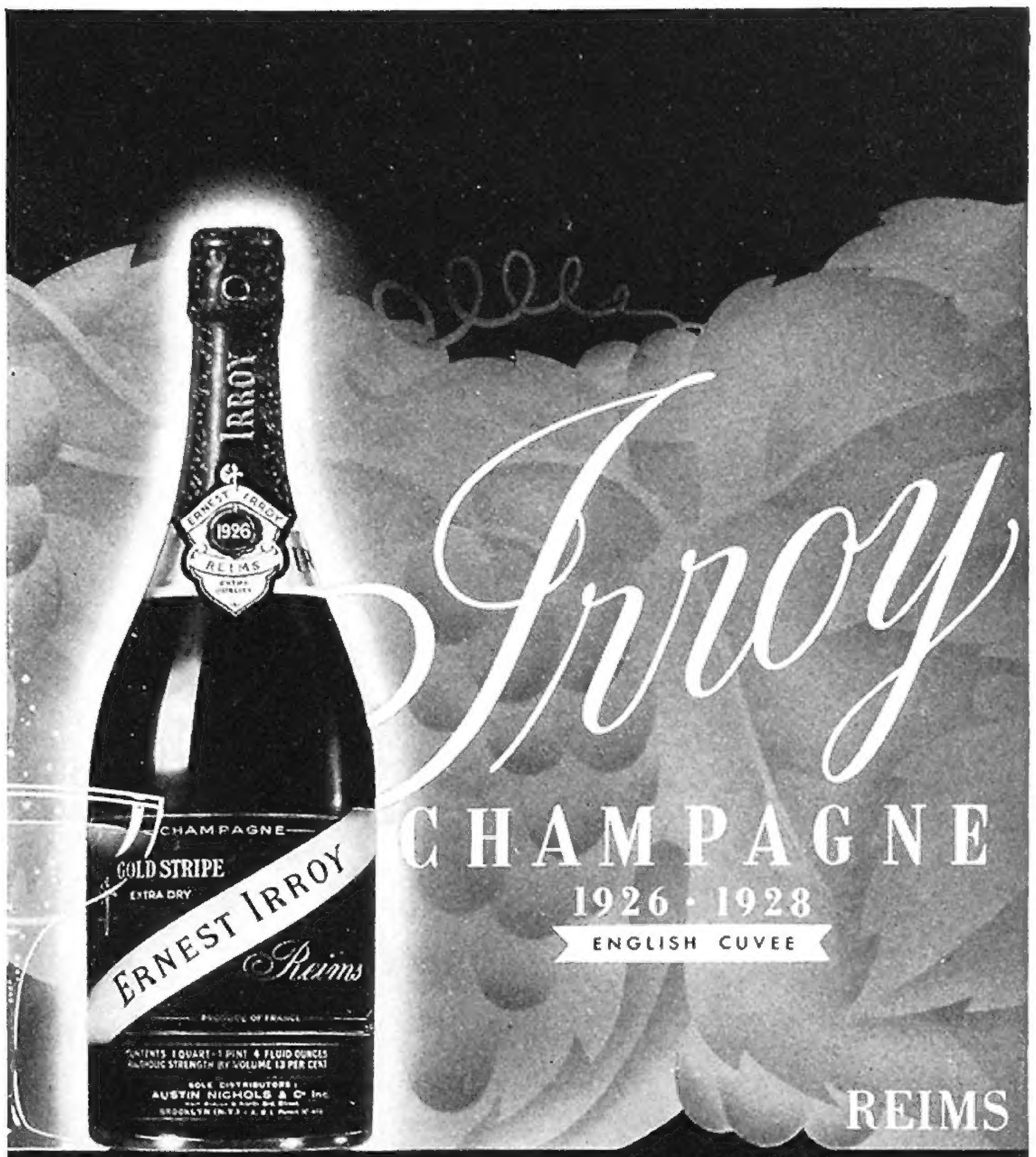
Comic: Pretty tough.
(Pause for laughs)

Straight Man: Joe, you slay me.

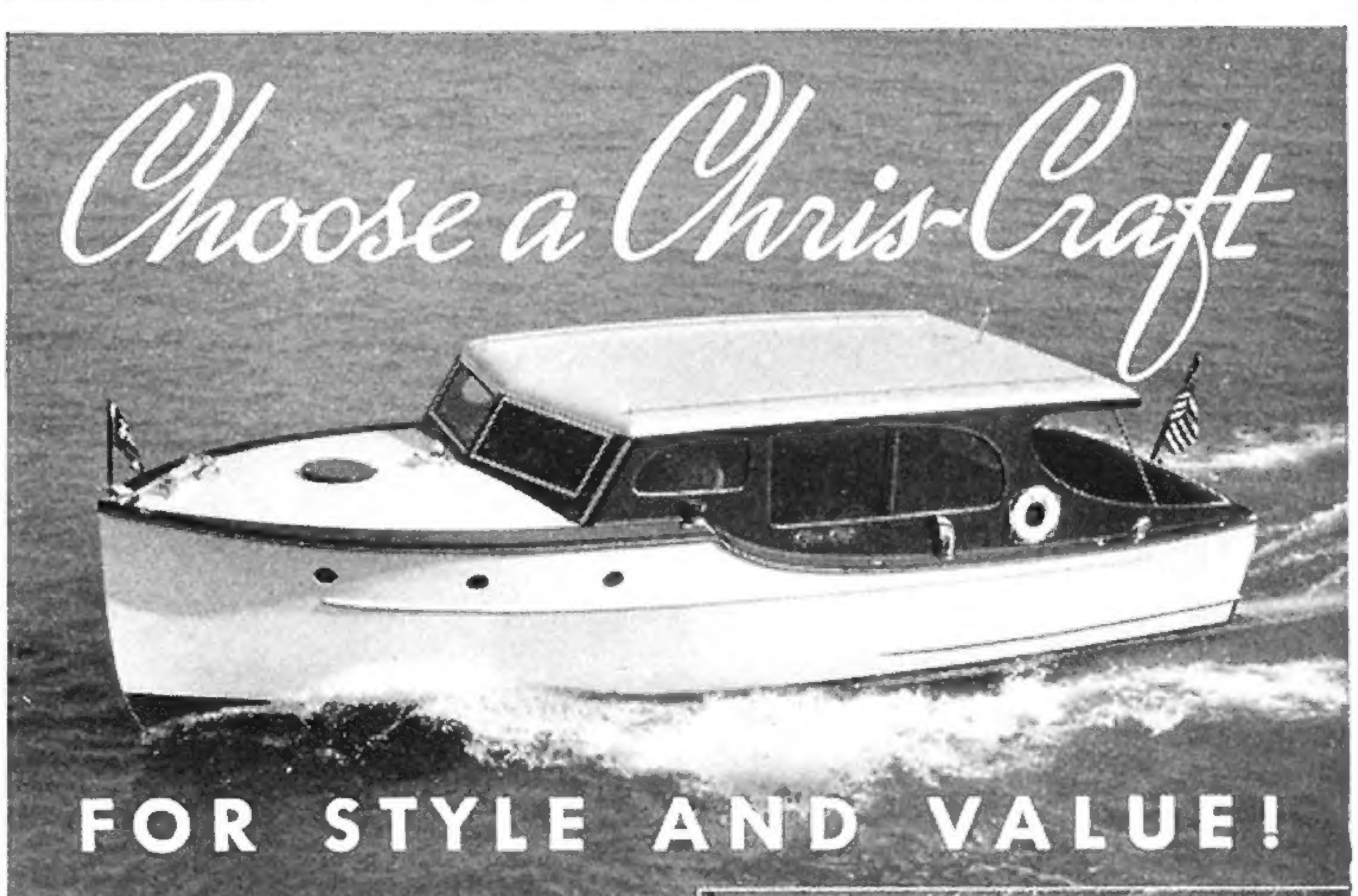
Comic: All right, give me a gun.
(Pause for laughs)

Straight Man: Joe, I understand your girl stood you up last night.

Comic: Yeah, she said ##



*Importers*
Austin.Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
BROOKLYN · NEW YORK
*Albany, N.Y. Geneva, N.Y. Newark, N.J. New Haven, Conn. Chicago, Ill. Miami, Fla. Washington, D. C.*
EST'D 1855



IN TUNE with the times, Chris-Craft offers for 1938 a complete new line of Cruisers, Utility Boats, Runabouts and Racing Runabouts. The Cruiser shown above is a 31-ft. Enclosed Model, with sleeping accommodations for 4 or 6, with a large deckhouse, complete galley, beautiful new streamlines, and a wide cruising radius. Priced from $3990. The model shown on the right is a new 16-ft. Racing Runabout with speeds from 38 to 44 miles per hour. The aft cockpit for two is concealed by a hatch... Prices begin at $895. Write for free 4-color booklet.

CHRIS-CRAFT CORP., 4003 Detroit Road, ALGONAC, MICH.
Direct Factory Branch • 83 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

CHRIS-CRAFT

La Ina
is always a proper wine

To introduce a dinner, to sip with a roast, to greet your afternoon guests — La Ina Sherry from the *bodegas* of Pedro Domecq, oldest of all Sherry vintners! And if your taste runs to a dryer or a sweeter Sherry, you will find a Pedro Domecq Sherry to your liking at better stores and bars and restaurants.

*A gift of Pedro Domecq Sherries or Brandies can be delivered today, anywhere, through Gifts-by-Wire Member Stores.*

*We have prepared a colorfully illustrated monograph telling of Sherry's glamorous past. For your copy write to Dept. B*

COMEX TRADING COMPANY, INC.
Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 200 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

Pedro Domecq
Bottled in Jerez, Spain. Alcohol 18% by volume

FLORIDA Fishing

Tarpon and West Coast Game Fish
•
Sailfish and Gulf Stream Varieties
•
Fresh Water Fishing

More abundant, more protected fishing along the glorious gulf coast. Tarpon soon! Plenty of kingfish, snook, bonita and others now. Nine Collier Hotels, at Everglades (10,000 Islands), Useppa Island, Boca Grande, Punta Gorda, Sarasota, Bradenton and Tampa dominating the West Coast fishing.

• • • • •

More sailfish caught off West Palm Beach than any other place in the world! For marlin, barracuda, tuna or other spectacular warriors, come where the Gulf Stream is closest to Florida! Two fine Collier Hotels in West Palm Beach—beautiful Hotel Royal Worth, home of West Palm Beach Fishing Club and the Hotel Dixie Court (all year).

• • • • •

Battling black bass. Lakeland is the central point. Dozens of lakes and streams teeming with fish. Sunny Hotel Lakeland Terrace at Lakeland to take care of you!

Come to Florida this spring—for fishing, and all the sports at their best, for all the gayeties, for the most delightful time of the year in Florida!

ALL ARRANGEMENTS MADE — WRITE OR WIRE HOTELS OR NEW YORK OFFICE 745 5th AVE. — TEL. EL 5-6700 OR TRAVEL AGENTS

Charlotte Harbor Hotel . . . . . . . . . . Punta Gorda
Useppa Inn . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Useppa Island
Gasparilla Inn . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Boca Grande
Rod & Gun Club . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Everglades
Everglades Inn . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Everglades
Lakeland Terrace . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Lakeland
Sarasota Terrace . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sarasota
Manatee River . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Bradenton
Royal Worth . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . W. Palm Beach
Dixie Court . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . W. Palm Beach
Floridan . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Tampa
Tampa Terrace . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Tampa

COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTEL
*Barron Collier, President* *George Mason, Gen. Mgr.*

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 10-12*

### TOLERANT TEMPERANT

I do not drink. I don't like to see these liquor advertisements. I dislike the stuff. I hate it because of the trouble it causes. I thoroughly agree with most of what R. H. Martin says in *S. & F.* in the Feb. issue of ESQUIRE. But——

Why tell ESKY to cut out its liquor advertisements? Did you ever squeeze a balloon? You noticed that when you forced the air from one part of the balloon, the rest of the balloon became larger. If ESQUIRE discontinues their beverage ads, the same quantity of advertising will appear elsewhere, I imagine. The distilleries spend a certain amount for displaying their merchandise—if ESQUIRE doesn't want its share of it, some other publication does.

Do you want to pay more for ESKY? I don't, if someone else will pay the extra for me. ESQUIRE is a magazine for men, it is supposed to contact the men of the nation. Better to have these advertisements in Our pet mag. than in the Sunday comic supplement, or any one of so many of the publications that go into the hands of the women and young people of the nation.

Finally, I think that these advertisements add color to ESQUIRE. I like to gaze at them and see how good they LOOK. But I, and all men who wish to avoid said intoxicants, should have the will power to leave them alone.

A word to ESQUIRE: after you fire gloomy ol' sour puss George Jean Nathan, and until something else crops up, I have nothing else to say, so

So long,

Dayton, Ohio RALPH J. HILL

### TO PEGASUS AS GROUNDED BY ESQ.

That horse, I've heard, is a restless equine,
Rampageous, with eyes shooting fire;
The stars are his dinner, the raindrops his wine,
For such does his system require.

His wings are of clouds, and vapor his breath,
His hooves are quicksilver and gold;
He flits over hilltop and trifles with death,
Or so at least I've been told.

I've ridden that beast without bridle or bit,
My heart on my lips, spent in song
Of anguish or pleasure, of joy or of wit,
But now I can see I was wrong.

For I proffered my songs, the best I could do,
Each word fraught with feeling intense;
I typed them with care, and mailed them to you,
Then waited, half dead with suspense.

I expected ten dollars, I got not a dime!
My effort was futile, of course,
Uneven my meter, preposterous my rhyme,
My steed just a plain hobby horse.

You sent back my verses, miserable things—
That beast I'll harness to plow,
Domesticate him, and lop off his wings,
And feed him of corn with the cow.

And I hope this sad ballad gets them told right where I stand, unable to fly any more. Grounded!

Sincerely,

Columbia, Tenn. F. M. STEPHENSON

### ECHO FROM ALBION

As, I gather from your *Sound and Fury* column, you seem to invite criticism, it may be of interest to you to know what one of your now numerous English readers thinks of you. Very well then, here goes.

What we in England like most about ESQUIRE is the lavish style and variety of the advertisements, some of your full page pictures are excellent, no magazine in this country can equal them for their colours. The art and sport sections also keep to a high standard. The full page pictures other than adverts appear to vary considerably. What in heaven's name has happened to Petty's picture on page 43 of the January number? What made you waste four perfectly good pages on Bergman's appalling drawings? Not only are they very bad drawings, but I, personally, fail to see much funny about them.

I very much appreciated Gilbert Seldes' article; over here we are martyrs to precisely the same trouble. Sobel's article on Show Girls was very enlightening, although we have always thought that they still existed in large numbers under the heading of Glamour Girls, maybe we're wrong.

Lastly but not least, about *Sound and Fury*, I am going to use extracts from the January number as it is the one I have by me at the moment. Most of your correspondents seem to suffer from a very virulent disease known as verbal diarrhea, they seem to delight in making mountains out of molehills particularly "Shy Ann and Andy" who seemed to revel in using two thirds of a column just to tell us that Cheyenne was a much more disreputable place than your anonymous author made out. A one and a half columns harangue on the morals of the U. S. Navy seems rather excessive as also does a whole column on Ohm's Law. Must stop now as Time marches on. Thank you very much ESQUIRE for three hours entertainment.

NICHOLAS DOVER

Camborne, Cornwall
England

### SOUTHERN SYLLOGISM

Heartily agree that Southern Drunks are deplorable. In fact Drunks are deplorable—even Yankee Drunks—even in fact just Yankees are deplorable.

Especially Yankees who visit the South not to offer constructive criticism (if they could) but to go back home and ridicule. Why'n'ell doesn't Mr. Pratt stay in the North or in Russia or wherever it is bastards generally stay.

INSULTED TEXAN

Wichita Falls, Texas

### THE ANTHEIL CHORUS

It's not what you write but how you write it. That seems to be brother Antheil's idea in his piece on playing 2-handed piano. The article is cleverly written but where does it get you? After studying the whole thing you play *America*. Is Antheil going to publish a library of music in streamline notation. I wouldn't like to be stuck with *My Country 'tis*, etc. The sub-heading claims to discover middle *C* for everyone. Anyone can find it at the keyboard in a second with practically no help. The idea is novel but as practical as walking on your hands, after it's mastered there is no practical use for it.

As to the results George got from his friends. They were most likely musically inclined in the first place and had an ear for music or played by ear. They most likely studied the article then played by ear or the help of their ear.

People who can walk on their hands really don't take a stroll that way.

And another thing, dear Georgie, your streamline notation is a godsend to the opticians. Not so easy on the eyes. Let your friends improve their ear rather than ruin their eyes. Music is for the ear.

And as for you dear "S Choir," next time you need material that bad call up the patent office. They get lots of screwy ideas.

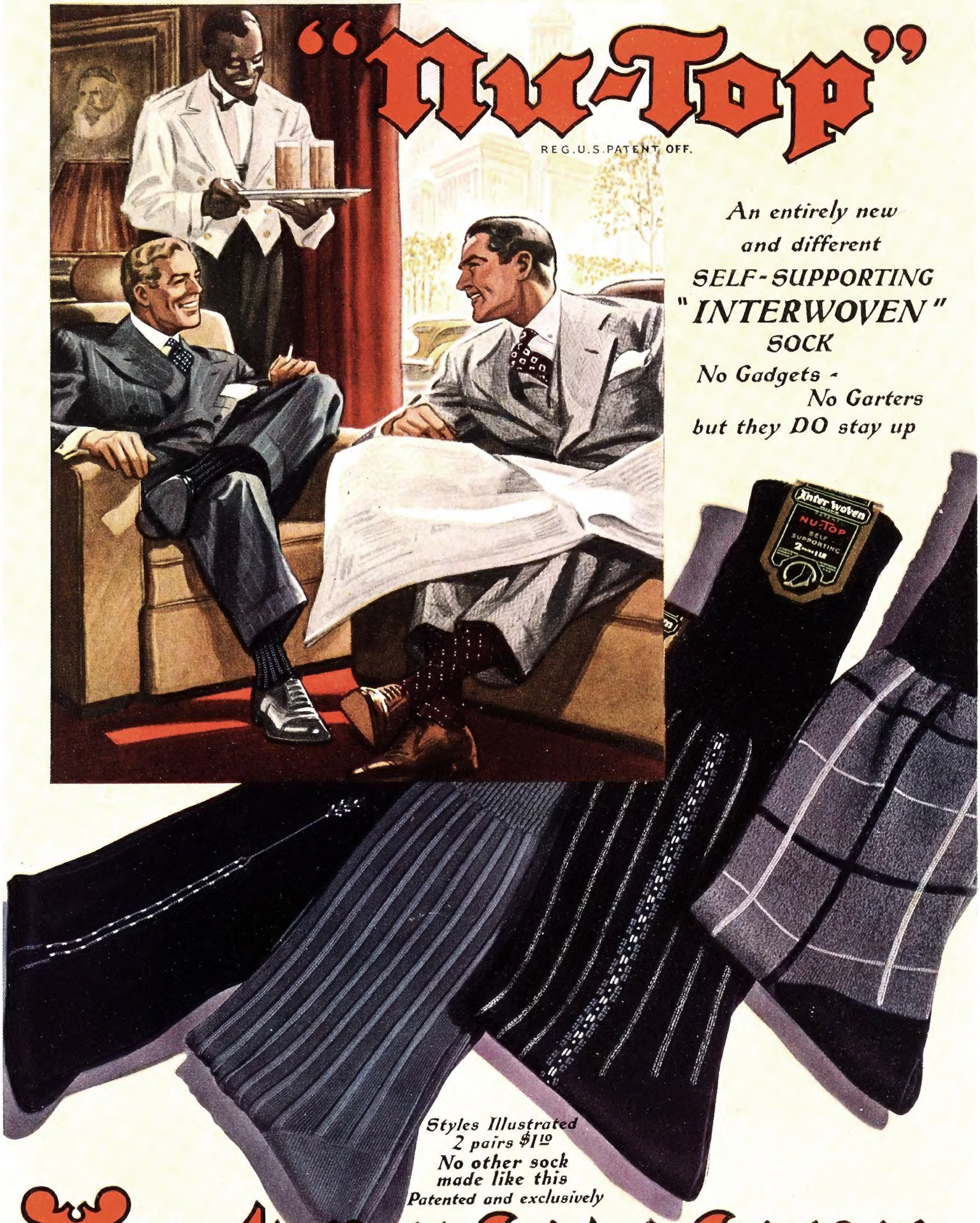
Musically yours,

New York, N. Y. JOSEPH KRUGER

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MEN'S HOSIERY IN THE WORLD

# "Nu-Top"

REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.



*An entirely new*
*and different*
*SELF-SUPPORTING*
*"INTERWOVEN"*
*SOCK*
*No Gadgets -*
*No Garters*
*but they DO stay up*

*Styles Illustrated*
*2 pairs $1.10*
*No other sock*
*made like this*
*Patented and exclusively*

# Interwoven

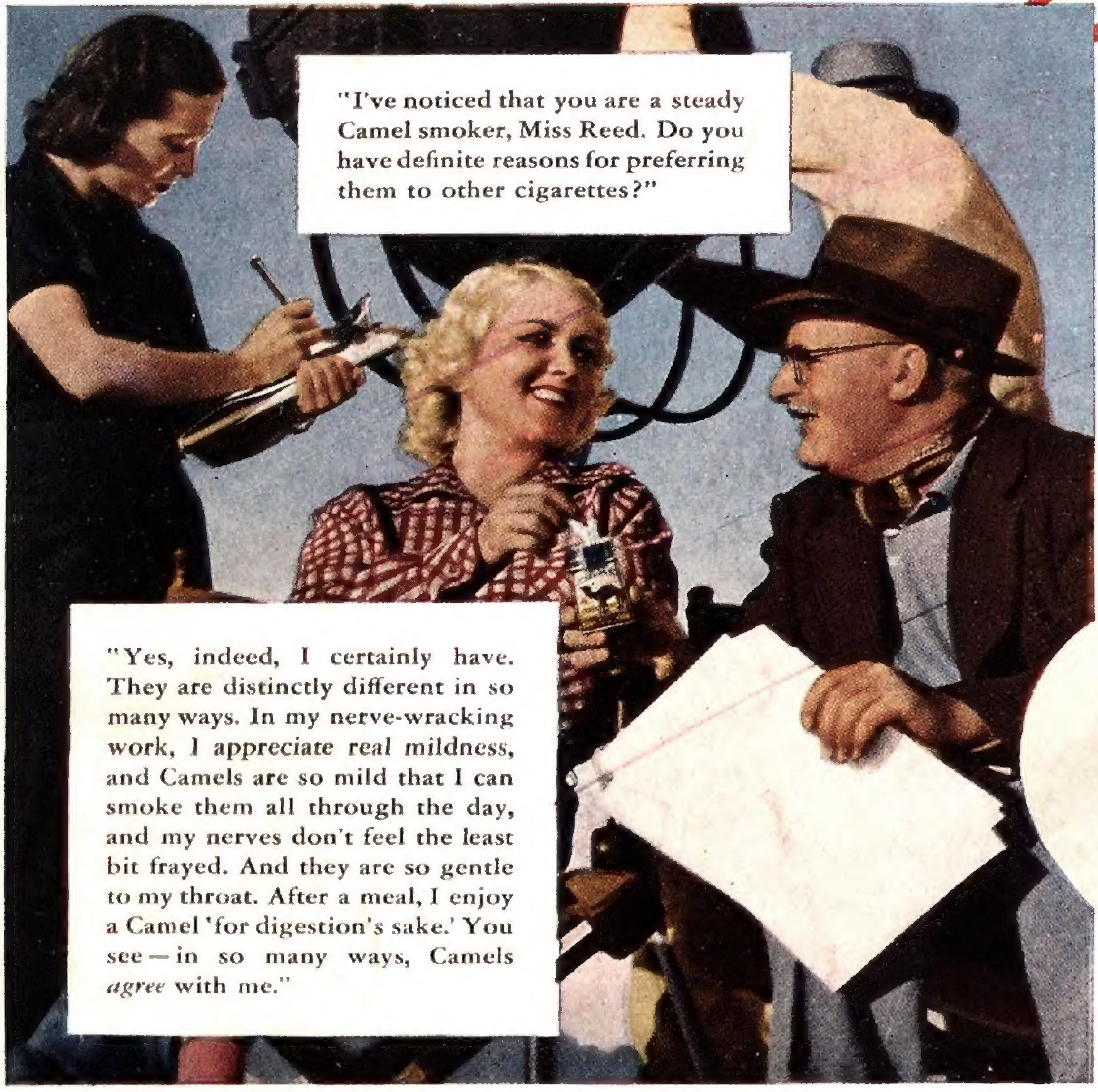
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

*THEY WEAR LONGER*

COPYRIGHT 1938 INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

# SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE *Movies*



"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. In my nerve-wracking work, I appreciate *real* mildness, and Camels are so mild that I can smoke them all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see—in so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

## MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood. Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.

**ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS** snapped this daring change just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car to a locomotive. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal so much more," she says. There are a lot of angles to smoking, and you'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

**OFTEN WHEN WORKING "ON LOCATION"** Miss Reed has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."

**FOR HER HOURS OF RECREATION** Miss Reed likes the same things most girls do ...cooking...dancing...outdoor sports... and Camels! "Hollywood seems to have a decided preference for Camels," she says. "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels."

Camel spends millions more for COSTLIER TOBACCOS. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic.

**DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE**

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**IN CAMELS?——**

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

**——CAMELS ARE THE**

**LARGEST-SELLING**

**CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER..** *"Camels agree with me!"*